CHVRCHYARDS Challenge.

LONDON
Printed by *John Wolfe.*
1593.

To the right honourable Sir *Iohn VVolley* Knight, Secretary for the Latin tung to the Queenes Maieſtie, and one of her priuie Councell: *Thomas Churchyard* wiſheth increaſe of honor, bleſſednes of life, and abundance of *Worldly felicitie, and heauenly happines.*

THe long trauell and tracing out of life in this weariſome pilgrimage (right honorable) hauing brought me now almoſt to the ende of my iourney, makes me glad (with a reſtles deſire) to be rid of the burthens of my minde and the labours of my body, the one neuer free from ſtudie, and the other ſeldome voide of toyle, and yet both of them neither brought great benefite to the life, nor bleſſing to the ſoule: in which ſmall reſt and vnquietnes, many ſorrowfull diſcourſes in my dayes I haue written, and numbers of bookes I haue printed: and becauſe they ſhall not be buried with me, I challenge them all as my children to abide behinde me in the worlde, to make them inheritors of ſuch fame & diſpraiſe as their father (which begat them on ſweet inuention) heere enioyes or deſerues: hoping they ſhall not be called baſtards, nor none aliue will be ſo hardy as to call them his babes, that I haue bred in my bowels, brought forth and foſtred vp ſo carefully at mine owne charges, and hazard of an enuious worlde. And now indeede for that diuers (of diſdainfull diſpoſition) doo or may hinder the good reporte

of those labors which I thinke well bestowed among my freends, I haue set forth while I am liuing a great number of my works in this booke named my Challenge, that after my death shalbe witnesses they were mine owne doings: not for any great matter in them, but for the iustnes of truth and true triall of all my honest exercises, and so to purchase credit and the more freends and fauourers to prop vp my poore reputation: I not only dedicate this booke (and all therein) to your honor, but haue made also in the same booke diuers dedications to sundry honorable and worshipfull personages, protesting that there is nothing heerein but came from mine owne deuice, which inuencions (spoken as becomes me) shal be in all honest sorte defended by pen or any way I may to the vttermost of my breath or abilitie, ioying much (with all gladnes of hart) that they are presented to so honourable a personage and one of such singuler learning, whose worth and value by a worthy and vertuous Princes is seene into, and throwly considered of, which gracious Queene hath alwaies made her princely choice in such an excellent and vnspeakable maner, as God himselfe should deuinely appoint and direct to our great wealth and his great glory: and in whose rare commendation all the pen men of the world may write. Now good sir vnder your excellent fauour and countenance, I shielde my presumption and boldenes, that hath offred a booke of so many discourses, to the iudgement of such a multitude that quickly can discouer the weakenes of my labors: but hauing ventured so farre as to publishe them in print, I must now of necessitie commit them to the common opinion of the world. So in hope the best will fall out, I present you with my studies and take leaue of your honor, desiring of God what goodnes can be wished, to be alwaies at your commaundement.

Dutifully and loyally in all at commaundement,

Thomas Churchyard.

To

To the worthieſt ſorte of People, *that gently can reade, and* iuſtly can iudge.

GOod Reader, if my preſumption were ſo great that I thought my booke might paſſe without your fauourable iudgement, mine error were as much as my ouer-weening: and yet to vſe perſwaſions in purchaſing your good liking, I ſhould paſſe the bounds of common reaſon, and fall into the danger of adulation: for your good wils are rather won with good matter then bare wordes, and ſay what I can to gaine your affection toward my worke, you will ſpeake what ſeemeth beſt in your owne conceites. For among many thouſands are many of deepe conſideration, and ſome vndoubtedly of as ſhallow iudgement: ſo that the one or the other cannot nor will not be led and caried away with any deuice of my pen, though all the hye ſpirits and excellency of Poetry might drop out of the quill I writ withall: wherefore now I muſt as well abide the hazard of your cenſure, as I haue boldely vnfolded my ſelfe to the worlde: there is now no crauing of pardon, nor pleading for your furtherance to encreaſe my good fame: my works muſt abide waight, they are thruſt into the ballance, and I of neceſſitie muſt content me with your allowance, and what price pleaſeth you to ſet on my marchandiſe: but if they proue too light in the skales, I pray you helpe them with ſome graine of good skill, that they be not condemned as trifles, becauſe they haue coſt me great labour and ſtudy, and put me to no little charges. I freely offer them to you for three or foure cauſes, the one to keep the reputation of a writer, the ſecond to pleaſure my freendes with the reading of new inuentions, and thirdly to deſire my foes to giue me true reporte of thoſe workes I haue made, and laſt of all to affirme that euery thing in this my booke of Challenge is mine owne dooing, which iuſtlye no man can deny.

Not

To the Reader.

Not boasting thereof as matter worthy memory, but claiming a better regarde then enuy would giue me, I stand to the praise or dispraise of all I haue done, maruelling much that in my life time any one would take from me the honest laudation I deserue. I striue no further in that point, but commit to God and good people the indifferency and iustnes of my cause, and the best is (which shall beare it selfe) the wise of the worlde and worthiest of knowledge and capacitie, are the only Iudges shall yeeld me my right: the rest are but hearers and lookers on, whose voices may make a great noise, but giues so vncertaine a sound, they can doo no great harme, because of nature and condition they neuer doo no great good. Now my pleading time is past, my booke must appeare in that bare fashion as I haue formed the matter, I hope it shall not walke so nakedly abroade, but shalbe able to abide the coldenes of ill will, and the extreame heate of hatefull mens disposition. God the giuer of goodnes, guide my verses so well that they neuer happen into their hands that loues me not, and make my prose and plainenes of speech be as welcome to the Reader, as it was well ment of the writer. So with double and treble blessing, Farwell.

FINIS.

My next booke shalbe the last booke of the Worthines of Wales.

And my last booke called my *Vltimum Vale*, shalbe (if it please God) twelue long tales for Christmas, dedicated to twelue honorable Lords.

Heere

Heere followes the ſeuerall matters contained *in this booke.*

THe tragedie of the Earle of Morton.
The tragedie of ſir Simon Burley.
A diſcours that a man is but his minde.
A diſcourſe of the true ſteps of manhood.
A diſcourſe of the honor of a Souldior.
A diſcours of an olde Souldier and a yong.
A diſcourſe and commẽdation of thoſe that can make Golde.
A diſcourſe and rebuke to rebellious mindes.
A diſcourſe of hoſpitalitie and conſuming of time and wealth in London.
A diſcourſe of miſtortune and calamitie.

A diſcourſe of law and worthy Lawyers.
A diſcourſe of the only Phenix of the worlde.
A praiſe of that Phenix and verſes tranſlated out of French.
The tragedy of Shores wife much augmented.
A diſcourſe of the ioy good ſubiects haue when they ſee our Phenix abroad.
The tragicall diſcourſe of the hapleſſe mans life.
The adue the writer made long agoe to the worlde.
A diſcourſe of a fantaſticall Dreame.
A tragicall diſcourſe of a dolorous Gentlewoman.
A tragicall diſcourſe of a Lord and a Lady tranſlated out of French.

I hope you look not that I ſhould place euery Knight & Lady in their degree, for I muſt of neceſsitie follow my matter.

The bookes that I can call to memorie alreadie *Printed: are these that followes.*

FIrst in King Edwards daies, a book named *Dame Dicars dreame*, which one *Camell* wrote against, whome I openly confuted. *Shores wife* I penned at that season.

Another booke in those daies called the *Mirror of Man.*

In Queene Maries raigne, a book called a *New-yeares gift* to all England, which booke treated of rebellion.

And many things in the booke of songs and Sonets, printed then, were of my making.

Since that time till this day I wrote all these workes.

The booke of *Chips* dedicated to sir Christopher Hatton, after Lord Chancellor.

The booke called *Chance*, dedicated to sir Thomas Bromley L. Chancellor then.

The booke called my *Charge*, to my L. of Surrye.

The booke called my *Change*, in verse and proes, dedicated to all good mindes.

The booke called my *Choice*, dedicated to the L. Chancellor sir Christopher Hatton.

The book of the siege of Leeth and Edenbrough Castell.

The booke of sir William Druries seruice, dedicated to sir Drue Drury.

The booke called the golden Nut, dedicated to the Qu. Ma.

The book of receiuing her highnes into Suffolk & Norfolke.

The booke before of her highnes receiuing into Bristow.

The booke of the Earthquake, to the good Deane of Paules.

The book of the troubles of Flanders, to sir Francis Walsing.

The book called the scourge of rebels in Ireland, to my Lord Admirall.

The booke called a rebuke to Rebellion, to the good olde Earle of Bedford.

The book of a Sparke of freendship, to sir Walter Rawley.

The book of Sorrows, to D. Wilson when he was Secretary.

The booke of the winning of Macklin, to my Lord Norrice.

The

The book called the Worthines of Wales, to the Qu. Ma.
The book giuen her Maieſtie at Briſtow, where I made al the whole deuiſes.
The deuiſes of warre and a play at Awſterley, her highnes being at ſir Thomas Greſhams.
The Commedy before her Maieſtie at Norwich in the fielde when ſhe went to dinner to my Lady Gerningams.
The whole deuiſes, paſtimes and plaies at Norwich, before her maieſtie.
The deuiſes and ſpeeches that men and boyes ſhewed within many prograces.
The book of King Henries Epitaph, and other princes and Lords, to Secretary Wolley.
The book of my Deer adue, to M. Iohn Stannop,
The book called a handfull of gladſome verſes, to the Qu. M. at Wodſtocke.
The book called a pleaſant conceite, a new yeeres gift, to the Queenes Maieſtie.

Theſe workes following are gotten from me of ſome ſuch noble freends as I am loath to offend.

Æneas tale to *Dydo*, largely and truely tranſlated out of *Virgill*, which I once ſhewed the Qu. Ma. and had it againe.

A book of the oath of a Iudge and the honor of Law, deliuered to a Stacioner, who ſent it the L. cheefe Baron that laſt dyed.

A book of a ſumptuous ſhew in Shrouetide, by ſir Walter Rawley, ſir Robart Carey, M. Chidly, and M. Arthur Gorge, in which book was the whole ſeruice of my L. of Leſter mencioned, that he and his traine did in Flaunders, and the gentlemen Pencioners proued to be a great peece of honor to the Court: all which book was in as good verſe as euer I made: an honorable knight dwelling in the black Friers, can witnes the ſame, becauſe I read it vnto him.

A great peece of work tranſlated out of the great learned French Poet Seignior Dubartas, which worke treated of a Lady and an Eagle, moſt diuinely written on by Dubartas,

and giuen by me to a great Lord of this land, who ſaith it is loſt.

An infinite number of other Songes and Sonets, giuen where they cannot be recouered, nor purchaſe any fauour when they are craued.

A new kinde of a Sonnet.

IN writing long, and reading works of warre,
That *Homer* wrote and *Virgils* verſe did ſhow:
My muſe me led in ouerweening farre,
When to their Stiles my pen preſumde to goe.
Ouid himſelfe durſt not haue vaunted ſo,
Nor *Petrarke* graue with *Homer* would compare:
Dawnt durſt not think his ſence ſo hye did flow,
As *Virgils* works that yet much honord are.
Thus each man ſawe his iudgement hye or low,
And would not ſtriue or ſeeke to make a iarre:
Or wraſtle where they haue an ouerthrow.
So I that finde the weakenes of my bow,
Will ſhoot no ſhaft beyond my length I troe:
For reaſon learnes and wiſdome makes me know.
Whoſe ſtrength is beſt and who doth make or marre:
A little Lamp may not compare with Starre,
A feeble head where no great gifts doo grow:
Yeelds vnto skill, whoſe knowledge makes ſmal ſhew.
Then gentle world I ſweetly thee beſeech:
Call *Spenſer* now the ſpirit of learned ſpeech.

Churchyards good will.

THE EARLE OF MVRTONS Tragedie, once Regent of Scotland, and alwaies of great birth, great wiledome, great wealth, and verie great power and credite: yet Fortune enuying his estate and noblenes, brought him to lose his head on a Skaffold in Edenbrough the second of Iune. 1581.

MAke place for plaints, giue rowme for plagued men,
Step backe proud minds, that praise your selues so much,
Let me appeale, to some true writers pen:
That ooth the life, and death of Princes touch.
For my mi hap, and fatall fall is such,
That gazing world, which beares my woefull end,
Shall marualle much, to se such matter pend.

The restles race, that mortall men doe runne,
Seemes smoth to sight, yet full of scratting breers:
Here is no rest, nor surety vnder Sunne.
Sowre is the taste, of flowers that sweete appeares,
Our gentle ioyes, are in our tender yeares,
For as the Childe, to wit and reason growes,
So iudgement comes, and seedes of sorrow sowes.

Our wanton time, doth steale away with sport,
But when that care, hath crept in curious braines:
Long griefe beginnes, and pleasure is but short,
For heart and head, is vext with fancies vaine,
Then hord brings hate, and gold breeds greedy gaine.

Deſire of which, with pompe and glory great,
So boiles in breſt, it makes mans browes to ſweat.

Ambitions minde, the buſie bellowes blowes,
The quenchles coales, of Rale that burneth ſtill,
And ore the banks, the flouds of folly flowes:
And priuate wealth, ſo blindes a worldlings will:
That wicked wit, doth baniſh reaſons ſkill,
Climes vp aloft, cries fame and rare renowne,
Till heauy ſtone, from top comes tottering downe.

The mounting heart, that daily doth aſpire,
With wilfull wings, of pride to cloudes would flie:
And though he fæles, his feathers ſingd with fire:
He will not ſtoupe, he holdes his head ſo hie,
To beare a ſway, and alwaies caſts his eie,
(With eager lookes) on honors ſtately throne:
He likes no mate, but all would weld alone.

The ſimple ſort, that ſæs ſome Falcon riſe,
Diſdains to death, the bird that flies too farre:
Then as an owle, flocks, crowes and chatring pies,
So at great dogs, the little tikes doe ſnarre.
Twæne ſmall and great, when ſpite ones moues the warre,
There is no reſt, for rage runnes all on head,
Hate kindleth fire, and loue growes cold as lead.

A greater ſtrife, is when two tides doe mæte,
Both of one force, like mighty ſtrugling ſtreames,
I meane when men, doe ſtriue of equall ſpite:
The robe is ript, or rented through the ſeames:
Great troubles grow, in ſundry ciuill Realmes,
For whilſt the one, in cheefeſt rowme is plaſte.
The other comes, and hales him downe in haſt.

There

There is no meane, where matches mæte at shocke,
The strong shewes strength, the stout stands wrangling still,
About the ball, the fineſt fellowes flocke,
They winne the goale, that hath the greateſt skill.
The force of flood, turns round the Water-mill.
So where two men, doe wraſtle for a fall,
Moſt might preuailes, the weake is turnde to wall.

But why do I, finde fault with greateſt band,
My traine was ſuch, as I a King had bæne:
In Court and Towne, Earle Murton was ſo mand.
As euery day, I had a world to winne,
That was the frette, that did the warre beginne.
For thoſe that ſawe, me waited on ſo well,
Did ſkorne the ſame, and ſo like toades they ſwell

At my renowne, and loe a greater thing,
My chaunce befell, for I had ſecret foes:
(That daily ſought) my fall about the King.
And as on ſteps, to ſtately ſtage I roſe,
So my decay, in Court and countrey growes.
For priuy hate, and malice matcht with might,
Tooke out the oyle, that gaue my lampe the light.

Yet through great helpe, and friends as world may wæne,
Whoſe wiſdoms was, wel known both graue & ſage:
I regent was, when many a broile was græne:
And ſet abroach, in Court by reuels rage,
I ruled all, whilſt King was vnder age,
And where I ſaw, the people make offence,
I ſcourgd them ſore, which kept them quiet ſence.

Some did I hang, and truſt them vp on hye,
That ſlaughters made, or murders did committe:
Some were redæmde, that did for fauour crie,

And ſtrongeſt heads, I helde in hard with bitte.
With equall eares, I would in iudgement ſit.
Yea bent my braine, to beate out right and wrong,
And conſcience bad, deferre not iuſtice long.

The rich by this, were ſory to offend,
The powre did dread, to hang that faulty were,
And yet oft times, when faulters did amend,
I hangd but one, to bring the reſt in feare.
To ſuters all, I geue a gracious eare,
By gentle waies, and wiſdomes modeſt meane,
From filthy facts, I cleanſed Countrey cleane.

By order good, I made them feare the law,
I pincht the purſe, and pawſde in sheading blood,
I puniſht ſore, where great abuſe I ſaw,
Straight rules I ſette, to learne rude people good.
By which ſtrong staies, my state in ſurety ſtood.
So wealth came in, with goodly gold and geare,
That paide for paines, and did the charges beare.

Yea ſure more wealth, and riches I poſſeſt,
Then twenty Lords, of Scotland any way:
I might compare (for treaſure) with the beſt.
We call it Poeſſ, in our plaine Scottiſh lay,
I had the bags, of Aungell nobles gay.
I had the cheſts, filld vp vnto the brim,
With ſondry ſtamps, of coine and treaſure trim.

My houſes ſtood, in gladſom ſoiles and ſeats,
Stuft with rich things, and Arras clothes inow:
My table ſpreat, with deare and dainty meates.
My ward robe ſtorde, with change of garments throw,
My corne in ſtacks, my hay in many a mowe,
My ſtable great, of gallant geldings good.

And

And I like Prince, amidst these pleasures flowe.

What I would wish, I had with glorie great,
Each knee did bow, and make their bodies bend:
Each eye stod fixt, to gase on honors seat,
Eache friendlie face, a louing looke would send.
To stately throne, and I againe would lend
A Lordlie grace, to keepe the worlds good will,
Whereby encreast, my fame and honor still.

I buylt me bowers, sometime to banquet in,
Made plotts for walkes, and gardens of delight:
Sought sweete conceits, (not sowsing soule in sinne,)
With glutted gorge, at pleasures baite to bite.
But pastime tooke, to put off worlds despite.
My streamers stode, in topp of barke so braue,
That flaggs of ioy, with each good wind wold waue.

For worldly pompe, and worship waites at heele,
Where rule and power, sets out gay glittring showes,
Who folowes not, the swinge of fortunes wheele,
What fish forsakes, the stode that daily flowes.
Both great and small, with course of water goes.
Where sunne doth shine, both beast & birdes repaire,
And what flies not, to pleasaunt weather faire.

But well a way, when we haue all we wish,
A house, a home, bedect with gallaunt grace:
A golden net, beguiles a carlesse fish.
We haue no holde, of fortunes flittering face.
For when we doe, worldes flattring giftes embrace,
We grope and gape, for more vaine goodes so fast:
That graceless pay, swopes all away at last.

Our greedy mind, gaines gold and tyens good name,

Winnes wealth yet worke, a wicked web of woe:
Breedes deepe disdaine, and bringes a man in blame,
Breakes bandes of loue, makes friend become a foe.
Shotes spitefull shaftes, from malice sturdie bowe,
Strikes dead good name, & reares vp slaunders brute,
Sowes seedes of vice, and brings forth rotten fruite.

All these defects, doth follow greedie minde,
But loe my skill, and sight in publicke state:
For soaking sores, a soueraigne salue could finde,
For where I feard, sharpe warres & foule debate.
To cut off strife, great friendes at hand I gat,
And by my wit, to keepe the King in right,
At my commaund, I freelie brought much might.

Which strake the stroke, and stoutly ruled the rosse,
Spent many dayes, in broyles and making peace:
Bestowde great charge, and carde not for no costes,
So that they could our common quarrels seace.
And euer as, I sawe our brawles encreace,
I helpt the harmes, by worthy wisdomes arte,
So planted peace, & rule in euery part.

For euery yeare, some brawle was set abroche,
Some treason wrought, some trecherie tane in hand:
Which without stay, would sounde to my reproche,
Such hatred raignde, and raged in the land.
In factions still, did runne a bloodie bande,
About the Realme, as wilde as wolues for praye,
But by my friendes, I let these thinges in staye.

In greatest stormes, I stoutly stood to sterne,
And turnd about, the shippe to winne the winde:
And what defects, and faultes I did discerne,
I readie was, a quicke redresse to finde.

And

And no man durst, restraine the Regents minde,
For were it good, or bad I would haue done,
Vnto that side, would most of people runne.

Yet murmors rose, among the mighty flocke,
Whose hidden hate, huggd close in cankred brest:
To vndermine, my strong and statelie rocke,
That stoode on propps, and did on pillers rest.
For longer sure, in Court I could not rest,
When King might come, to perfect age and yeares,
As thinges befell, and by my fall appeares.

The secret swarmes, of slie and subtill snakes,
That lurkes in grasse, and vnder fayrest flowers:
The flattering cloudes, that oft faire weather makes,
Great showers of raine, vppon the people powers.
The smiling face, that when it list it lowers.
Betraies the eyes, of them that well beleeues,
When scorners flier, and laugheth in their sleeues.

My hedge stood stackte, with such weake sticks of woode,
That manie a gappe, was made into my grounde:
I trusted much, to freindship, birth, and blood,
But some of those, in fine were faythlesse founde.
Most spake mee faire, but least of them were sounde.
Some sought my ruyne, that waighted hard at heeles.
For time so shapt, the world went all on wheeles.

What is enuie, but rule and high estate.
The seruant seekes, oft times his maysters fall:
The subiect beares, to lawe a priuie hate,
The stubborne child, is slow at fathers call.
The froward wiues, findes fault with husbands all.
The scholler hates, to heare his follie tolde,
And each degree, abhors to be controlde.

Rule

Rule wants no foes, the horse hée hates the bitt.
The dogge disdaines, the leashe that holdes him in:
The hawke desires, not long on pearch to sit,
Rule is despisde, Rule doth no fauour winne.
The man that hath, in courtly honor bœne,
Can tell how oft, he was with flattry fed,
And some there are, with blinde affection led.

Whose humor weake, the wilie worldlings fede,
They followe fast, and fawne like whelpes a while:
Till great mens meanes, hath erued their turne in deede,
Then gallants goe, awaye and giue a smile.
Thus waiters on, doe nought but friends beguile.
And slipper lads, as false and fine as those,
For no offence, become most mortall foes.

With curtsie great, and knéeling on the knée,
The harmelesse hartes, of noble states are trapte:
They lake so high, they can no tromperie sée,
Untill the flye, in spiders webbe be lapt.
And when by sleight, the simple is mishapt.
The wandring worlo, but maruels at the case,
And from the weake, the strongest turnes the face.

Who had moe freindes, or yet more wealth than I,
Who founde lesse helpe, O fie on friendships trust:
My locke and race, did reach to starrie skie,
Yet worlo trode downe, mine honor in the dust.
And I was left, alone thinke what I lust.
Weape sigh or sob, when Fortune gaue checkmate,
Fernie friends were fledd, and I in wofull state.

Yet wisdomes grace, helde vp my noble minde.
I scorne to thinke, when sorest tempests blewe:
In face and chare, my courage men might finde,

I counted all, and then the worſt I knew,
It was but death, (a paiment that is due:)
To yeild to day, or elſe when date drew nære:
To paie the ſhot, and make the reckning clære.

What nœds more talke, amid my chœfeſt ioyes,
A draught was drawne, to driue me out of grace:
The newes whereof, did fill my head with toyes,
But my ſtout hart, would giue no practiſe place.
I ſtilly ſtode, in Court with manly face.
And thought to thruſt, them out that ſtroue with mæ.
And ſo in ſpigt, of world I would goe fræ.

Great banding then, began in Borough towne,
And to the view, I had the ſtrongeſt ſide:
For on my part, were men of great renowne.
Yea, as the fiſh, doth follow greateſt tide:
So people ſwarmd, and crucifige cryed.
On Mortons foes, for dayly curye houre:
In Princes Court, with pompe increaſt my power.

But when wæ met, that ſeuerall waies did draw,
Swœte words did walke, beſpreſt with fained chœre:
In dulcet ſhell, a kernell ſowre, I ſawe,
That cunning craſte, by cloude conuayd full clære.
Our powdred ſpeach, moſt freſh, would ſtill appœre.
Till bitter taſte, bewrayd our meanings all:
Then honie combe, in prowfe became but gall.

So angrie bees, burſt forth from quiet hiue,
And offred ſtinge, to thoſe that nereſt ſtood:
Then fearefull folke, tow feeble were to ſtriue,
They floke ſo faſt, that daily ſought my blode.
Yet to the worlde, I made my quarell good,
And craude no more, but iuſtice in my cauſe:

And so to shifte, by course of common lawes.

In open Court, I was accused streight,
And straightlie chargde, to kœpe my chamber still:
Where if I had, but vsed anie sleight,
I might haue scapte, awaie and had my will.
But destnie did, bewitch both wit and skill.
And robd mee so, of spirite and feeling sence:
That I was mœke, and neuer made defence.

But what I thought, and what I hopte for both,
Is knowne to God, and some that liueth yet:
In dœde my feare, was small (I tell you trothe,)
For manie things, in compasse of my wit,
Did cleare mœ cleane, and so though I should sit.
In prison fast, a time till things were tryed:
In duraunce long, I hopte I should not bide.

But loe in haste, I was from thence remoude,
And sent vnto, the Castle there to staie:
And then perchaunce, I was but finely proude,
To sœ for feare, if I would flie awaie.
For mine owne folkes, had there the whole conuaie.
(Of bodie through, the strœtes) such grace I gote,
But woe is me, for then did th'old man doate.

Had I but sayde, I would not be in pounde,
(I would bee franke, and frœ from daungers doubt:
I might haue turnde, the worlde in Scotland rounde,
Like tennis ball, and thrust myne enemies out.
But who can bring a sterneless barke aboute.
My wits were gone, that guided all before,
My shipp on ground, and I was set on shore.

Loe, what God doth, to make his glorie knowne,

Loe, how mans life, is cut off like a bough:
Loe, lookers on, how sone is man ouerthrowne,
Loe, where became, my worldly wisdome nowe.
Loe here a glasse, that shewes your faces throughe.
You greatest Peres, and Lords of pereles prayse,
Your pride is past, if God abridge your daies.

No sooner I, beléeude I was so well,
But was conuayde, vnto Don Bartyn than:
So all my friends, (that did in Scotlande dwell,
Made sure a shew, to raise vp manie a man.
The King straight waies, before these broyles began,
Fiue ensignes chose, to keepe the world in awe:
For sure defence, of him and of his lawe.

Those bandes held backe, some forward businesse strange,
Yet in good faith, my friendes were twise as strong:
The force of whom, made worlde to feare a change,
But on and of, alas they dalied longe.
And all the while, I thought they did me wronge.
Yet vaine it was, in armes to stande and striue:
For they had not, that waye found me aliue.

Long was the talke, of manie a fayre thoe,
Long did I looke, for that which did not come:
But all those blasts, in fine did ouerbloe,
I listned long, to heare the sound of drumme.
Yet though I had, the great good will of some.
God would not thoell, for one mans sake alone:
That broyles should cause, a million make their mone.

When birde is limde, farewell faire feathers all,
The fish in net, mate bidde the sea adiew:
When world beholds, a man is neere his fall,
It leaues him there, and follows fancies newe.

When all is saide, the olde prouerbe is true.
Who cannot swimme, must sincke there is no bote:
Who hath no horse, of force must goe on foote.

Thus lyed to clogge, and pende in prison fast,
My hope decaide, my hart did heauie ware:
So souldiers came, and brought me foorth at last,
The butcher then, began to whet his are,
All was on flame, the fire was flowne in flare.
There was no choise, I must a fize abide:
Prowe foule or cleane, and by my Peeres be tried.

To Edenbrough, the captiue man was brought,
Along the fieldes, where flockes of people were:
The sight of whom, did trouble much my thought,
But when in deede, I was arriued there,
Both streetes and stalles, and windowes euery where,
Were stuffed full, to giue on me the gaze:
But that might not, my manly mind amaze.

Yet neither one, nor other, small nor great,
Did me salute, So turnde the moodes of men:
That colde deuice, (nay rather raging heate)
Could not appall; my princely courage then.
For I did loke, as I did nothing ken.
Yet knew the whole, that some in secret bore:
So passed through, the throng, what would ye more.

A russet cloake, (a garment rude and bare,
For such a state: make what of mee they would:
With foule felt hat, and robes but base I ware,
That people might, my great disgrace beholde.
Alas poore lambe, thy life was bought and soulde.
No force of woordes, to couer clott of claye,
Morton was dead, full longe before that daie.

Now

Now Lawyers flockte, and ſwarmde in ilke a place,
Now Lords repaird, and Lardes came daily in:
Now learned heads, did long debate my caſe,
Now did (in deed) my ſorrowes all beginne,
Now was the time, that I muſt loſe or winne,
For I appeard, before the iudgement ſeate,
And there maintainde, my right with reaſons great.

Made good defence, to many matters ſure,
Spake boldly ſtill, and did but iuſtice craue:
My pleading there, did foure long houres endure,
And Lawyers then, to me good leaſure gaue,
But to what end, did I long pleading haue,
I was condemnd, the world would haue it ſo,
A thing there was, but that the Lord doth know.

And I that heere, confeſſe my former gylt,
A murther than, was laide vnto my charge:
Which I concealde, yet ſaw a Kings bloud ſpilt.
A fowle offence, for which there is no targe:
Nor could not claime, therefore to goe at large:
But byed the ſence, and cenſure of the lawes,
For fowle (God wot) and filthy was my cauſe.

The iudgement was, a heauy thing to heere,
But what they did, I could not call againe:
The ſentence paſt, too late my ſelfe to cleere,
Once iudgd to die, condemnd I muſt remaine.
As ſilly ſheepe, in ſhopp muſt needes be ſlaine.
Then to the pot, or pit our fleſh muſt paſſe,
All fleſh is duſt, vaine aſhes earth and graſſe.

Then thought I on, ſome friend that abſent was,
And ſpoke ſome words, but aſkt not what they were,
So from the bench, to priſon did I pas,

And for to die, did make me ready there,
The Preachers came, and shed full many a teare,
To bring my soule, in perfect patience than,
And make me die, a faithfull christian man.

In secrete sort, the Preachers there I told,
Great things of waight, that in my conscience lay:
And so confest, what right and reason would,
But thereon pawse, I would no further say,
Aske what they pleasde, I did but troth bewray.
Whereat I knockt, my troubled trembling brest,
And so desirde, the Preachers let me rest.

O brethren mine, your doctrine likes me well,
(Quoth I) good men, bestow some praiers now.
In your beliefe, looke that you daily dwell,
As you beganne, so still continue through,
The bloud of Christ, hath washt my blotted brow,
As white as snow, (I haue no doubt nor feare)
Shall be my sinnes, that red as scarlet were.

The Preachers glad, to bring my soule to rest,
Brought Scripture in, and did the text vnfold:
And many a place, and sentence they exprest,
Towardes the death, to make my body bolde,
O my good Lord, you may not now behold,
The pompe (quoth they) and glory that is past,
But you must thinke, on that which aye shall last.

Both wealth and friends, and worldly wisedome to,
Are banisht quite, and blush to come in place:
When soule goes hence, those things haue nought to doe.
With man that is, then newly borne in grace,
The light of day, hath darkenes still in chase,
The heauenly thoughts, doe hate all earthly things,
And faith to clowdes, doth flie with flittring wings.

They

They praide with me, and wipt their wæping eies,
My heauy spite, stood troubled sore that tide:
And as the sighes, from panting heart did rise,
My groaning Ghost, O Abba father cride.
The sobs flew forth, the teares I could not hide,
As babe doth wæpe, when he beholds the rod,
So then I feard, the wrath of my good God.

Full soone resormde, I was in godly wise,
Gaue ore the world, forgot all earthly thing,
Heaud vp my hands, and heart, vnto the skies,
To God that did, this plague vppon me bring,
And then I sued, and sent vnto the King.
To scape the coard, by losse of life and breath,
For heading was, for me more Nobler death.

He graunted that, and sad for my mishap,
He let me goe, where God and man assignd,
Now euery fault, lay open in my lap,
Each small offence came freshly to my minde,
The secret sinnes, that we in conscience finde,
A muster made, and passed for their pay,
Before great God, that doth all things bewray.

The wrong I did, to simple people plaine,
Bad heart forethinke, the fury of mine ire,
The grædy thirst, of glory rule and gaine,
Made soule afeard, of hote infernall fire,
My selfe I blamde, for fleshly fond desire.
But falling thus, full prostrate on my face,
From heauens hie, I felt a sparke of grace.

Which warmd my spirites, that wared faint and cold,
The last conflict, that in this life we haue,
Then comfort came, and made weake body bold,

Care

Care not for death, for life mounts vp from graue.
(Qd. knowledge then) when Christ the soule shall saue.
With that I flong, behinde all fearefull dread,
So cald for booke, and many a Psalme did reade.

In lesse then halfe, the time that I haue spoke,
We thought I talkt, with God whose face did shine,
Who from a cloude, discends as thinne as smoke,
And entred in, my breast by power diuine,
O mortall man (said he) come thou art mine,
Be strong and stout, to fight the battell throw,
For my right hand, is here to helpe thee now.

Blush not to see, the raging worlds despite,
The bloudy are, nor scaffolde full of bils:
My mercy seat, shall be thy chiefe delight,
And though on earth, thine enimies haue their wills,
I am the God, that stormes and tempests stils,
In quiet calme, passe gently thou away,
And suffer much, yet doe but little say.

Death is the end, of all that beareth life,
Not one shall scape, this world is but a dreame,
The seeds of sinne, brings forth but flowres of strife,
In painted robes, lies many a rotten seame,
It is but griefe, to guide and rule a Realme:
Great charge and care, a great accompt must make,
And when I frown, the whole round world I shake.

I cause one wight, to take anothers place,
To chop off heads, to kill, to hang and draw:
And when I take, from rulers new my grace,
His head againe, shall yeld to sword and law.
When blowes the cole, but I put fire in straw,
And where doth fall, the flame of my great ire,

All

All things consumes, to cinders in that fire,

Come Murton come, and play thy pageant well,
Thou goest before, perhaps a yeare or twaine:
But after thee, shall passe to heauen or hell,
A number more, that merry now remaine,
World hath no stay, I tell thee all is vaine:
Both raigne and rule, and regall power most hie,
When dastards dreame, in durt and dust shall lie.

My God thus sayd, with that my spirites reuiude,
My wits were armde, my sence redoubled than:
And with my flesh, the holy Ghost he striude.
By Angels force, but not by might of man:
A marulous stirre, in stomacke then beganne,
For to subdue, the carrein corps of care,
And burthend breast, that sinfull body bare.

Now hope in hast, made heauy heart full light,
The feare was fled, that comes by course of law:
Gods promise wrought, (through mercy grace and might,
A noble worke in me, cleare conscience saw.
A fig for death, his force not worth a straw:
(Quo. I) a rush for worlds reproach and shame:
For written is, in booke of life my name.

The Preachers then, began to weepe for ioy,
Your firme beliefe, my Lord shall make you free:
(Quo they) and sure, your soule is from annoy,
Both in this world, and where sweete Angels be,
And where right soone, you shall Gods glory see:
Not with bare view, but with immortall eies,
As body shall, at latter day arise.

Then kneld I downe, and to the cloudes I looke,

The thought and care, the while of woꝛld was paſt,
And I in God, ſuch ioy and pleaſure tooke:
That at my hæles, all earthly pompe I caſt,
By this the houre, of death approached faſt.
The Gard gaue ſign, with halbards bright in hand,
I muſt pꝛepare, on Skaffold ſtreight to ſtand.

The ſtrætes were full, of ſouldiers armed well,
With ſhot and match, and all belongs foꝛ warre,
I ſaw in houſe, I could no lonꝛer dwell:
Foꝛ people ſaid, the day was ſpent full farre.
Then ope the doꝛe, (qd. I) dꝛaw backe the barre,
I will goe hence, to better home I truſt:
Here is no hope, I ſæ, that die I muſt.

To comfoꝛt ſence, and ſtrengthen vitall ſpꝛete,
I taſted foed, and dꝛanke a dꝛaught of wine:
And pawſde a while, as I thought fit and mæte,
But ſure no dꝛead, of death within mine eine
Was ſæne, foꝛ God by ſpeciall grace deuine,
Held vp my heart, and head as high to ſhoe,
As when from home, I did a walking goe.

Wilde woꝛds I gaue, when bitter ſpæch I hard,
So paſſed thꝛough, them all with manly chære,
And did no moꝛe, this woꝛld noꝛ earth regard,
Then though in dæde, I neuer had bæne here,
But when in ſight, the Skaffold did appeare,
My minde was bent, to fight the battle out:
And conquere death, and baniſh feare and dout.

So ſtept I vp on Skaffold lightly than,
Where ſundꝛy came, to aſke me many a thing,
I lokte to God, and made ſmall count of man.
Saue that alowd, I laide God bleſſe the King.

God

God giue him grace, in peace the ſtate to bring,
And ſhunne the harmes, and dangers ore his head:
To finde on earth, long life when I am dead.

Had I ſerud God, aſwell in euery ſort,
As I did ſerue, my king and maiſter ſtill:
My ſcope had not, this ſeaſon borne ſo ſhort,
Nor would haue had, the power to doe me ill.
But loe, I finde, againſt my makers will:
That fæles my fleſh, that fæles my ſoule alas,
That fault I feare, where now my ſoule ſhall paſſe.

That, that good Lord, forgiue, whilſt breath I haue,
It is the ſinne, that to this world I brought:
It buried ſhall, be with my fleſh in graue,
It is a ſore, and ſickeneſſe of the thought.
It is moſt vaine, a wretched thing of nought,
A wicked wound, that death doth heale alone,
Dwels laſt in fleſh, and firſt was bred in bone.

Pray you for me, that ſets your ſinnes by mine,
And ſuch as doe, profeſſe the faith I hold:
Marke who I am, that here by power diuine,
Am forſt this daie, my conſcience to vnfolde.
Looke nærely both, to your owne Faults vntolde,
And pray as well, for me with humble minde,
As for your ſelues, that here I leaue behinde.

My matter ſtands, before the iudge of all,
Men haue condemnd, my body to the fort,
When that great iudge, will for a reckning call,
Both you and I, (ſhut vp in ſentence ſhort,)
Shall ſoone be known, who gaines the beſt report,
I here accuſe, ne ſmall nor great this day:
My part is plaide, and I muſt paſſe my way.

The faith this howre that all the Realme doth know,
I die in here, and seale it with my blood:
No other faith, beware bend not your bowe:
The rotten string, will breake and doe no good,
Whilst in this land, such traiterous trompyte flood,
God was not pleasd, the King not serude aright,
And we did walke, in darkenes stead of light.

Good hearers all, my babes and children deere,
I brought you vp, full long in this beliefe:
Your regent ones, now preacheth to you here,
Chaunge not (my barns) religion to your griefe,
Serue first your God, next honor King as chiefe,
This lesson kæpe, and so good friends, adiew:
The dead from quicke, so takes his leaue of you.

Thus full resolude, temptation to resist,
Great time I stood, and talkte in stoutest shoe,
Of sondry things, as freely as I list:
But waying then, that hence the soule must goe,
And that my necke, must bide the bloudy bloe,
I stretched armes, as hie as I could heaue:
So turnd my backe, and did the audience leaue.

The heauenly hope that heart doth long vphold,
Did hale me hence, and bad dispatch in haste
As firme as rocke I stood, say what they would,
For after this, I spake no word in waste,
Then downe I lay, and balefull blocke embraste.
And there receiude, the blow as are did fall:
That cut me cleane, from cares and cumbers all.

The gasping head, as in the Lorde I slept,
A vision had, ye may the same suppose:
I dreamde it saw, how friende, & faurers wept,

In

In heade that tide, a straunger fancie rose,
The eyes beheldе, before the eyes did close,
A writer there, and Churchyard loe he hight:
Whose pen paints out, mens tragedies aright.

In deadly dreame, my tongue callde on that man,
(As headlesse tolke, may fumble out a word)
You must believe, the tongue a tale beganne,
Of earnest thinges, and not a trifling borde,
Churchyard (quoth he) if now thou canst affорde
Mee one good verse, take heere thy penne in hand:
And send my death, to thine owne native lande.

Which in my life, I loude and honourd much.
(A cause there was, let that passe oer with time:)
Thou man (I saie,) that didst Shores wife so touch,
With louing phrase, and friendlie English rime.
When pen & muse, (were in chiefe pride and prime,
Bestow some paines, on him that was thy friende:
Whose life thou knewst, & selfe mee make mine ende.

These wordes pronounst, the head gan bleed anew,
My bodie laie, along like lumpe of leade:
The limmes stretcht out, & stiffe as stake they grew,
And under cloath of blacke was made my bedd.
On thicke hard bordes, that world might see me dead
There did I lodge, till starrs appearde in skye:
And gazing blonde, had glutted gasers eye.

Thus Churchyard now, in wandring vp & downe,
(About affaires, perhaps that toucht him nere:)
Saw on Tolbothe, in Edenborough towne,
My senceless head, before his face appeare.
Why Morton then, (quoth he) and art thou heere.
That long didst raigne, and rule this Realme of late:

The faith this howre that all the Realme doth know,
I die in here, and seale it with my blood:
To other faith, beware bend not your bowe:
The rotten string, will breake and doe no good,
Whilst in this land, such trash and trompre stood,
God was not pleasd, the King not serude aright,
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So turnd my backe, and did the audience leaue.

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Did hale me hence, and bad dispatch in haste
As firme as rocke I stood, say what they would,
For after this, I spake no word in waste,
Then downe I lay, and balefull blocke embraste.
And there receiude, the blow as axe did fall:
That cut me cleane, from cares and cumbers all.

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Whoſe pen paints out, mens tragedies aright.

In deadly dreame, my tongue callde on that man,
(As headleſſe tolke, may fumble out a word)
You muſt beléeue, the tongue a tale beganne,
Of earneſt thinges, and not a trifling borde,
Churchyard (quoth he) if now thou canſt affoorde
Mée one good verſe, take heere thy penne in hand:
And ſend my death, to thine owne natiue lande.

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With louing phraſe, and friendlie Engliſh rime.
When pen & muſe, (were in chiefe pride and prime,
Beſtow ſome paines, on him that was thy friende:
Whoſe life thou knewſt, & ſeiſt mee make mine ende.

Theſe woordes pronounſt, the head gan bléd anew,
My bodie laie, along like lumpe of leade:
The limmes ſtretcht out, & ſtiffe as ſtake they grew,
And vnder cloath of blacke was made my bedd.
On thicke hard boordes, that woord might ſée me dead
There did I lodge, till ſtarrs appeardе in ſkye:
And gozing blondе, had glutted gaſers eye.

Thus Churchyard now, in wandring vp & downe,
(About affaires, perhaps that toucht him nere:)
Saw on Tolbothe, in Edenborough towne,
My ſenceleſſe head, before his face appeare.
Why Morton then, (quoth he) and art thou heere.
That long didſt raigne, and rule this Realme of late:

Then ruine and wracke, ouerreacheth each estate.

An Emperors life, puft vp with pompe & pride,
Maie not compare, with plaine ploughman (quoth he)
The climing foote, is apt to slippe and slide,
The studious braine, shall selde in suretie bee,
A bitter blast, sone bites the braueſt træ.
At honors seate, blinde boltes men dailie shoote:
And wretched hap, riues vp renowne by roote.

No wit nor wealth, preuailes against mischaunce,
Whom fortune hates, the people doe disdaine:
As wisdomes grace, doth worthie witts aduaunce,
So priuie hate, throwes downe hie harts againe.
The whitest clothe, will take the greatest staine.
It is not strange, to sæ great men to fall,
For tw much trust, of worlde deceiues vs all.

Why doe wæ wish, to weald a world at will,
What follows pompe, but hazard of good name:
Why would wise men, in pleasure wallow still,
The end of toyle, makes soule and bodie tame.
They take no rest, that runnes still after fame,
Great charge brædes griefe, and brings on care apace:
Great honor rules, and lasteth but a space.

Who trauells farre, comes wearie home at night,
The mounting Larke, comes down to foulers hand:
Great birdes are borne, about with feathers light,
All great renowne, on tickle propps doth stand,
All worldlie blisse, is builded on the sand.
Which when a puffe, of winde beginnes to bloe:
In pæces small, the painted posies will goe.

To greatest træs, the birdes doe daily flock,

On

On highest hils, wee walke to take the ayre:
And sudden stormes, giue greatest oke a shock,
The ground is bare, where many fate repayre,
All people drawe, vnto a goodly faire.
But where most haunte is founde with indging eye:
There is least hope, and doth most daunger lye:

The fayre it selfe, where all is bought and solde,
Showes meere deceipt, to him that buies and sells:
The enemies strength, striues still with strongest holde,
Disdaine doth drawe, where greatest honor dwels.
All flies repayre, to flowers of swetest smells,
Each wicked worme, to soundest kernell goes:
Ten thousand weeds, do growe about a rose.

Because the seate, of honor standeth hye,
The baser sort, do bend the browe thereat:
And honor is, a moate in enuies eye,
Who vily thinkes, and speaks he knows not what.
By enuies brute, that bitter biting gnatt.
A blister growes, in soft and smothest skinne:
So skarrs arise, where clerest shew hath binne.

O malice great, thou monster sent from hell,
The heauens hate, to heare thy naughty name:
If world thee shorn, thou knowst not where to dwell,
O fugitiue, O sonne of open shame.
No wisdomes lore, nor men of noble fame,
Can scape thy scourge, it giues so sore a yarke:
And so thy boltes, are shot at eache good marke.

Men may not liue, though great they are of race,
For malice, rage, and enuie now a dayes:
Prowde practise prowles, about in curie place,
To breede debate, and cut of good mens praise.

Where

Where malice sowes, the sǽdes of wicked waies.
Both honor quailes, and creadit crackes with all:
Of noblest men, and such as feares no fall.

At goodlie fruite, that growes on topps of trǽes,
The people gase, and somtime kudgels flinge:
Disdaine repines, at all good things it sǽs,
And so like snakes, doth enuie shoote his sting,
The angrie waspes, are still about a king.
Who ǽkes by swarmes, to hurt true meaning still:
So-workes great harmes, to those that thinks no ill.

True honor may, full long in fauour bǽ,
If rigors wrath, and malice did not mǽte:
And malice might, lies not in meane degree,
It closely lurkes, in craft and cunning sprete,
First fine deuice, can kisse both handes and feete.
Then draw the knife, that cuts the harmlesse throte:
Thus honor is, by drifts in daunger gote.

These deadly driftes, drinkes dǽpest riuers drie,
Sincks greatest grounds, belowe past helpe of man:
Flings flat on floore, the statelye buildings hye,
Shakes downe great harts, (let wit doe what he can.
Fine drift is hǽ, that mischiefe first beganne.
Against whose force, no reason maie resist:
That awefull worme, on earth doth what it list.

Then noble birth, and vertues rare must stowpe,
When daie is come, and destines strikes the stroke:
This cunning world, may make great minds to drowpe,
When we are calde, men nǽds must draw the yoke.
When life goes out, our breath is but a smoke.
When at the dore, our drerie death doth knocke:
Take key in hand, wǽ must turne backe the locke.

Who

Who would haue thought, Earle Morton ſhould haue fell,
A graue wiſe man, and gouernde manie a daye:
Kulde all at home, and vſde his wit ſo well,
In forreine Realmes, hee bare a wonderous ſwaie,
Of woꝛldes affaires, hee knew the readie waye.
Yet knowledge failde, and cunning knew no bote:
When foꝛtune came, and tript him with her fote.

Loe, lookers on, what ſtaie remaines in ſtate,
Loe, how mans bliſſe, is but a blaſt of winde:
Borne vnto bale, and ſubiect to debate,
And makes an ende, as deſtine hath aſſignde,
Loe hære as oft, as Morton comes to minde,
Diſpiſe this woꝛlde, and thinke it nothing ſtraunge:
Foꝛ better place, when we our liues doe chaunge.

FINIS. qd. T. C.

SIR SIMON BVRLEIS TRAGEDIE, who liued in the xi. yeare of Richarde the ſeconde.

Looke Frozard the laſt part Fol. 108.

AY I of blood, oꝛ yet of birth ſo baſe,
O Baldwin now, that thou foꝛgetſt my name:
Oꝛ doth thy penne, want cunning foꝛ that caſe,
Oꝛ is thy ſkill, oꝛ ſenſes fallen lame,
Oꝛ doſt thou feare, to blaſe abꝛoade my fame:
O ſhew ſome cauſe, wherefoꝛe I ſit in ſhade,
And why is thus, my Tragedie vnmade.
Who thinkes great ſcoꝛne, in ſilence ſtill to ſléepe,

And on whose fall, a world may waile and weepe.

Did Boccace liue, or Lidgate write againe,
Some hope were left, my lanterne sheuld haue light:
If any one, that had a Poets vaine.
Knew halfe my life, or had my case in sight,
In colours fine, I should bee paynted right.
But gaping graue, and gnawing wormes below,
Snapt Bocace vp, and Lidgate long agoe,
And Poets sleepe, within Parnassus mount,
Where lee! of nice, they make but small account.

O Bauldwin yet, what blot was in my brow,
That made thee blushe, or feare to write my fall:
With what offence, can world come charge me now,
That I maie not, for Baldwins fauour call.
Yea durst I clayme, the helpe of Poets all,
I doubt their skill, could scarcely shew in deede.
In this behalfe, the cunning that doth neede.
Well Baldwin well, if headlesse men might chide,
I know what check, and blame should Baldwin bide,

How couldst thou reade, in storyes any while,
And so skip ore, my life and destiny straunge:
Thou knowst, how hap, on me full long did smile,
And that my state, stode free from doubt of chaunge.
I sprong not forth, of such a simple graunge:
That I should dwell, in dust from minde of men,
While others are, set out by arte of Den.
Thou dost me wrong, wherefore the wounde to heale
(That doth hath made,) to Churchyard I appeale.

Syr Symon Burley complains to him that knowes what sorrow meanes.

Let him be iudge, of all my doings throw,
Let him vnfolde, my fortune swete or sowre:
Yea vnto him, I tell my sorrows now.

Whose

Whose restles hand, is writing euery howre,
And so I leaue, thee Baldwin in thy bowre.
Of Lawrell leaues, where thou mayst sit and see,
At open view, what Churchyard writes of me.
But erre he takes in hand this worke of mine:
I tell my tale, with weeping blubbring eyne.

Giue eare good friend, and heare what I shall say,
And for the while, set all affaires aside:
But sure I feare, too short I finde the day.
To shew my griefe, that hardely can I hide,
Yet through I goe, and hope with happie tide,
Though hapless wind, hath blowne my barke about
And daungers deepe, did driue my days in doubt.
Since calme is come, and quiet ease I haue:
Heare his complaint, that late crept out of graue.

How should I speake, that holdes my head in hand,
(Which senceless scalpe, both life & speech hath lost:)
Yet out of brest, though headless heere I stand.
I may blase forth, the griefes of groning Ghost:
As from the Seas, that is with torments tost.
Coms roring noyse, when calmes full quiet are:
So breath I out, from breast my boyling care.
Though head be off, a smoaking fume proceedes,
From quaking necke, & gushing vaines that bleedes.

Heare him I saie, whose bowels speakes alone,
And wants in deede, both vse of tongue and wit:
Heare him that must, by arte come make his mone,
And takes therefore, the members meete and fit.
I care him that groanes, & howles from hollow pit.
Heare him whose voice, doth giue a fearefull sounde,
Heare him that long, lay rotten in the grounde.
Heare him whose plaint, may pearse the lostie skies,

And for thy ayde, and English verses cryes.

As naked sure, as he was lapt in sheete,
With deadly lokes, and grisely staring heare:
Not like a man, but like a monstrous spreete,
Sent from the pit, to whisper in thyne eare,
And make thee muse, of world an other where.
For heere as time, doth softly steale away,
So life and laude, and all things doth decay.
No byrth nor blod, nor flocks of freinds preuayles,
When sturdie stormes, strikes downe pur stately sayles.

The ship must sway, aside or sincke in seas,
That shaken is, with shocking surges still:
The greenest grasse, that growes in goodliest leas.
To partching heate, must yelde by reasons skill,
What stone can stay, that rowleth downe the hill.
What sote can stand, that fortune dayly trips,
What liuing wight, can scape her scorging whips.
No sooner out, of shell or mothers lap:
But subiect straight, to sorrow and mishap.

The life that some, most sweetely do embrace,
To troubled teares, doth turne or wee beware.
We are in loue, with fond Narcissus face.
And drounde our selues, in that whereon wee stare,
And feede the flesh, so long with daintie fare.
That belly swelles, or stomacke belcheth vp,
The liquor sweete, that came from spiced cup.
On dayes disgrace, doth breede an endlesse sore:
And payse vs home for all things past before.

Yet climing vp, the tree of tickle trusk,
We stretche the arme, as farre as reach may goe:
Disguis'd. with pompe, and pampred vp with lust,

We

We gaſe aloſ, and neuer lookes beloe,
Till hatchet comes, and giues the fauling blo,
Then crake it cries, and all in ſhiuers flies,
That many a day, was mounting to the Skies,
One ſtroke throwes down, a thouſand bowſe withal,
And ſuch as clime, are cruſht by ſodaine fall.

Was I not one, that in toppe Gallant ſtoode,
And bare great ſway, with him that ruld the roſte:
Was not my houſe, ſprong out of Gentle blood.
And was not I, long time in fauour moſt:
Yes ſure I was, and therefore make I boſte,
At ſchoole brought vp, with Prince of peereles race,
A playfeere long, with him in euery place.
My childhood wan, ſuch loue and liking great,
That in mine age, I ſat in Senate ſeate.

Sir Simon brought vp at Schoole with the Prince of Wales and Aquitayne.

Was not my Sire, about a King eſtéemde,
And highly plaſt, (whereby he purchaſt praiſe)
And neere the King, in fauour as it ſeemde.
Yea much made of, full long before my daies.
Was not I ſent, Embaſſer ſundry waies.
And did not I, my duety euery houre
With paine and purſe, as far as ſtretcht my powre,
The World well knowes, what ſeruice I haue done,
And by the ſame, what honor I haue wonne.

Into Galatia to cõduct Don Petro King of Caſtell Sir Simon was ſent as one of chiefeſt for that purpoſe.

My manhood made, mine enimies fly like ſhéepe,
(Before the Wolfe, that watcheth for his pray)
My wiſedome did, in peace the Commons kéepe.
When Iohn of Gaunt, they would haue made away,
My preſence oft, could quiet many a fray.
My counſell coold, the rage of retchleſſe heads,
My ſtoutneſſe ſerude, the ſtate in ſundry ſteads,
My noble minde, could neuer take no reſt.

Hee appeaſed an vprore in the Citty of London.

For publike wealth, I had such burning brest.

In Poiteou long, against the French I was,
Where frontier warre, I held and did full well:
And as I did, through many a perill passe,
In comming home, in Enemies hands I fell.
And when in deede, my Prince thereat heard tell,
He sorry was, and spake of me much good,
But as these things, in waight and ballaunce stoode:
Our Souldiers toke, a Dutches of great fame,
Who at that time, of Burbon bare the name.

The Dutches of Burbon prisoner, and did raunsome Sir Simon Burley.

The Souldiers swore, that shé should nere bee frée,
(Nor see her Sonne, nor finde a sparke of grace:
Nor looke for hope,) till she had raunsomde me.
And set me safe, in good and quiet case:
Loe what regard they had, in euery place.
Of me those daies, loe: how I was on height,
Loe: how I was, emploide in things of waight.
At home embrasde, abroad well likt with all,
Yea loude and fearde, among both great and small.

One Pascall was sent from the K. of Nauar hether for succour, and Kinge Richarde made Sir Simon answer the Ambassador the Earl of Salisbury and other in presence

When forraine friends, did send for succour héere,
King Richard bad, me aunswere make therein:
In presence then, there stoode a greater Pœre.
But I was he, that did the fauour winne:
To speake and thus, my credite did beginne,
And still increasde, as one whose Lampe in deede,
Could want no Dile, the blase and flame to feede.
My Candle blasde, so clere, as Starre by night,
And where I came, the Torche gaue little light.

Kinge Richarde sent him to conclude a mariage and the Duke of

And when the King, for causes good and great,
Deuisde to match, with one beyond the seas:
I was I was thought, most fit to worke the feate.

And

And in this caſe, the King I did ſo pleaſe,
Of mariage there, that knot was knit with eaſe,
And ſo from thence, a Duke was ſent with me:
For this behalfe, the ſtate of things to ſée.
Thus ſtill I was, employde in great affaires,
As hap her ſelfe, had hald me vp her ſtaires.

Taſſon was ſent hither with Sir Simon from the king of Beam & Almaine about this matter.

An office héere, I had of great renowne,
A place nœre Prince, and ſtill in Court to be:
That might commaund, the people vp and downe.
And thruſt them out, or call them in to me.
Bad I them run, on flockes then would they flee.
Bad I them ſtand, in déede they durſt not ſit:
I ſwaide them all, as Horſe is rulde by Bit.
I bare in hand, the Staffe that kept the ſtur,
And knockt their Pates, that preſt too néere the dur.

He was Lorde Chamberlain.

Lord Warden loe? of the fiincke Ports I was,
And Captaine both, of Douer Caſtle tho:
Through Lordly roumes, and places I did paſſe,
As eaſely ſure, as man can wiſh to goe:
I knew no Ebbe, my Tide did daily floe,
I kept the traine, I had the liuely troope,
I held vp head, I neuer thought to droope.
I went no where, but I was waited on,
And ſhone in Pompe, like Pearle, or Precious ſton.

Among the chiefe, yea chiefeſt was I held,
My Prince preferde, me ſo for vertues ſake:
And what he ſaw, I able was to welde.
I had, for which, I ſeldome ſuite did make,
I ſtoode beneath, whilſt he did Apples ſhake
Into my lap, when leaſt I lookt therefore.
As ſomewhat came, ſo daily followed more,
By heapes as though, great mounts of maſſy Gould,

In

In my most nède, should aunswere what I would.

The flouds of wealth, that doth refresh the minde,
With gladsome thoughts, of threefolde swæt delite,
Came gushing in, against both Tyde and Winde,
On which faire baites, each Fish desires to bite.
A careleſſe eie, I cast, of Worlds despite,
That spurnes at such, that Fortune liftes aloft,
A wicked Worme, that waites on worship oft,
A swarme of Wasps, that dieth nought but sting,
On those that rise, and rules about a King.

O hatefull flies, yée hatcht of wretched broode,
On euery dish, in hast yæ blow and humme:
O canckred men, of vile and noughty moode,
You doe infect, all places where you cumme,
You make small shew, yet sound as shrill as Drum,
In peoples eares, and still your Poison resteſ,
On noble mindes, and tender harmeleſſe Brests.
Yæ mallice much, the high and mighty sort,
To kill good name, by brute of false report.

If poore men rise, in fauour any way,
The rich repines, to see how they are plaste:
As Hounds doe barke, that houlds the Bucke at bay,
The people prate, and spend much spæch in waste,
Loke saith the lewde, on new start vps in haste.
Loke who rules now, loke what this man hath found,
Loke how in Lappe, doth Fortunes Ball rebound:
They lookte not how, to climbe for Vertues sake,
But how of World, they may a wonder make.

So lofty mindes, with lothsome lowring lookes,
Salutes the good, that growes in Princes grace:
And watcheth close, in corners and in Nookes.

How

How they by wiles, the worthy may deface,
No maruaile sure, it is a common case.
To heare them snarre, whose natures are not like,
What Greiund can rest, by curtish countrey Tike?
What Hawke can sit, in peace for carraine Crow?
What tongue can scape, the skolding of a Shrow.

The dolt disdaines, the deepe wise man ye wot,
The blunt abhors, the quicke sharpe Wit in deede:
The Coward hates, the hand that conquest got.
The Jade will winche, to stand by spurring Steede.
The Glutton grunts, to see the hungry feede.
Thus things from kinde, so farre can neare agree,
No more then can, the Catte and Dogge you see
As choise is great, of wealth and worldly goods,
Men differ much, in manners and in mods.

One Jewell staines, an other very farre,
And strife there is, in mettalls grosse and fine:
And sundry happs, belongs to euery starre.
And Planets to, they say that can deuine.
One race and bloud, doe seldome draw one line,
A graine of grudge, is sowne so deepely heere,
That nothing scarce, can scape from mallice cleere.
Thus mallice makes, a murmur where it goes,
And strikes out right, yet giues but secret blowes.

The greedy Gnat, and priuy eating Mothe,
(A monster small, that skarce is felt or seene:)
Lies lurking still, in plaits of finest cloth,
And little worms, whilst Nuts are fresh and greene,
Creepes in and eats, the kirnell as I weene.
So vnto them, compare these peeuish pates,
That on small cause, doe enuy great estates,
Yea enuy oft, is coutcht and clokt as cleane,

In mighty folke, as founde among the meane.

The flashing flames, that from great Fornace flies,
Casts forth such heat, as few men can abide:
The rage whereof, doth dimme the dainty eies:
And breds great griefe, before the harme be spide,
Much mischiefe comes, by pranks of powting pride,
Which puffes and blowes, as it would mountaines moue,
And growes at first, on nought, but lacke of loue
Whose spitefull sparkes, doth spare no speach nor time,
(Nor practise lewd) to plucke them down that clime.

This Enuy is, a mighty Monster great,
That swims like Whale, among the little fry:
Whose gaping mouth, would some consume and eate,
The Gogions small, that in small corners lie.
His thirsty throate, would drinke all places dry,
And sucks vp all, and so of all leaues nought.
Which should serue all, if all did beare one thought.
O hungry Flie, that would be all in all,
And Maggots brings, when men for fæding call.

As greatest floods, most Cruell doe retaine,
And strongest Tides, runnes ore the weakest walles,
So highest States, doe nourish most disdaine.
And at rebound, strikes out the tennis Balles.
Yea they who thinkes, them furthest off from falles,
Are watching still, in Court, in Field, or Towne,
Like stumbling stockes, to trip their fellowes down.
And none doe striue, and struggle for the goales,
But such as haue, their hearts most full of hoales.

Yea heapes of them, are harbred heere and theare,
In golden haules, that shines like Phœbus bright:
Where flattrers flocke, who tattles in the eare.

A

A thousand lies, that neuer comes to light,
They worke the ware, with fire both day and night,
They spinne the webbe, that takes the foolish flie.
They baite the Hooke, that bleres the simple eie,
They shoue them out, that should be called in,
They make the match, that doth the wager win.

And they breede strife, where all in quiet stood,
They packe the Cards, and play most filthy prankes.
They sharpe the sword, that sheads the guiltles bloud
They least deserue, and alwaies gets most thankes,
They fæd the stream, that breaks the mighty banks.
They are the sheares, that marrs the garment quite.
They haue the tongs, that spares no speach nor spite,
They are the Babes, still dandled on the knee,
And those are they, rootes vp the soundest tree.

If fawners fed, the house of mighty men,
And lawlesse folke, would frowne on fawning curres,
Deceipt should shunne, the noble houses then.
And velvet wædes, should shake off cleaning burres,
But tirring stædes, are prickt that næds no spurres.
Thus Palfray flings, and flounceth out of frame,
That els of kinde, were curteous meeke and tame.
A tombling iob, doth strike the bowle awry,
Which of himselfe, would close on bias lie.

For noble bloud, must needs haue noble minde,
And flie the gate, of fawcon gentle milde,
And sure it is, against their noble kinde,
To play the Kite, and cruell Toistrell wilde,
Till tatlers come, with tongues full finely filde,
And change their moodes, and marre their manners cleane,
They skarce doe knowe, what cankred hate doth meane.
But when from best, to worst the good are wrought,

By buſie braines, all ſortes of ſleights are ſought.

Then burnes the breſt, as hot as Ethna hill,
And rage beares rule, where reaſon dwelt before:
The haſty head, is ſwift to ſlay and kill.
The hauty heart, hurds vp much hate in ſtore,
The altred minde, doth make the miſchiefe more,
The kindled coales, doth creepe in ſtraw ſo farre,
That quarrels riſe, and peace is turnd to warre.
One haleth backe, another drawes aſide,
And weakeſt bones, muſt needes the brunt abide.

As I aſpierd, by vertue and deſarte,
And was by Prince, cald vnto credite ſtill:
So ſome by ſleight, did ſéeke to ſucke my heart.
And of my bloud, did thirſt, to drinke their fill,
They ſought to ſtop, the Water from the mill.
And turne the whéele, and all the ioints awry.
Loe heare how cloaſe, the ſwelling Serpents lie,
Loe how they caſt, their venome as they may,
And marke what hate, they gaine that beareth ſway.

The Earle of Oxford called duke of Irelād fauored much Sr Simon.

For that I grew, full great with Robert Vear,
A Noble man, full wiſe and mighty both,
And had the guide, of good Prince Edwards ear,
To ſhow therein, my duety, faith and troth,
Great mallice roſe, as grudging daily broth,
I wéene many men, that cannot rule their rage.
A mighty Duke, there was well ſkept in age,
That ſought to reape, the corne that I had ſowne,
And could not reſt, till I was quite orethrowne.

My roulmes and rule, and things that I had gote,
My gaine, my wealth, and glory as it grew:
Was in his eie, ſo bigge a mighty mote,

That

That loe this Duke, my plague did still pursue,
With open mouth, he so the bellows blue
That sparkes of fire, as thick flew in my face,
As in the sunne, the gnatts do flie at chace.
Or as the ball, rebounds at euerie stroke,
So lo his words, did smore mee vp in smoke.

The dreadfull Duke, did driue a wondrous drift
To worke his will, with slipperie sleight of hand:
And sought to giue, king Richards friends a lift,
For whom he did, prepare a secret band.
Whose bold attempts, did trouble all this land.
But few could find, the darnell in the corne,
Or iudge aright, the rose from pricking thorne.
So close in cloud, was clokte their cunning art,
That none could know, who plaide the Fores part.

This Duke did rayse, a brute the king would haue,
A tare most straunge, of all the realme throughout:
And to the Lords, and Commons councell gaue,
Against the king, to stand both stiffe and stout,
This practise proude, was patcht with many a clout:
Heere did the wolfe, lead silly lambes amisse,
(And suckt their bloud,) as woluish manner is.
Heere traytrous tricks, and treble trothlesse traynes,
In subiects breests, beganne to spreade their vaynes.

The Duke of Yorke, and diuers noble Peeres
Forsoke the king, and held with this vprore:
By which great strife, was sowne in sundry Shieres,
And corzies rose, that made a running sore.
Bigge biles brast out, where flesh was sound before,
And though some time, the Surgeon salue did find
To heale the wound, (the skarre remaynde behind.)
A common plague, doth creepe along the Realme,

The band that the duke made against the king, the duke of Yorke, the Earle of Salisbury, the earle of Arundell, the earle of Northumberland, the earle of Nottingham, & the archbishop of Canterburie.

A noble of euery fire in England was the taxe that the naughty duke sayd the king did demaund.

As skulls of fish, swimmes vp and down the streame.

The greatest townes, and Cities of most name,
As London, Yorke, and many mo beside:
These Dukes did drawe, with folly out of frame.
And made some striue, against both streame and tide,
Where banks be broke, the water cannot bide.
Where flouds flow out, the fish doe follow fast,
And then too late, to call againe is past.
The Swallow flies, no swifter vnder winge,
Then mens deuice, that do forsake a King.

For fayth once stayned, sticks straight for starting holes,
As Prisners do, that hath their promise broke:
The seames once ript, of shue farewell the soles,
The Ore set free, will seeke to shunne the yoke,
The chimney brusts, the house is full of smoke.
The sleuce drawne vp, downe driues the dregs and all,
The strongest tript, the weakest néeds must fall.
There is no stay, to holde meane people in,
When might with mayne, the mischiefe doth begin.

The Lords alledgd, the King was gouernd still,
By such as came, from base and poore estate:
And sayde he should, no longer haue his will,
By which bolde speach, there grew so great debate,
The land was bent, on murther, ruyne, and hate.
Now seuerall waies, from hiue flue out the Bees,
Now tempests came, and tare vp mightie trees.
Now traytors flockt, and fell to factions straunge,
Whose fickle mindes, still gaped for a chaunge.

O Vipers brode, and bloodie bosome snakes,
O Butchers curres, that would your maister byte:
O Helhoundes rude, of Plutos lothsome Lakes,

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O curſed crue, more cruell then the Kyte,
O cankred hartes, ſo fraught with frowarde ſpite.
O Tygers wilde, O monſtruous men moſt vile,
Where was your loue, and duty all this while
How durſt you ſpeake, ſo ſtoutly to his face
To whom of right, the ſtouteſt ought giue place.

Among brute beaſts, that ſauage are and wilde,
The Lion raignes, and rules with regall power:
And ſo great birds, ſtoupes downe like little childe,
(To fathers becke) if Eagle doth but lowre,
Than on a king, dare people looke ſo lowre.
That they will force their ſouereigne paſt their reach
No ſcholler ought, his learned tutor teach.
No member dare, preſume to rule the head:
None raignes & rules, but kings when all is ſed.

Note how they ſhrinke, that ſhapes to giue a ſhocke
Againſt a king, and marke how traytors ſpede:
Note how their heads do tumble off the blocke,
That with vaine hope, doe peoples humors fede,
And note from whence, doth princes power proceede.
And note withall, how farre doth ſtretch his fame,
And faulters quake, that doe but heare his name.
For at the brunt, lay heere a king doth come,
Home run pore knaues, & down they fling the drome.

Marke how this Duke, whereof I ſpake before,
By three eſtates, vnto accompt did call:
Their king and lord, whoſe minde they troubled ſore
And vext thereby, his friends and fauourers all.
They fill in lash, they felt the bloudy braule.
They loſt their goodes, they got a great diſgrace,
They fled from Court, they were purſued in chace.
They were full faine, for none offence or cauſe,

At open barre, to pleade their case by lawes.

Such are the happes, of those that hould with right,
Such cureles wounds, they haue that sores would heale:
Such hate they heape, in hucksters hands that light,
Such harmes they find, that stands with common weale.
And such know not, to whome they would appeale,
When wrong will rule, and reuell fals to spoyle,
The faythfull flocke, are forst to fæle the foyle.
Dread driues desarts, that dayly well haue done:
To flie from foes, or else through fire to runne.

The Duke of Gloceſter and Duke of York with others maligned thoſe the king fauoured.

Because the Lords, who lokt to leade the daunce,
Saw other step, on stage ere they could rise:
By plaine fine force, they would themselues aduaunce.
And for that feate, this drift they did deuise,
Desire of fame, doth so abuse the wise,
They end like fooles, that erst beganne so well,
And soonest smart, that ringes the larum bell.
For wheles and all, fals downe about their eares,
(From rotten frames) who first stood voide of feares.

King Richards beſt friends were by traytors frowardly handled.

But we who were, besiegd by fortune so,
Betrayd I meane, if troth may tell the tale:
Were scourgde & plagude, & faine to fawne on Foe,
And sue to such, as set our liues to sale.
We were shut vp, they had the bouncing gale,
That blew their barke, beyonde our compasse cleane:
With sailes aflaunt, and had no merrie meane.
They clapt on all, and went through streame & flud:
When true mens fate, stod fast in mire and mud.

I was the man, that most of mischiefe had,
I was accuse, and calde to count in haste:
I founde most cause, to sigh and sit full sad,

I was layde vp, and thereby cleane disgracke,
Myne en'mies sayd, I did the treasure wast
And held in hand the souldiers money too,
I was so nipt, I knew not what to do.
My friends wert fainte, or ferd the like mischaunce,
But I was he, must leade the dolefull daunce.

A mitred head, a Bishop bolde and braue
Hayd I conuayde, away Saint Thomas shryne:
And that I ment, the king of Beame should haue,
The same from me, by priuie practise fine,
To hoyste me vp, he layd both booke and line.
And so by friends, he framde so flat a feate,
That I was cald to straight accompt in heate
For this and more, a libell long and large
(Of forged faultes,) that he layd to my charge.

The Bishop of Canterbury accuside him of sacrilege & conuaying money ouer the Sea by night to the king of Beam.

No Clarke might come, to make my reckning right,
No tale could serue, to show my matter throw
No deepe discourse, could bring the troth to light,
No man of law, could canuas cases now,
Strong hand did all, I must both bend and bow.
The king knew not, of halfe the wrongs I felt,
Nor none could find, how finely cardes were dealt,
A packe was made, and one had got the ace,
And trimely robd, the trumps before my face.

No booke to bid, the Players deale againe,
The game was won, and I had lost the stake:
These Foysters fine, could nick both by and mayne,
And cog out right, when they the Dice did shake,
And of swete spoyle, a bitter banquet make.
They calde me in, and I the only Gheaste,
Was bidden then, vnto that bloodie feaste,
I was compeld, to taste what dishe they wolde,

And in great heate, to drinke vp Poyson colde.

I meane my fate, and fortune was so harde
I could not scape, their hands that sought my life,
Who wreakt their wrath, on me without regard,
Yet long in sheath, they kept the murthering knife:
For on my hap, at first rose all this strife.
And on the freindes, that I by hap had wonne,
This end I had, and mischiefe was begonne,
For taking part, with such as likt me well,
To ground full flat, from top of trée I fell,

When in the tower my Foes had clapt mée fast,
Few friends I found, the world beganne to winke:
And so at length, in Kerage was I cast,
And Poaste alone, was left to swimme or sincke.
And iudgement was, as I was forste to thinke
That I should pay, two hundreth thousand Frankes
For all my toyle, loe! hére is all my thankes
I did posselle, my charges and my losse
And paynes abroad, came home by wéping crosse.

And wanting wealth, to pay this heauy summe
With Billes, and Clayues, from prison was I led
And so vnto, the Tower-hill did I come
To suffer death, where sone I lost my head.
The King knew naught, of this till I was dead.
Loe people hére! how things about were brought,
And what disdaine, and mighty malice wrought.
Loe! hére is ende, and sodayne sliding downe,
That was both true, to God and to the Crowne.

As little twigs, ore top of houses grow
Whose braunches big, spredes out a mighty trée:
Or as small brookes, with Seas do swell and flow,

Yet

Yet hath no power, to passe their bounds you see,
Or as faire flowers, that in gais gardens bee
Sprouts out a while, and when they are at height,
They fade and fall, & then declineth streight.
So man doth mount, a while on stages hie,
And at the best, shootes downe like starre from skie.

When thinges are growen, as farre as course is set,
And haue attaynde, the fulnesse of their state:
They backward come, and can no further get,
For cleane expierd yæ sæ is then their date,
The life wæ beare, of force must yæld to fate.
The steppes wæ tread, weares out by tract of time,
When ladder breakes, wæ can no higher clime.
Where fortune sits, so fast, doth grinde the mill,
The Whæle turnes round, and never standeth still.

Long is the toyle, or man to triumph commes,
Large is the plot, where wæ our Pagantes play:
Swæte is the say; and sowre are all the Plummes,
That payne pluckes off, the pleasaunt planted spray,
Short is the time, of all our glory gay.
Vayne is the hope, of hazards hære in earth,
Great are the griefes, of life from day of birth.
No surety growes, of all is hære possest,
All comes to naught, when people feareth least.

Loe! what it is, to stand on tickle staies,
Where hatred heaues, the houshoulde out of square:
And when it falls, the ioynts flæ seuerall wayes,
And ioyfull wightes, are clad with woe and care,
The seruants howle, the wife and childe is bare.
The friends wring hands, the foes do laugh and fyre,
Such chaunges chaunce, to those that do aspyre.
The ground but gapes, who first shall fall therein,

And who seekes most, at length the least may win.

Lo: Churchyard now, my mirthlesse tale is tolde,
A mourning verse, prepare thou straight for mee:
And in thy rime, some stately order holde,
For that I sprong, not out of base degree,
Let euery line, a liuely sentence bee,
To wake the wits, of such as would would know,
And list to marke, how worldly matters goe.
And when thou comst, to touch the gauled backe,
Leape ore the horse, or vse a riders knacke.

Beare euen hand, and holde the bridle right,
Yet whilst the wande, sometimes for pleasures sake:
Yea spyce thy speach, and tearmes with trifels light,
That lookers on, may not thy mind mistake,
When store is gone, yet doe thy budget shake.
Among the best, and feede their fancies still,
No matter though, a mouse crepe out of hill,
Small toyes may breede, great sporte in great estates,
And in great grounds, men walke through little gates.

Doe wisely warne and warely vse thy pen,
Speake english playne, and roue about the but:
And shoote at will, and flaunt by wicked men,
Shale cut the shell, and bid them cracke the Nut,
Shew some delight, and so the sentence shut.
And bid the world, beholde mee in a glasse,
That did to ruine, from Pompe and pleasure passe.
Now I am gone, I wish the rest behinde,
(As they desire,) may better Fortune finde.

FINIS.

TO

THE MAN IS BVT his Minde.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPfull my ſingular good friend, Sir Iohn Skidmoer, one of the Liefetenants of Haruordſhire.

I Am not forgetfull good Sir *Iohn* of a promiſe made touching *The man is but his minde*: Which worke now I preſent you, though not ſo well penned as the matter requireth, yet as wel ment as any peece of worke in this Booke, written as well to keepe promiſe, as to ſhow the circumſtance of the miſtery that belongeth to euery mans minde, and to hope that all I write thereof ſhall be as well taken as a dutifull writer can meane. I haue plainely ſet downe mine opinion in that behalf, doubting not but ſome one man or other ſhall ſee a peece of his owne minde, in this my preſumption of the ſame. So wiſhing your good and vertuous minde augmented in grace, and your ſelfe encreaſed in worſhip and contentation of mind, I betake you to God and fall to my purpoſed diſcourſe.

So I was reading in the delightfull discourses of Ieronimus Cardanus his comforts, among many pleasant passages and speciall sentences, I founde that he said A man was but his mind either in the value of vertue or vanity of vice. So waying the worth of that conclusion, & knowing that Manhood or Cowardize consistes in the selfe same opinion of the minde, I considered that common quarrels and priuate reuengement of Iniuries receiued, proceeded in a manner from this spring and flowing Fountaine, that euer is fedde and nourished with som setled conceite or other. For the minde is so noble, watchfull, and worthy, that it is neuer vnoccupied whilest the man is awaken, nor taketh any great rest when the body is a sleepe, (as some dreames and visions manifesteth plaine.) For euen as a cunning Carpēter or Smith, is hammering and hewing some peece of wood or iron, to bring the same to such shape and perfection, as the artificer would haue it: So the minde (the harber of all secretes and mouer of all good and bad motions) can at no season be idle or way weary of deuises. The Imaginations thereof are so many, and the innumerable conceites therein are so mighty, the fire is of such vehement heat and operation, that it must nedes burne or consume any thing that long remaines in it, so the minde is of such force and power, that it leadeth the man any way it listeth, and shapes al the sences and vitall spirites in what forme or fashion it pleaseth. For the longer the fancies of the head (by rouling to and froe are tired) and at length reposeth themselues in the constantnes of the minde, the more is the mans reason subiect to the mindes resolution, and the lesse strength the iudgement hath when it fæles the forces of the body captiuated and compeld to obay the greatnes of the minde. Though learning, education, and good instructions, be a meane and restraint, that a peruerse mind shall not drawe the whole body to destruction, yet the minde being

bent

bent to some dangerous determination, hath ouercome all the good causes rehearsed, and brought both the body, reputation, and life, into a shamefull disorder, and made a cruell confusion not onely of the man, but likewise brought a licentious liberty to the minde, experience of proud practises hath proued this argument no fable, but now to talke truely and probably of the minde, what can be named or thought on, (if they be things to be executed) but the minde dare attempt and the man may goe about, it dare aduenture the hazarde of the soule, the losse of life and goods, and the cracking of estimation and credit, if any purposed mischiefe hale the minde forewarde to some odious enterprises, this showes but a weakenes of Iudgement, naughtines of nature, and a most wicked and wilfull disposition of a desperate conceite, diuelishly drawen and enclined and carelesly cõmitting it selfe to euery kinde of practises and dangerous determination.

But now to touch the noblenes of an inuincible minde, that neither Fortune can conquer, power may commaund, nor worldly pompe nor wealth can winne. The true discourse of this minde, craues a writer of a higher knowledge, for the vnspeakeable spirite that kæpes life, and breatheth continuall constancy in the brest where this minde makes his mansion house, is to be explained and set forth by the profoundest pen man of the worlde, that can lay open like an Anotomy the hidden and secrete partes of the body, especially the diuine nature (closed vp in flesh and bloud) and secrecy belonging to the vertue of this manly and valiaunt minde. Some men there are (and though they boast not much the nũber may be great) that with a strong heart can suffer afflictions, beare burthens, abide disgraces, and in their most torments sæme careles of all the crossings & counterchecks is offered them, yet they are armed within to withstand all outward assaults as it were a fortresse manned with souldiers and munition, throughly to defend it selfe against the power of Princes, & practises of warlike people, yea as they in peace can vse this approued patience, so in the hottest broiles of

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the warre the hope to ouercome the cruelty of their enemies, doth redouble their courages, and so with a resolute minde, the Cannon they approch, the combate they present, and the present daunger is presently forgotten, a present matter of great momẽt to be in the presence and presented before the vniuersall people placed vnder the cope of the heauens. But yet I can not leaue out the mind they haue of honour in greatest extremities, for minding the preseruation of Prince and countrey, they clap on such a minde as Mucius Scevola did, that burned his hande in the fire, for missing the killing of Porcena. They care not in like sort for imprisonment, penury, hunger, torting, racking, but can suffer all manner of misery, as want of meat, lacke of liberty, and open aire, and lie on the hard earth or bare strawe, to kæpe their enemies out of the Fort or hould committed to their charge, yea and in respect of the loue they loyally beare to their Countrey, they suffer many a mortall wound, and in the end offer themselues to the death, manifestly to showe, that a man is but his minde, and the minde is it that makes the man, both famous & immortall. Now to the contrary come to the nature and condition of a Coward, whose minde is neuer to do any noble act, for he that can beare the infamy and blot of that name, to be called a Coward, liues careleste of all other villanies, and no reprochc, slaunder, shamefull report, fowle fact, or what filthines can be rehearsed, may make him blushe, his miserable minde is so monstrous, that all soiles, kingdomes, and countries are alike for him to liue in, and as a countrey cur delightes to gnaw a bone on a midding, so he is fed fatte (among wretches of the world) with folly, beastlines, lewd behauiour, and a number of naughty conditions, neither fit to be followed, nor nædfull to be written of. The studient that mindes nothing so much as learning, takes such a pleasure and felicity in hearing and reading new deuises and auncient authors, that his Bookes are onely his companions, and solitary places, the swæte soiles of his repaire, and he holdeth time so precious and dære, that he spends in Idlenes no one howre of the day, and

hath

hath such glory in gaining of knowledge, that he makes no account of any other Treasure, (knowing that he that hath vertue is next vnto God) nor delighteth in any society or company, but such as are learned, wise, graue and honest, and when long labour and study hath gathered the sweete Hay of Iudgement (as the Bee hath sucked Hony from the flowres) he writeth new volumes, and setteth out such workes and pamphlets, as may merite commendation, and purchase credite and benefite, and be accepted and embraced among all posterities, that mind hath a naturall disposition in all diuine graces, and that minde is as a day watch to the body, and stands as a strong Guard to the Soule and euerlasting renowne.

The ignorant minde that hates education, and despiseth knowledge, is an enemy to himselfe and all common wealthes, most currish and rude of condition, barbarous and sauage, as an vntamed beast, he swels and powts, like a Mule to heare the praise of a good man, and mindes nor loues nothing but blockishnesse, ribawdry, and corrupt manners, and hath so naughty an inclination, and is subiect to so many defectes and deformities, that this naught and lewde minde is not necessary to bee knowen among men, nor made mention of where noble minds are esteemed.

Now in generall, let euery particular man here somewhat of himselfe. There are some kinde of men, made of so fine a moulde, whose mindes may not suffer them to here, beholde, touch, or come neare any lothsome or vncleane thing, such mindes disdaines to offend the sight, (which is a cleare candle of life) with vnseemely shoes, and will not haue the Soule defiled with conceiuing of filthy matters, that moues a generall misliking in the whole Iudgement, and euery part of the body and minde to abhorre the vnderstanding of any foule and infectious thing, either ministred by talke, or vttered by vew in open assembly.

Another sort of base minded fellowes haue their onely ioye in fruitlesse babble, follish fancies and offensiue wordes, that

thunders in the aire and corrupts good maners, that fils a house full of clamors and bruite, and makes a fewe Idiots laugh, and many wise men lowre, but these haerbraine tratlers and fantasticall minded mates striuing to haue all the talke themselues, (and glorying to here their owne voice) do sodainly become so audacious and bolde, that they are not onely a trouble to the whole company, but likewise a disquietnes to themselues, as apparauntlye falleth out, for when such vaineglorious minded marchaunts are knowen and perceiued, they are glad that first can be rid of their fellowship and society.

A graue and modest minded man looks into a statelier kind of life, and skornes to open his mouth but in causes of credite, and matter of great moment, and then the wel couched spæches (and swæte spised sentences) comes flowing from his tongue, as the faire water spouteth from the fountain, a man of that aduisednes carries an easy hand ouer the rash multitude, and gathers to his minde a greater knowledge of the course of this world, and euen as the persing songs and musicall harmony of the Nightingale reioyseth the hearts of the hearers, so the swæte tempred talke of a wise Orator, drawes the eares of the audience after him, and leades them in a string that haue anye motion and minde of vertue, or can consider the value & worth of such a well minded man.

The merry and pleasant companion in his kinde, beares another disposition, for his minde is so delightfull, that his tonge is like a Taber and a Pipe, prettily playing and gibing on euery mans mannors, and he that carries this minde is continually tuning him selfe (as a Minstrell were tempring and wresting of his Instrument) to pleasure with sports the dumpishe people, that sits listning to heare some straunge pastime, but in this merry minde are many humors that are fedde with some sharpe and bitter conceits, which often turns to ouer bold bording, and yet a well ordered minde can smoothly cast a clowde cunningly on the matter, to auoide all suspition, and to bringe the world in beliefe, a merry fellow for the solacing of his own

minde,

minde, hath free scope and liberty to ride by his neighbours, and yet keepe euery one cleane from dashing, and he himselfe to be taken as a man, whose mind meanes alwaies to make all the company merry.

A greedy minded groaper of this world, lookes solemnly on all thinges he goes about, and in a surly sort and fashion, stands bending the browes, and frowning at a number of accidents he beholdes, his talke is of bargaines, purchases, buildings, and prises of each thing that commeth to the market, and mindeth so much his priuate gaine and profite, that he forgets both common wealth and countrey, neuer merry but when his money and bags be vnder his Elbow, and alwaies sad when hee must depart with any great summe and payment, though double benefite proceede from the same, a minde ready to doe wrong, and a body neuer apte to doe seruice in warres, nor liue quietly without brabble in peace.

The vnthrift, or more properly called a player at al manner of games sets his minde so earnestly thereon, that he will lose meat, sleepe and rest, to winne somewat by gaming, many times practising to packe the Cards, and cogge the Dice, sodenly moued for a little losse to fall into a great fury, a minde that couets al, and makes no conscience if it be at play to beguile his companion, yet many of them haue such minde to be called fair players, that they are as carelesse what they lose, as they are desirous to gaine, but if the losse be great, full many a raw Pigeon lies wambling in their stomackes after their first sleepe, and yet waking, they minde nothing more then a reuenge, eyther to take a further foile, or giue a greater blowe, and of all the mindes that men are subiect to (before mentioned) there is no minde more to be marked then this in any man, for euen as his losse or gaine is, so are his lookes and countenaunce, and so are his outwarde showes of gladnesse, and his inwarde conceites of sorrowe.

The Venerian, whose minde mastereth his body, and subdues all the good parts of the same, his fancies and imagina-

ons flies swifter then the Swallow, and seldome or never satisfied with no one conquest or other, goeth drawing like a bloud-hound after a stricken Deere, and taking sent of some suite and finding perily followes with open mouth, secret traps and chargeable expenses, till minde or body, or both be a weary, and credite be brought in question, or cracked so sore, that good name is past recovery. Then desperately he dare enter into any quarrell of a combate, and put in hazarde and daunger life and goods, and he that puts on this minde, dwels not onely in a great ouer weyning of himselfe, but commonly condemnes all others that are not of the like nature and condition.

The Flatterer that frames his minde to all manner of dissimulation, can play the Cameleon, to dazell the eies and vnderstanding of the wise, and abusing the best sort of people, the base and meanest of degree, are brought quickly to beleeue that subtilty is simplenesse, and great suerty remaines in muffled manners, the Flatterer finding his falshood fauoured, so besturres himselfe like a Wolfe among sheepe, and finely feedes on the fattest flocke, and the wily Fore carries no more crafte in his head, then the fine flatterer beares in his double and deceiptfull minde.

The theefe that sets his mind wholy on robbery, spoyle, and ransacking of the rich, or whosoeuer hee may wrong, gropes out a wealthy mans budget, as a Ratt smells out a rosted peece of cheese, and hauing a wretched minde to liue on such cheats that are gotten by such chaunce, hee chuseth no other trade to trie what his villanous mind will bring him to, or what may happen on a resolute repyning, which comes to no greater regarde but the reward of a gallowes, the ill opinion of good men, and the open paltring exercises of a bad mind.

The Shifter that shuffles vp a borrowing life makes a purchase of picking his Creditors purses, his minde is euer to bee needy because hee minds neuer to pay peece of his det, and still cryes out of Fortune, when his owne folly plagues him, claiming recompence for seruice where no desart (nor ableues to

doe

doe good turne) may pleade in his behalfe, yet by braggs and boastes hee makes a show to haue done manie wonders, hauing no great courage in warres nor good qualitie in peace, but as a graceleſſe Grome, glad to ſhifte and ſhield his feeble abilitie vnder the title of a Souldier, maruelous is that meaning and miſchieuous is that minde that liues and dies both in want of wealth, wit, and all manly reputation, a beggerie baſe minde ſcarce worthy the bearing about or harbor in any honeſt body.

The Enuious minde hides his malice, as ſmothring ſmoke lies lurking in wet ſtubble or ſtrawe, and when his furie burſteth abroade in flames ſome whole Famely or houſhould is burnt or blemiſhed bee ſclaunderous brute, and this ſtinging & ſerpentine Snake, being long nouriſhed in the wicked & warme boſome of a hatefull man, beſpreads his venome throughout all the vitall parts of the bodie, ſo that no member nor lyneament thereof ſerues to expreſſe any goodneſſe, and the tongue is alwaies clapping and caueling at euery matter ſpoken off or miniſtred only to keepe the cankred mind accuſtomed in maddnes and malice.

The Princely and noble mind where bounty (the locke and key of loue) is as buſie as a Bee in a hiue that brings forth hony for the benefite of others, and the bountifull minde thinketh it ſelfe diſhonored, if it receaue any ſeruice, good turne, free gifte or good will, and the ſame returne not againe with ten times treble fold thankes and reward. For this princelie minde is euer imagining how it may get friendes and make enemies reform themſelues from malice. yea furthermore this minde is ſo honorable, liberall, and deſirous to win the fauor of good people, that it ſtudies where it may beſtow ſome acceptable gifte, and faſtning the ſame on a gratefull perſon, this mind remaynes in ſuch iollitie and gladnes as it had wonne a whole world, and ſetteth more ſtore by a Friend gotten in this manner, than of a hundred enemies ouercome by perforce.

The ſparing and niggardly mind that ſpies out aduauntage of gathering and whording vp riches, ſpends manie words in

faire promises (whiles hee cunningly holds his owne) meaning small performaunce of many great offers, and yet in a kinde of vaineglory hee intertaines both the time and the people with trifels that makes a great shew of a franke and free hart, when the minde is miserably bent to saue and gather together ill gotten goodes to laie vp in coffer and corners for a prodigall son, or a ryotous heyre, whose mind is as much set on spoyling that hee found as the father was enclyned to spare that hee got, but the nigards minde hath such quenchles thirst to drinke vp the drosse and dong of this earth, that no kinde of good Fortune, worldly wealth, or aboundance can moderate and satisfie his couetous lust that Lucar hath set on fire, in the flaming dungeon and furnace of his nigardly minde.

The prodigall mind that spends without respect, and giues without regard, as puft vp in such a pride of it selfe, that it waxeth imperious, lordly, and loftie in a conceiued conceit of laciuious charges, bestowed on the fawners and flatterers of our dayes, whose creeping and currying of fauor, makes our young maister beleeue there is no ende of his spending, and that the more hee flings and casts away, the more good fellows will follow him and the lesse his estimation and riches shall waste & diminish. For in giuing either goodes and landes to the dayly feeders of his prodigall humor, hee thinkes he receiues an euerlasting renowne, fame, and credit, among the lustie crue of good companions, and his mind carries him so farre into the altitudes that he hopes for vnknowne happs and trusts that mountains of Gold, & the conquest of the verie Indians it selfe is alotted to bee his portion, and whosoeuer restraines him from anye pace of his purpose, enkindleth his minde rather to make a soone dispatch of all that hee hath, than to bee long in consuming the mucke and drosse of this world, which a prodigall mind wil neither bee taught how to vse, nor how to consider well off but to his owne liking.

The rebellious minde that seekes but blood, sedition, change of state and gouernement, makes a man runne gadding like a

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Gosling to listen after news, and alteration of Religion, as nothing could please him but forrayne follies, and strange tyrranie, murmuring, and finding faulte with Countries quietnesse, and desirous of troublesome seruitude, or at least willing to see some sodaine sturre, and strange accidents. This mischieuous and male-contented mind, is swift to sow discord and shed innocent blood, and slow to saue his owne credit & Countrey, ready and apt to forget God, and most vnwilling to forgiue any iniurie, a beginner of all brable and contention, and a mayntayner of all execrable acts and enterprises. Now passing ouer the rusticall rable of Rogues, Vacabounds, Ruffians, Roysters, and ranke Rebels, (whose mischieuous minds surmounts all the rest in villanie, filthynes, reueling, rudenes, trecherie, and treasons, the fruites whereof are but beggery, banishment, and wretchednesse, that brings the maisters of that misrule to Tiborne, & a shamefull end,) I come to the malicious mindes of our Forrein enemies (many in number) that are so drowned in a deadly desire of hatred, wilfulnes, obstinacie, papistrie, and old worm-eaten Religion, that they cannot see nor well vnderstand what they goe about. There minds carries them headlong into many hellish & damnable deuises, making account of that which neuer shall be there own I hope, and making their boast of conquest, victorie, & triumph, before they dare fight for it, or attempt manly to trie, who shall finde Fortune most fauourable, & what partie hath God & the right of their side. And further to bee marueled at (a matter most mõstruous in iudgement) they were come into our Coastes in ships of great burthen, fraught & filled with great riches, munition, and men, hauing in the same shippes to countenannce their quarrell numbers of Noble houses, Friers, Priests, English Traytors, Spanish Women, and such like people, as were come to possesse a Country & kingdom that easily should bee gotten, which kingdome is so noblie peopled and furnished that I doubt not but the sight and bare vew of this stoute nation shall make the Spaniards abashed, and yet behold (to proue

A man is but his mind) our Enemies haue such minds to doe wrong, and haue such hope that they are appoynted to bee the scourge of God, that they saie openly they haue commission to kill man, woman and child, and to saue none aboue the age of seauen yeare old, lee heere is a goodly mind, a goodly commission, and a goodly sorte of Fooles, that thinks so populous a Countrey as this will be so sone supplanted, a wise companie of wild Geese, that with a little gagling and thrusting out the necke, belæus to bring to passe so great a matter, you neuer heard of more madder minded men than these are, that came to sit downe in other mens houses, before they knew the good will of their Hosts, and how deerely they were like to pay for the purchase, ere they shold make their entry, or set their feet on any peece of this Land, and by my troth they goe about a pretty Bargaine to offer the sheeding of so much blood, and especially do bring hither so paltring a Commission, so voide of Christianitie, and shall cost so manie a broken head, before any iott or parcell of the same commaundement be put in execution.

Now heere is to bee spoken and treated of good and godly mindes that peaceably shall possesse their soules in patience, & these patient mindes, are those that sees other men preferd (as the affection of some will haue it so) and beholdes themselues abiects, that neither want, vertue, nor valiance, yea they find few good turnes and suffer many iniuries, boastes little of their seruice, and are greatly to be praysed, being men of good years, and experience, and yet of bad Fortune and ability, fauoured of some that can doe but little for them, yet holpen or aided of no one body that haue power to aduaunce them, the men of this minde makes much of a little and seldoune comes to any greate portion, and so because mine owne destenie is not the best, and being loath to put on a worse minde then now last I haue spoken of, I knit vp all this discourse in these fewe wordes, and thus I bid you farewell. Hoping that the mindes of men, (though they are seuerall in disposition) will now draw all in one yoke to hold out the enemies of our Countrey, and to stand together

together against all forraine inuasions, and forget all kinde of quarrelling among our selues, that often times hath bred in manie kingdomes ciuile warres and sorrowfull dissentions. The plagues and plaine examples therof being well waighed, will (I doubt not) make our noble Nation be not only mindful of their libertie and honor, but in like manner make vs all of one good mind, resolution, courage, and manhood.

FINIS.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPfull Sr. Edward Dimmocke Knight, & Champion by byrth to the Queenes Maiestie.

I would haue searched the bottome of my studies and chiefest of my labors (good Sir Edward Dimmocke) if my leasure had serued, to haue foūd out some peece of worke worthy of your reading, but doubting that verse delightes you not, & Tragicall discourses breeds but a heauie conceit in a pleasant disposition, I thought it more fitter to treat of a Marshiall cause (wherein great honor consists) that may moue many considerations in a noble minde, and so not only stir vp vertue but also beat downe all occasions that hinders the quiet & sweet societie of mē, not meaning that I see any motiō, cause, or action in this age, that may procure

my pen to go beyond the compas of my reach in refor ming the ſame: but to ſhew there is no greater bleſſednes on earth then freindly ſelowſhip and amitie among men, and all the diſturbers thereof are rather inſtrumēts of diſſention, than mayntainers of good will. And for that in your long trauells abroad (where variaunce is moderated with wiſdome) many quarrells you haue ſeene or heard off, I haue written a little peece of the nature of a quarrell compounded on many accidents, not teaching anye man a newe courſe & peaceable order to his life, but to nouriſh gentlenes & kindlie loue among all our noble natiō. So truſting no matter of miſlike ſhal paſſe my Pen, I preſent you with this little peece of paper that follows, wiſhing you the good fame and honor your own hart can deſire.

A Diſcourſe of true Manhoode.

Mid the wickednes of a naughtie world quarells, hatred, and headſtrong people, a bridled mind knowes not what pace to be te, nor ſteppes to tread, and where madneſſe ſhewes furie, a world mayntaynes folly, wiſe Salomon (were he here) could not reforme the defect of this wilful age, which neither regards God, good Gouernours, nor naturall loue or order.

And where libertie in mans wilfulnes is proclaymed good rule and lawe is not known, and rud raſhnes runs ſo farre beyond reaſon, that euery ſencible creature doth wonder at, and ſtands aſtonied at the ſtubberne wickednes of mans vnſtayed mind,

mind, which growes so blood thirstie and eager after life, that it seeketh nothing but death and destruction, in a manner of his owne proper brother, which was horrible in Cain, and may bee odious in all kind of Christians. Among beasts (that wants reason) remaynes no such crueltie. For now a dayes men may not meete without snarring, lofty lookes, bitter wordes, haughty fashions, and froward behauiours, on which stoutnes of stomacke, malice is kindled, contention is breed, and quarrells are set abroach. The accustomed curtesie, sweete conuersation, freindly gentlenes, humane manners, and ciuile humblnes in our common societie, is almost forgotten, brought in contempt, and put out of exercise (if Noble Parsonages shew it not) and in place of the commendable vertues are corrupt conditions, and newfangled vices closely crept, to the great disquietnes of many, and commoditie of no one person. And now briefly to come to ỳ cause of this my bold argumẽt, my short worke shall only touch ỳ terrible brawels, that lately (on the shew of manhood) are sprong vp among vs, & nourished to long in the stoute courages of men. A matter more meeter to bee lamented than mayntayned, and a new deuised wilfulnesse that our old Fathers taught vs not, nor scarsely was known, till our youth beganne to trauell straunge Countreys, and so brought home strange manners. It must be graunted and necessarie to bee allowed that weapons shall be worne (alwaies of equall length) and vsed in causes of defence. And further for slaunders, naughtie reports in absence, and present spitfull speaches, men ought for the maynteinance of good name, sometimes vse an lawfull manner of correction (this spoken not of the scripture) for the sharpe sworde makes a blunt blockhead beware how hee vseth his tongue, and if bold bablers were not snibbed for their sawsines, this world would bee full of talkatiue merchants, and no man would care what he spoke, if wordes should not be wisely set to sale, and in the end of an ill market be dearly bought. For it is not fit that euery man should goe to Law (about a trifle) nor necessarie blood should be

shed, whatsoeuer in manhoods behalf I haue spoke: wel: to come to my purposed matter. In the old time the sight of England was daungerous but not deadly, couragious not cruell, valiant but not villanous, and most nobly vsed oftimes without anye great harme, in which season men were as great Conquerors as they be now (let Fraunce and Scotland witnes) as loath to offend as men be at this present, when rapier fight is more desperate And generally then were as good men, as valiant and venturous, as now can bee found, and yet they stoode not vppon such tearmes, and quarrels as men doe now adayes, a thousand iniuries could then bee forgiuen, if they had eased their hearts a little at the sharpe weapon, now life is sought in England for an Italian lie, and nothing but blood and death can pacifie mens furies, men are become such Cockes of the game, they must fight in a sharppe, scrat out each others eyes, and thirst so much for blood, that nothing can mitigate their wrath till one bee out of the world, and the other bee fled God knowes whither. A prettie quarrell that compells men to bee fugitiues, for playing of beastly parts and bringeth such repentaunce as breedeth both beggerie and extremitie of fortune, and namely when friends shall forsake you, and weeping can not helpe. For whilst law persecuteth the offender, the world is like a Labyrinth, s endles is the labor and trouble of that bodie that thinks euery man follows him.

In the olde world when swords of one length and heartes of equal courage did meet, some in differencie debated the matter, and fewe were put to foile, and many were worthely esteemed for their value. And now when the rapier and dagger dispatcheth a man quickly, neither he liues to heare his owne fame, nor no man liuing can let fall a good word of the quarrell, begun of such trifles, maintaind with such terror, and ended with such madnes, not so manly as miserable, nor so much praised among the fool hardy, as condemned in the consideration of the wise. And so to come to the right order of manhood, courage, valiancy, and stoutnes of heart, it lieth more in the Iudgement

then

then in the iarring, in the fortitude then in the forwardnes, and restes more in the modesty then in the malice. For anger of it selfe is but a senceleſſe monſter, an vnreaſonable rage, a furious franzie, a diſtemperate imperfection, a priuy paſſion of choller, and an open enemy of life. The diſcouerer of the frailty and naughty nature of man, and the diſcredite of as many as cannot maiſter that outragious diſeaſe of the minde.

Then how ſhould the fury of mallice bring forth any other fruit, but ſuch a peſtiferous fire, as ſhall conſume the beginners of hatred, and the laſt reuengers of wretched wroth.

For reuenge is like a winde ball the more it is ſtricken (and remembred with force of hand) the higher it mounts, & makes the more rebound, ſo that endleſſe becomes a quarrell, ſo long as the exercise of mallice is had in vſe, and men with euill diſpoſition goe about to ſtore vp miſchiefe.

Now is to be decided euery degrée and manner of a quarrel, and to ſhew how and in what ſort an vniuſt quarrell may bee offered, and a iuſt quarrel may be taken, both by law of armes and nature, and by a vſuall cuſtome and manner among men, proouing by antiquities and art military, the matter purpoſed to treat vppon ſo that with patience you here out that may bée ſpoken.

As it is vnfit for a Gentleman (that ſtands on reputation) to play the ruffian and roiſter, ſo it is moſt vncomely for him to ſtoupe ſo lowe, as any way to abaſe his good calling, with the bad conditions of a rude and ruſticall fellowe, by which prerogatiue the match is vnmeete, the quarrell may be refuſed, the ſtrife hath no equality, nor no honeſty is gotten in brawling with inferiors or fighting with men of ſo ſmall temperancy and credit, but becauſe moſt ſtoutnes and courage (with hazard of life is betwæne Gentlemen) and trifles not taken vp growe to great buſines, their quarrels are moſt requiſite to be ſpoken of, redreſſed, corrected, and brought to better order.

Firſt yé ſhall finde among Souldiers, (that are of greate mindes) a kinde of ſtately conſideration in all quarrels they

take in hand. They taking vppon them in the art military (which well becomes their calling) to maintaine honour, defend their countrey and credits, and to fight in no quarrell but Princes right and their owne honest caules, haue set downe by certaine ceremonies, what wordes may touch them, what manner of men they may deale withall, what occasions may force a combate, what scope & liberty pertaines to a iust quarrell, and what restraines a manly minde from doing iniury to others or harming himselfe.

On which resolution the Souldier sets vp his rest, and commonly hazards the winning or loosing, of as great thing as life may be worth, not with presumption procured to this danger, but with estimation of his honor haled forewarde (by daunger of enemy) to leaue good example to those that comes after him.

But beholde how this aduenture happeneth, regard the circumstance of this hazard, way well what difficulty is about the matter, and marke the chiefe points (and grounds of aduantage) that breedeth busines, and bringeth forth a combate.

Then must be noted, a simple Souldier (or mercenary man) may not challenge a Captaine, a meane Captaine or Centurion may not challenge a Coronell, a Coronell (though leader of a regiment) may not challenge a Lord Marshall of the Field, a Lord Marshall (hauing charge of life and death) may not challenge the Lord Lieutenant of the Army. All these not onely in time of seruice (for auoiding of mutiny) but at all seasons, are bound and ought to keepe themselues from brawling, (yea though any one be nearely touched) and seeking the combat, except a lie hath passed, a slander is receiued, a blow be giuen, a mans name and credite be foiled, and a quarrell be sought so narrowly that no man can auoide. And yet all these degrees (as their office and honour is) one after another, may without reproche refuse in euery place, the daungering of their liues by private quarrell, & not meeting one another by chance (whereon may busines growe) looke what so euer be passed,

(villany

(villany excepted) There is no kinde of prejudice to any partie, but malice may surcease, and society may reuiue friendship, and quietnes should of all hands be sought.

Now of matter ministred in despight, spoken to strike dead good name uttered for offence and bravery, let fall to disgrace any person, and maintained with threatnings (daring and other open iniuries a number) the case of quietnes is altered, and surely no nature can so easely digest those extremities, but shall finde occasion of dislike, and a great motion of quarrell.

Then must be considered, the cause of those speeches, the persons credite that spake it, & in what presence and place the iniury was offered, for some places are of such honour, that no dishonestye may bee suffered in, and some person that speakes iniuries in base company (out of honourable presence) the speakers meane calling aunsweres himselfe, for wise men ought to make no more account of a badde fellowes babble, then of the barking of an olde dog, whose teeth are gone and can not bite. An all the common kinde of iniuries are but as men do imagine them, as scolding of a cotqueane, railing of a ruffian, taunting of a tossepotte, frumping of fine fellowes, and the brags and threatning of a varlette, all these shameless rabble and senceless sort of shadowes, are of so small substaunce and credite, that their voices makes but a noise in the aire, like a thunder cracke, that neither brings raine, nor argues any constant winde and weather.

There is besides these ordinary causes, (and crooked conditions of people) a number of naughty natures, that never will be quiet in countenaunce nor wordes, but either with skrowling like conquerors, or skorning like vices on a stage, they strive with counterfaite courage to ouercome Lions, and to be more terrible then Tigres, snuffing and puffing as all the worlde were too little to containe their great lookes, and disdainefull monstrous manners.

And their tongues are so talkative (and filled with follies) that none may speake but themselues, on whose prowde presumpt-

sumptions are many mad disputes wilfully begon and most wickedly ended. To contend with those glorious Images, is as a man should sound a Trumpet at the roaring of euery bul.

Thus with extraordinary manners, new fangled fancies, olde stubburne nature, and fresh fine cunning, that wisedome condemneth, a good minde may be ouerreached, and a quiet man may be brought in some quarrelous brabble, for the sight and sufferaunce of these shadowes, (whose substance is all in boasting) and the society or contention with such counterfaits conquerors, is an open enemy to all the good dispositions of men, and a privy worker of disquietnes to those that beholdes and heares any peece or iots of those vices before rehearsed, for nothing braedes more mislike, or offendeth so much euery company, as the continuall brags and audacious manners of the vnbrideled multitude, who are neuer frē from quarrels, voide of villany, nor without naughty brabbles a number.

Come now to generall occasions in Court, Countrey towne and so forth, but principally of Court we ought to haue greateſt regard, where not only the Prince hold residens with a continuall maiestie, but likewise by absolute power commaunds obedience, & restraynes Courtiars many wayes from offering of iniuries. For plainely to speake, in Chamber of presence or any place neere (or about a Princes pallace) mens tongues are tyed either to keepe silence, or ciuilly with reuerence to vse comly wordes, meete for such a place, and voyde of villanye or vicious intents, chiefely of quarrels that may moue mischiefe, and stirre vp disquietnes among the gentle Bees assembled together in a Hiue for the honoring of their king, and publique profite of their estate. The Court is no Cocke-pit to croe in, no shrape for cocking, no seat to be saucy in, no place of contention, nor no soile for brawlers and braggers, that haue curriſh conditions, and knowes not their duety, but rather a place of royall dignity, princely entertainements, curteous behauiors, and fine and friendly fashions, that with orderly manner may set forth a Princes regality. And though there some one (wanting

ting temperance) rashly behaue himselfe and with warme wordes sturre the coales of a wicked quarrell, mens duetics in generall, (by wisedome) should either quench the heat thereof, or cast imbers on the fire, that the fury and flame should not burst out there, nor be disputed of any other where to the preiudice of that place, and loke what is offered in open hearing or secret whispering (that may sow seedes of dissention) shoulde be trodden vnder foote, or passed ouer with sporting, among the best iudgements, for feare least a little brauncy of spite doe sproute vp on some rash speeches, and grow out of order, both past remedy, and beyond the bounds of good manner.

If men in Court were as carefull to kæpe peace, as they are desirous to cræpe in credite, or common society should attende to no other purpose, but to familiar behauior, friendly affection, brotherly loue, and blessednes of life, you shall behold a mutuall agræment among all kinde of creatures at their first mæting, the birds with their like flæs and fædes together, and in their manner vse a kinde of reioysing when they encounter one another, yea and taketh part with their fellowes against all that shall offend them, flocking and crying as they may together in multitudes, to shew their naturall inclination, and how they al doe suffer torment, by the disquietnes of one bird in their company. The Bæs sæing but one of their fraternity troubled or angry, fly all in a swarme on euery thing offends them, and vseth such fury for reuenge, that they sting and hum out of measure. The Beasts not onely agræ in their fashion, but in like sort takes one anothers part vehemently: and chiefly the very Dogs ioyne in a battaile against those dogs that biteth them. The Fish in the ãoud swim in schulles arming themselues against their enemies, and you shall reade in Plinie that among the Dolphins was such amity, that a Dolphin being taken prisoner by a King (and closely kept) there assembled such a number of Dolphins together as is incredible, and they neuer leste mourning and playning, shewing by sorrowfull signes the dolour taken for the losse of their companion, by which meanes

they recouered him againe of the King.

Thus if Fish, Fowle and Beast, agrée in vnion with a wonderful league of amity, men may blush to behold their own defects and Serpentine natures, that neuer rests hissing, stinging and casting out of venome, bred in vaine mindes, and nourished in hatefull brests. The reason that man beareth, and the forme and shape of his noble creation, should be an euerlasting remembraunce to moue him vnto quietnes, especially the renowne that is gotten by patience and fortitude, should alwaies kœpe reasonable men from rages, and be a bulwarke and target to beare of quarrels, the destruction of life, the hour glasse of death, and the whole consumer of all good credite.

It is to be presupposed that prowd hearts growes so Princely, and euery one (that is quarrelous) would séeme a King or a conquerour, yet Princes take great aduisement before they breake peace, and cunningly put of causes of warre, waying the innumerable troubles, daungers, and losses that pertaines to a quarrell, but the generall number of men runs headlong into mischiefe, casting neither perill nor hazard, as all our life and fame, stood on slashing, cutting, roisting, and striuing for vainglory. In our Elders daies fighters were called ruffians, and ruffians were so lothsome, that no honest man could abide their company. If seruing men which alwaies should be ciuile, had quiet & sober maisters, such buckelers with pikes, such swords like spits, and such long great daggers should not bee worne. The weapon and countenaunce (by maintainers of quarrels) may cause cowards to be bold, and cause corage to catch copper or creepe closely in cornes. And now in the chiefe and highest degree of quarrelling, where see you iarres, questions, brawls, banding, and the rest of disorders, but where some party is ouer great (playing on aduantage) or weapons are not equall, except it be among noble great mindes, whose valiauncy can neither suffer iniury, nor abide any blemishe of honour. So euen now to them this worke is adressed, the baser sort nœdes not my perswasions, nor but of good will and presumption, this nœ-

deth

deth not I speake of. The whole world is fraught so full of malice, that the least occasion can be ministred, beeides such great busines, that quarrels are so common (the custome thereof so olde) it seemeth nothing straunge to beholde murthers, odious practises, shamefull poisnings, and miserable man slaughters.

In Italy, a simple quarrell but once conceiued, neuer endes till death hath dispatched peraduenture both the parties, and so greedily they goe to take away life, that all the mischiefe can be imagined is put in exercises without delay, taking breath, regard of God, feare of law, or shame of the world, so blouddy is the minde, the body sleepes not, till the handes haue done some abhominable outrage. The minde cannot bee in quiet, til open folly & monstruous madnes haue disturbed the whole sences, and brought the life and body in hazard of hell fire, or daunger of worldly shame: these are the fruits of fury. The defects of nature, the miseries of man, and the brutish conditions of the counterfaite finesse in Italy. In Fraunce if a lie may bee brought in by circumstaunces, or a fine quarrell can be sifted out of grosse speeches, , present death followes, or perpetuall hatred is set abroach, wherein murthers are committed, and many a mischieuous act is taken in hand, odious to beholde, and a great horror to heare, but most vnchristianly executed.

And so generally, in all countreys and kingdoms, a quarrell once begon, comes to butchery and bloudshed, and commonly growes after (in many generations and kindreds) to deadly foed, and shamelesse slaughters.

A quarrell in property & nature, may be compared to many bigge barrels of Gun-powder, which once set on fire, flames so behemently, that euery little corne thereof, is throughout consumed, and the blast and busines it makes, ouerthrowes houses, beateth downe great buildings, and shakes a whole towne and the walles thereof in sunder. Yea euen as a tennis ball, the harder is stricken the further it flieth, and the oftner it reboundeth, the more he labors that strikes it: so a sparke of spitefull hatred, being blowen with the busy bellowes of mallice (that

kindleth coales which can neuer be quenched) encreaseth such a smoothering smoke and fire, that burnes like the hill of Ethna, that neuer goeth out, nor wanteth heate, and fume to trouble a whole countrey.

And one especiall point is alwaies to be noted (in the naughty nature of a quarrell) that whosoeuer hath done any iniury or giuen a wound or a blow, neuer can auoide daunger and vtter destruction, without some amendes made, crauing of pardon, open repentance, or secrete working of friends, that are wearied with the long debating of the matter.

As one good turne doth craue another, so an Iniury demands a quarrell, a quarrell breedes a thousand offences, offences hardly can bee forgotten, and the more a wrong remaines in munde, the lesse hope is of forgiuing the fault, and the more mischiefe is put in proofe and exercise.

And whosoeuer duely considers the ill inclination of people, he shall finde thousands so apt and ready to take in hand a quarrell, that in some sort it is held a cowardise and a kinde of no courage to put vp a trifle, so many desires to see bloudshed, so many sets men agog in vnhappines, and so many goes about with tales and bad deuises, to stur vp strife and contention.

Well since our imbecillity is much, our fury not little, and disposition so stout, that all thinges must be disputed of and drawen to the vttermost degree of dangerous quarrelling: I wish peraduenture vpon some experience, that mildnes might moderate the manner of our falling out, and if nothing could qualifie the cruelty of courage, a regard of God, good reputation, iust cause, and honest dealing may be vsed, exhorting all men to looke to life, common society, mutuall loue, and the generall peace of a christian kingdome. For how so euer the Worlde may imagine of fighting and brawling, the very roote and grounde of disorder in a common wealth, is vnreasonable quarels, wherein is maintained a kinde of Turkishe tyranny, and brutish boldnesse.

This not spoken beyond the compasse of dutie, nor to the prei-

udice

prejudice and hinderaunce of any mans manhood, which may be as well seene, and vnderstood by the conquering of himselfe (and maistring his owne passions) as in hauing the victorie of others. Which triumph and victorie cannot bee gotten without great bloodshed and businesse. Thus Friend worshipfull I haue discourses a matter worthy treating off, and I hope for the benefits of many: And so farewell.

FINIS.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPfull my singular good friend, sir Michaell Blount Knight, Lieutenant of the Towre.

IN trauailing abroad, & searching some secrets at home that closelie would lurke in corners vnknowen, I found (good M. Lieutenant) manie occasions to write off, but none more greeuous to behold than the wandring minds of this world, & sowers of dissention, hatefull to themselues & Enemies to their Countrey, & for reformation of their follies, & amendmēt of their liues, I drew certain verses fit for those causes, and I hope pleasant to read. And because your good mind and office of worthie credit, is as it were a curbe & musrole to hold in such strong-headed wanderers wil-

fully bent, & wickedly disposed: I did on goodwill dedicate this little Volume to your view and good consideration, knowing that therein is no verse, nor meaning of any matter, but that attends only to the aduauncement of vertue, rebuke of vice, and loyaltie to our Countrey. So wishing you much worshippe, I enter into the discourse alreadie heere mentioned.

Yours in all at commaundment
T. Churchyard.

A VVARNING TO THE VVANderers abroad, that seekes to sovv dissention at home.

MIne eyes they wæpe, my heart it blædes in brest,
My soule doth sob, my body quakes for feare:
My fancies roule, my minde can take no rest,
My sences blush, as spirites amazed were,
My knowledge shrugges, at rumors in myne eare.
My head doth muse, my reason sore doth rewe:
These quarrels old, that rise on brabblings new.
These bold attempts, that Rebells set abroach,
To Gods dislike, and Countries great reproach.

The rotten seames, that in faire garments are,
Bæ not espide, by sodaine view of eye.
The spoyling moath, that eates gay scarlet bare,
In soldes of cloath, full long doth closely lie.
Time is the touch, that trecherous trashe doth trie,
Foule cankred flesh, by Surgeons arte is sound,

And

And heald sometimes, by searching of the wound.
Worlds sickenesse must, with wisdome well be vide,
That Doctors may, see how was health abusde.

For taynted fruit, that is not sound at coare,
Smoth skin doth shew, like apple ripe and good:
A playster faire, may hide a filthy soare,
The painted face, sets forth no perfect blood.
By proofe the best, from worst is vnderstood.
Faire shews but bleares, the iudgement for a while,
And colours can, not knowledge long begile.
Though salt be white, the sugars taste is swéte,
And gall doth bite, when honey comforts spréte.

Most bitter sowre, doth soule Rebellion taste,
It brédes on hate, that heart hath harborde long,
And wicked will, that wisheth woe and waste:
Whose raging mind, delights in open wrong,
Stout stomake first, with snakish stinging tongue
Stirres vp the strife, and blowes the blast abroad:
Then malice comes, and lookes like swelling toad,
And venom casts, where mischiefe may be wrought,
From mother spite, so monster forth is brought.

Rebellion is, the monster that I meane,
A serpent vile, that lines in stinking denne:
A grieslie ghost, a graceless spréte vncleane,
That lurketh close, in shapes of vainest men.
When it is bredde, beholde, what does it there?
It sowes discord, and fostreth vp dislike,
Makes sharpe the sword, that ready is to strike.
Lies listning still, for newes and change of state,
And cares not how it bringeth in debate.

A Turke or Iew, a Pagan or a dog,

A fiend of Hell, or elſe a ſpyte of the aire:
A ventrous ladde, that all can let a gog.
A prating boy, that fawnes and ſpeaks full faire.
When Rebell falles, in rage of rude diſpaire.
Rebellion brings: to her reuenge may take,
The Deuill himſelfe, it will a Captaine make.
Rebellion lookes, but how may blood be ſhed,
And ſo bilde mindes, in miſchiefe runnes on head.

Rebellion ſpringes, of too much head and will,
That riot runnes, without rebuke too farre,
In ſuffring harmes, great wrongs are offred ſtill.
On little broyles, beginnes a bloody warre,
The willfull man, doth eyther make or marre:
The barebraine head, a witleſſe courſe holdes on,
Till feare of God, and worldly care be gon:
All hope is paſt, runne dogge or Deuill than,
No reaſon ſerues, to rule the retchleſſe man.

But what foule ſhame, brings men to this lewd minde?
What bold abuſe is this, that breedes ſuch bale?
What vile deuice, drawes nature out of kind?
What marres good wits? what makes men pull and hale,
To ſeeke for death, and ſets their liues to ſale?
Iſt will alone? fie on that wayward part,
That for a toy, makes all the bodie ſmart:
Fie on that tricke, that turnes all out of frame,
Runnes farre a field, and bringes home open ſhame.

Mée ſee ſo long, as houſe together ſtandes,
From raine and ſtormes, both man and wife doe ſit,
So long as horſe, remaines in riders hands
Hee keepes his pace, and playes vppon the bitte.
So long as men, be ruled by temprate witte
Draw all one yoake, take part as brethren ought:

So

So long, you know, they nede not take no thought,
But when they iarre, and seuerall waies they goe,
They drawe too farre, and breake true friendships bow.

Come home wilde heades, then gad no more abroad,
To brede debate, that workes your Countries wracke,
Lay vp your shippes, and barques in quiet road:
Cast ankor there, where cable cannot cracke,
Runne not to Rhemes, to learne a cumbrous knacke,
That smels of smoake, and sauors of discord.
Obay your Prince, and so ye serue the Lord.
To duties bounds, reclaime your selues againe:
Against the streame, who striues doe lose their payne.

Make Pope your head, the Prince yé do forsake
Obedience bids, a subiect leaue dispute:
Indede you doe, the scripture cleane mistake,
If that your tree, doe shew no better fruite.
(But bring forth brawles, and raiseth slaunders brute)
Say what you please, your conscience is not cleane:
Where dutie wants, men doe some mischiefe meane.
And such as speakes, against the Prince, and Law,
Intends no good, but flingeth fire in straw.

And when house burnes, and flame beginnes to glow,
Your fingers endes, shall surely singed bee:
You smell on smoake: as you the bellowes blowe:
Then put out fire, where rotten wood you see,
Cleare sight cannot, with smothering smoake agree.
Good men are harmde, with wicked bad deuise,
Of naughtie ware, you know full well the price.
Make darke your shoppes, to bleare the buyers eye,
When all is seene, the light each thing shall trie.

If you doe wrong, to Prince and publike state,

Your conſcience ſhall, accuſe you in the end:
If legges and fæte, beginne the head to hate,
Sicke are the limbs, that ſhould the head defend,
The bodie weake, by medſon may amend.
Wherefore doe fall, to phiſicke for your græſe.
From candle cleare, bee ſure yee take the theefe:
For if in ſnuffe, hee crept a little cole,
Through worke and all, is worne a cureleſſe hole.

And ſothe light, that glad the lokers on,
God wot is ſpoyld, before his kindely houre:
When oyle, or ware, or tallow cleane is gone,
The lamp or light, to burne hath little powre:
You would plant weedes, where growes a goodly floure.
Leter actiſe goe, and play a ſubiects parte:
Playne troath yee knowe, bids ſlie on cunning arte.
One God, one lawe, one mind and manner now,
In double world, ſhewes ſubiects duties throwe.

All other drifts, doe dra wthe wyer awrie,
And backward bends, the bow that ſhould bee ſtreight:
Come neere no cloudes, the reach is ouer hie.
Liue ſafely then, no ſuretie comes by ſleight:
Content below, doth hate to climbe on height.
Who knowes his owne, hath wealth and wit ynough:
Yee ſoundly ſleepes, that only lookes to plough.
And ſuch as wakes, to ouerlooke this age,
May ſing adew, when foote is faſt in cage.

O Countrey ſweete, perſwade obedience heare,
Reforme the fond, and ſtill preſerue the wiſe:
No plot of earth, more precious nor more deare
Than native ſoyle, that for her children cries
And calls for chicks, where kites and puttocks flies,
O Babes well borne, if you will baſtards proue

Bid welcome hate, and farewell Countries loue:
And this be ſure, my friends goe where you pleaſe,
No goodnes growes, by gadding ore the ſeas.

Note where you tooke, both breath, warme blood, and life,
Your parents care, and Countries right do waie:
Regarde what broyles, and brawles beginne on ſtrife,
Marke how ſtout hartes, ſtand all on tickle ſtaie:
And birdes of th'aire, your follie doe bewraie,
And marke how God, hath opened all your drifts,
And in your pride, hath put you to your ſhifts.
And chiefely note, how God and man doth knowe,
For want of grace, wilde heades a gadding goe.

Religion Lord, perhaps ſhall bee your ſhield,
Nay there a ſtraw, you meane an other thing:
You are ſo great, you would faine march in fielde,
That world ſhould iudge, you feathers of one wing.
So buſſe birdes, together all would ſing.
Well waking Cockes, yee crow for daie too ſoone:
Yee neither looke, on ſtarres, ne ſunne, nor moone,
But clapping wings, yee thruſt out necke and throat,
And cares not who, doth heare your midnight noate.

That ſounds not right, of no Religion ſure.
Rebellion is, the ſtring you play vppon:
O God forbid, that hauke forſoke the lure
To fede on frog, that ſits one euery ſtone.
I ſay not much, would God abuſe were gone,
Rebellion dead, and all her branches bare,
Faythleſſe were fled, and Countrey voyd of care,
But ſince ſtrange royes, breeds humming Bees in braine.
I meane to touch, rebellion once againe.

When mother ſpight, to world this monſter brings.

A naughtie nourse, vile nature then prepares:
Who cradle rockes and lullabie she singes,
Till retchlesse sence, be brought a sleepe vnwares,
Then as in corne, do creepe wild weeds and tares:
So cockle seede, in common wealth is sowne,
Whereby good graine, is quicklie ouergrowne.
The cause thereof, is cunning craftie wittes,
That still workes woe, and neuer idle sits.

O wretched rage, that riues and rents a Realme
In peeces small, and gaines nothing thereby:
O labour lost, that striues with flood and streame,
And dayly hopes, to drinke great riuers drie,
O cruell plague that, doe for vengeaunce crie.
O priue hate, that open mischiefe breedes,
O shameles sleight, that honest people dreedes:
Accurst I hold, rebellion is of kinde,
That neuer dies, but liues in cankred minde.

The Countries weale, and Princes honor both
It cleane forgets, and spoyle and hauocke cries,
Takes no regard, to dutie, faith, or oath,
But claps on wood, where fire and flame may rise,
Tels tatling tales, shewes furious angry eies,
Makes brags and boast that all shall lie in dust,
And hath no hope, but treason is his trust:
The wife, the child, the friend and neighbour too
Rebellion hates, for hee will mischiefe doe.

It findeth fault, with peace and ciuill Lawes.
Abhors good men, and such as gouernes well:
Takes toy in head, bolts out when is no cause,
Frames deuilish drifts, to make this world a hell:
And at the length, would King and Country sell
To wreak his wrath, O vile reuenge most vaine,

When

When all is loſt, what doth rebellion gaine?
Ioyes it to ſee, the wracke of native land?
Such lowle offence, is whipt with his owne wand.

Their goodes, their rent, their honour and their liues,
Shall vnder foote, be troden euery day:
Their kinde deflourde, their children and their wiues
Made captiue ſlaues, in bondage many a way.
And when the land, is made a ſtraungers pray,
Like Iſraelites, poore Iacobs houſe ſhall mourne,
Drawe in the yoke, and ſee their houſes burne.
Beare burthens ſtill, and bend their backs to toile:
While enemies laugh, and triumphs of the ſpoile.

What can procure, a man to ſell his life,
Forſake his Prince, become a ſeruile ſlaue:
What cauſe can be, in ſtate to ſtir a ſtrife?
What ioy or bliſſe, by thraldome can we haue?
When men are well, what deuill would they craue?
What makes men mad? why dote they in this age?
To forraine foes, to run in ſuch a rage.
Their language ſure, I trowe is not ſo fine:
Their loue is groſſe, and taſtes like troubled wine.

Want thou but gilt, where they are maiſters ſtill,
There ſhalt thou ſtarue, for all their goodly ſhowes,
With mockes and ſcornes, and many another ill:
Poore howlet ſtands, among a many of Crowes.
The wandring wight, that long a gadding goes,
Comes home at laſt (by beggars weeping groſſe)
Like rowling ſtone, that neuer gathers moſſe,
A ſtraunger doth, but ſtare in trauailers face.
And ſmiles in ſleeue, at ſilly ſoules diſgrace.

Rebellion likes, the man he neuer ſaw,

If blouddy wars, vpon that leagne may linke:
As to the ſicke, doth cuill humors draw,
And from fowle pits, comes ſmoake and noiſome ſtinke,
So filthy flouds, flow from rebellious brinke,
A troubled ſtreame, of puddle mirt with mire.
Doth quench the thirſt, of rebels hote deſire.
The water cleare, but ſkalds a rebels breaſt:
For cruell rage, and ryot takes no reſt.

It runnes with hare, and hunts with blouddy hound,
It ſtands with ſtrong, and leaues the weake at woꝛſt:
In common wealth, it makes a moꝛtall wound,
It brags to fight, and yet retireth foꝛſt:
It is a plague; that God himſelfe hath curſt,
Foꝛ it deuides, in little peeces ſmall,
Both Kingdomes great, and mighty monarkes all:
Diſſention woꝛkes, to ſowe but Sathans ſeedes,
And pluckes vp flowꝛes, and plants in ſtinking weedes.

It creepes in boales, and coꝛners cloſe by ribs,
Pꝛouides foꝛ friends, to band it out foꝛ neede:
It bankets ſtill, and freely quafs and bibs,
And with lewd woꝛds, their wicked humoꝛ feedes.
Pꝛates much of Pꝛince, makes boaſt of doughty deedes.
When feeble hearts, lies quaking in their hoſe,
Much like bold Cocks, that lowd on midding crowes.
But yet cries creake, when that in ſharpe they come:
Foꝛ rebels can, not bide the ſound of Dꝛome.

At May Powl mirth, oꝛ at ſome mariage feaſt,
Oꝛ in a faire, where people ſwarme like Bees:
Theſe ſtinging waſps, but new come out of neaſt.
Doe flie foꝛ life, and ſo together grees,
Like little mites, oꝛ maggots in a cheeſe.
The humming then, that theſe wood waſps doe make.

Doth

Doth ſeeme at firſt, as it would mountaines ſhake:
But out alas, thoſe lawleſſe loytring ſoules,
Are hid in haſt, or crept in Conny holes.

The priuy theefe, that ſtealeſ away our wealth,
Is ſore afraide, a true mans ſteps to ſee:
The fearefull wight, that doth miſdoubt his healthy,
Will bluſhe to come, where that ſound people be.
The faithfull ſtands, the faulty man will flee:
The rebell ſhrinks, where rule and order ſwaies.
Troth bides the brunt, the Traitor runs his waies:
Bold practiſe quakes, when power ſupplants his pride,
Where biles breaks out, there is rebellion ſpide.

Among good Ewes, beware of ſcabbed ſheepe,
The Wolfe with Lambe, may not be matcht aright:
The flocke is ſpoilde, where For the Geeſe doth keepe.
The ſicke with ſound, is ſure no comely ſight.
What needes more tearmes, who dares not bide the light?
In darkeneſſe dwels, a blinde rebellious minde,
Is more corrupt, then any thing we finde.
Then either heale, the member that doth ſmell,
Or cut him of, before he further ſwell.

But farre more fit, that fleſh ſhould be reformde,
And ſau'de from harme, that elſe corrupt would grow:
The itching hand, of force muſt needes be wormde,
Leaſt ſkinne ware rough, and pimples riſe, ye know.
A ſharpe knife pare well, a corne vppon the toe.
The foote is eaſde, and man ſhall march vpright.
Take ſlime from eies, the blinde receiues his ſight:
So cleanſing cleane, each part and member well:
The ſtate of man, in ſafety long ſhall dwell,

So all thinges meant, that here doth paſſe the pen,

Wounds

Woundes to be heald, and searched as they ought:
All to be done, for health and wealth of men.
And nought amisse, in word, in deede nor thought:
Yea when my verse, so great a worke hath wrought,
To linke in loue, good subiects all in one.
To stand as firme, as rocke or marble stone,
Then shall my mouth, my muse, my pen and all,
Be prest to serue, at each good subiects call.

FINIS.

THE HONOR OF A Souldier.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPful Sir Georg: Carew, Knight, Lieutenant of the Ordinance Thomas Churchyard wisheth worldly felicity, and heaueuly blessednes.

IN calling to minde, good Sir George, our méeting in Ireland a long while agoe for the seruice of the Queenes Maiesty, your good brother then liuing (to whome I was bound in good will,) I penned at that instant by his meanes the life and death of a Pirate, and promised a further worke to your selfe, which now I performe, because your Souldeur-like disposition is answered with the aduauncements of Fortune, and your ancient house and bloud is beautified with an honourable place, the Prince hath possest you of a signe and token as I beléeue, that a noble Souldiers profession shall neuer goe out of your remembraunce, for the which cause, I haue dedicated this worke called The honor of a Souldier vnto your protection, in hope that which you haue séene and read for the commendation of Souldiers, shall be a sufficient testimony of their value and worthines, and shall not only procure you and others like your selfe to further their fame, but likewise willing to read that I haue set downe in their behalfe, for as briefely as my small Iudgement can discharge a true discourse thereof, with good probable reasons and auncient authors of famous credite.

I minde to expresse and set foorth at large, how Souldiours were made off, and honoured in times past: and what prerogatiue they hadde aboue other people. And to declare how Princes held them in admiration, and gaue them liberties, titles, and dignities: farre beyond the rest of any, that liued vnder their lawes and obedience. And this by the waye is to bee thought, that all my former discourse and rehearsall of warres, attended to no other purpose and effect, but for the aduauncement of Souldiours, and to bee as it were a foile to sette foorth the matter, I presently mind to publishe out. For nowe I will in a manner shewe, howe Gentility beganne, and where and in what sort honour was first gotten and maintayned, which argument as I hope, shall not onely content the wise and well learned, but also please euery degree, and make the simple sort plucke vp their courages, and imitate (by some honest exercises) the liues of noble Souldiers.

I trust I neede not in this ready and ripe age (wherein good writers, great learning, and studious iudgements doth florishe) rehearse by particulars euery parcell and point, that belongeth to a Souldiers profession. Nor that you looke I should recite when, and where the Romanes, Lacedemonians, Athenians, and other nations, did preferre and extoll men of Marshall minds, and noble courages. For their bookes and Commentaries, and the innumerable Libraries of great antiquity, are the very recordes of my discourse, and remaine as mirrours for you to looke in. And shall proue a thousand partes more in the commendation of Souldiours, then either my penne or tongue (by sufficient cunning) hath power to expresse. For it can not be, that from a little gutte or Channell of water, you should looke for so great a floud, as from a multitude of springes, from whence mighty Riuers takes originall and recourse.

And so I send you to the Welspring of knowledge (I meane

the

the auncient Fathers workes) to fetch true intelligence, of the thinges I make mention of, touching the worthy reputation of a good Souldiour, and the antiquity of his credite, triumph and glory.

First, looke in the sacred Scriptures, and search from the death of Abell, comming downe orderly to the birth of Christ: And see whether Souldiours were made of or no. And doubtlesse you shall finde they were not onely embraced and maintained, but likewise they are of a long continuance and credite. As all the Bible before Iohn the Baptistes time declareth. And Christ himselfe in a sort did vtter, when he saide, he had not found such faith in Israell, as he saw in a Centurion. Yea and in the Apostles Actes, there is a speciall poinct to be noted. Deuout Souldiours were sent to Simon Tanners house to find out Peter. Well, now I committe you to the Scripture, and I will follow prophane Histories: & begin at the very Infidels (a scorne for a Christian to be taught by) which are no small number, nor of no little continuance, people alwayes brought vp in war, and Princes of great fame, power, and auctority. Yea conquerours of the whole world, and Kinges to whom all people did stoupe and doe homage.

These Paganes, or as we may terme them, lost shéepe, to whome the great Shepheard would not be knowen, (and yet among them tormented and crucified) did make such lawes and orders for Souldiers, as the Turke to this day obserueth, and holdeth in great reuerence. Regard but the liberties and auctority of the Janessaries: and that shall manifestly proue, that men of warre are had in great admiration. But because you shall haue the more beliefe to the matter: read the life of Alexander the Great: The Commentaries of Iulius Cæsar, and the noble actes and victories of a number of other notable Princes. And then assuredly you shall be perswaded, that the renowne of Soldiours hath reached, and spread as farre as fame can flie, or good report could haue passage.

I pray you can any man deny, but it springeth of a great courage, and zeale to the common wealth: when a man forsaketh the pleasure of life, to follow the painefulnesse of warre, and daunger of death: and refuseth no toile nor trauaile, to purchase credite, and attaine vnto knowledge. Yea some such we read of, as Marcus Cursius, and Mucius Sceuola, that refused no enterprises to doe their Countrey pleasure. Yea some haue sold their patrimony, and consumed their Treasure and riches, to enriche their Princes with glory, and euerlasting renowne.

Were not this a madnes, and more then a mere folly, to be a drudge to the world, (and a labourer for those that sits at rest) and to watch and ward, fight, strive, and struggle with straungers for victory: and then to come home and be rewarded as common persons, and walke like a shadow in the Sunne, without estimation or countenance. Would any that had wisedome, vallue, and courage, be ouer runne with vicious fooles and cowardes, or be made a foteestoole to their inferiour, when they haue climed vp the steps of honour, and are gotten into the top gallant of worldly glory, and warlicke triumph.

Among children that doe but play at the bucklars, there is a preheminence, and one will acknowledge the other to bee his better, when good bobbes are bestowed: and sodainely a stout taule lobber will lay downe the wasker, and yeilde to him that hath more practise, and skill in the weapon then himselfe. Then shall not a man that hath roped with Champions, buckled with Conquerours, and abidden the hazard of the Canon, stand on his Pantoffelles, and looke to the steps he hath passed. Yes sure, and such a member of the state, (the baser sort are Ciphers) ought to be made of, deserueth place and preheminence, and is no companion for puntes, nor meete to be matched with Milkesoppes, whose manyood and manners differs, as farre from the graue Soldiour, as a Donkite in courage and condition differs from a Jerfaukon.

As the duetie to a mannes countrey, and the wages that he

per taketh, bindes him to doe the vttermoſt he maie: ſo were there not an other cauſe, that forceth further matter. Full coldly ſome would fight, and full ſlowly ſome would march to the battell, albeit the Princes quarrell and wages receiued, commaundeth much, and is a thing ſtoutly and wiſely to be looked to. But I tell you, fame and reputation is the marke that men ſhoote at, and the greedineſſe of glorie and ambition, pricketh the mind ſo faſt forward, that neither the man lookes vpon the multitude of enemies. Nor regards the daunger of death, ſo he may be eternized, & liue in the good opinion of the Prince and people.

For he that but bluntly lookes about him, and goeth to the warre for wealth (which hardly is there gotten) is led on with a couetous deſire of that he ſhall not haue, and may fight like an Ore, and die like an Aſſe. But who ſo reſpecteth his credite, and paiſeth in ballaunce the worthyneſſe of fame, that riſeth by well doing, doth combate like a Lion, and either conquers like a man, or dieth like a conqueror: as many great Kings & Captaines haue done, whoſe enſamples (a long while agoe) as yet remaynes freſhlye in memorie.

It may bee thought that euery mercinarie man, and common hireling (taken vp for a while, or ſeruing a ſmall ſeaſon) is a ſouldier fit to be regiſtred, or honoured among the renowmed ſort of warlike people. For ſuch numbers of beaoingnies or neceſſarie inſtruments for the time, are to fall to their occupation when the ſeruice is ended, and not to liue idlely, or looke for imbraſing. For neyther they tarry long in the feilde, when they are preſt to go forth. Nor are not often called againe to the like iourney, ſo great is our ſtore of ſuch perſons: and ſo many ſhiftes they can make, to putte of any paine and hazard. But hee is to bee accounted the couragious Souldier, that is giuen by his owne diſpoſition, to delight and follow the Cannon wheele, whoſe countenaunce and cheerefull face beginnes to ſmile and reioyce when the Drumme ſounds, & whoſe hart is ſo high, it will not ſtoupe to no ſlauery. But hath a

bodie and minde able to answere that is looked for, and hath often bene tried & experimented in Marshiall affaires: through haunting whereof he is become ignorant of drudging at home, and made a skilfull Scholler in the discipline of warre: which is not learned without some losse of blode, charges of purse, & consuming of time.

And this maye bee iudged, and playnly presupposed, that manie of that sort of men are not found alive, to trouble or burthen a common wealth, because they are cut off through daungerous seruices, or forced by seeking of Fame in the field, to sell that they haue at home, and so to trauell abroade, subiect to all miserie, and far from any friendship or prosperous estate. And sometimes through the greatnes of their mindes, that gallopps after glorie, are carried away to seeke out new Kingdomes, and refuse their old habitation. A matter falling out well, worthye to be liked, but otherwise, a heauy tale to be told, and an experience bought with ouer much repentaunce. But euery waye occasions they are, that dispatcheth many a good Souldiour, & makes the number so little, that it is reason such as are left aliue of that profession: should eyther bee rewarded, or at the least reape vp some such credite, as the common sort of people should haue them in admiration, and offer them such courtesie, as the worthynesse of their Experience and Seruice requireth.

If in the old time our Forefathers vsed their men of warre nobly, preferred them to promotions, & dealt honourably with them that serued then Countrey, where warres were not so cruell. Why should not this world, wherein pollicies, murthers, and blodshed is followed (and hazards are meruelously escaped) to the vttermost of mans power, haue more regard to a Souldiour that shunneth no hazard, nor refuseth no perill. There is no more to say, for the aunswering of this great ouersight, but the hackney horse is vnhappy, hauing borne a burthen all the day on his backe, & is cast off at night to a bare common, there to seeke for fode, and abide a hard fortune.

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There is a worse matter then this to be treated off, yet nothing but that so farre past remedie to be touched: let any one seruing man get a good Maister, and for following his heeles at an inch, he shall be more spoken & get more benefit, then twenty of the best Souldiers that you can name, that haue followed the warres all their life dayes, and knew not howe to flatter & fawne, or crouch and courtse for commoditie. Yea, such as serues at home, and cannot goe out of the view of a faire house, and smoke of a foule Chimney, snatcheth vp good turnes, and steales away preferments priuilie: when those that merites more consideration, oft goes openly a begging, and findeth few among thousands that wisheth them well, or doth them any good.

Some say the cause of this hard happe to the one, and good Fortune to the other, is a certaine deadly dissention, fallen betweene the sword and the penne. By which mortall malice is bred and nourished in bosome, such a headstrong hatred and parcialitie, that the penne is euer giuing a dash out of order, against the commendation of the sworde, and the sword being disgraced, by a balde blot of a scurule Goose quill, lies in a broken rustie scabberd, and so takes a Canker, which eates away the edge, and is in a manner lost for lacke of good loking to, and consideration of a painfull Cutler.

And the penne (as many people are perswaded) is like the Pensell of a Painter, alwaies readie to set out sundrie colours, and somtime more apt to make a blurre, then giue a good shape and proportion to any inuention or deuise, that proceedes of a plaine meaning. And as all pensels are as well occupied of a bongling Paynter, as a cunning woorkeman. So the scribling Penne is euer woorking of some subtelties, more for the benefite of the Writer, then commonly for the profitte or pleasure of the Reader: yea, and the penne is wart so fine, and can shew such a florithe, that a Maister of Fence, though hee playde with a twoo hand Sworde, might bee put to a foule foyle: where the Penne is in place, and is guided by a

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sleight hands, and a shrewde head.

But under correction, if a man may bee plaine, the Penne and the Sword can neuer agree, because the Penne standes in such feare of the sword, it would not come vnder the blow of the blade: & the sword is in such doubt to bee moiled with inke, by the dash of a penne, that it loues not to come where the pen may annoye it. And so the dissention and quarrell betweene the Penne and the Sworde, is neuer like to bee taken vp: the harmes are so great that growes on their amitie and meeting, and the aduauntage of them both is so much when they bee kept a sunder.

For the Sworde is the best and in his most bravery when it is shyning in the fielde, where bloode may be shed, and honour may bee wonne. And the Pen is in the chiefest pompe, when it lies lurking in the Towne, where pence may bee purchased, and peace and quietnesse may do what it pleaseth. And the Pen is so glad to rest in the pennar, till profite calls him out, that hee cannot abide the hinderers of his commoditie, nor the disquieter of his ease. Which commeth by warres, and proceedeth from the Sword, when the Drum and the Trumpet puts the penne out of credit.

Now to speake roundly to the reason, may bee alledged in the Pens behalfe (and prayses of those that haue the vse of the same) it cannot bee denied, but the penne may both perswade warre, and purchase peace. And those that heere at home maintaine good Lawes: see iustice ministred, vpholde the publike state: plead controuersies at the barre, studie to vnfold doubtes. Labour at their Booke to bee profitable members, and strine dayly to excell in learning, and quiet the quarrellous people of their Countrey. Such I saye that with Pen or tongue, aduaunceth vertue, and ouerthrowes vice, are meete to bee honoured, deserueth great laude, and ought to goe in the ranke and place of commendation and dignitye. For there is but foure sortes of true Nobilitie, or Gentlemen. The first Gouernours, by whom all States and Kingdomes are guided,

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brought to know order, and made to poſſeſſe in quietneſſe the goodes that eyther good Fortune, or ſweate of browes hath gotten.

The ſecond are Souldiers, whoſe venter and valliance hath bene great, ſeruice and labour not little, and dayly defended with the hazard of their liues, the libertie of the Countrey.

The thirde are vpright and learned Lawiers, that lokeh more to the matter they haue in hand, then the money they receiue. And are neuer idle in doing their duty, and ſtudying for the quietneſſe of matters in controuerſie.

The fourth are Marchants, that ſayles forrain Countreys, and brings commodities home: and after great hazards abroad do vtter their ware with regard of conſcience and profite to the publike eſtate.

And as from the beginning Gouernours and Rulers were ordayned by God, and the reſt of Gentilitie came in, and did follow as reaſon required, and deſart did commaund. So ancient birth and blood (ioyned with good conditions) is a thing much to bee honoured and eſteemed, and beautifies not only the noble race, but bringes likewiſe a treable beatitude, to the perſon ſo vertuouſly bent and nobly borne.

And as for the Souldiers and their originall, of honours, titles, and calling, the Romaines (which were the Fathers of all Marſhiall affaires, and Conquerors of the world, haue ſo much ſpoken of and prayſed, that no man can denie, but they are the men of greateſt antiquitie, and people that Princes firſt preferred, and gaue ſtippendes vnto. Yea, and the chiefeſt Conquerours that euer were before our dayes: had a great glorye themſelues to bee called Souldiours, and Noble Captaynes. For they thought none ſo worthie as the Souldier, nor none ſo mate to compare themſelues vnto, as the man that ſtode on his honour, and would neyther ſtoupe to no kinde of ſlauerye, nor yelde to no villanous action.

But in verie deede, to ſpeake of euery one in their order, there is none ſo much to bee feared, loued, and honoured as the Ru-

lers and Leaders of the common people.

For the peaceable Gouernour, and such as are experimented in Worldly policies, knowes how to make warre, and howe to auoyde troubles: and as they are loth to fall from rest and wealth, to ruffeling Warrs and wickednesse, that breedes bloodshed and want: So they can breake the bandes of peace, and set men out to the field, when causes commaundes them, and opportunitie doth serue. But since that my purpose is but to treate of Souldiers alone, (and that I lacke skill to set forth the rest) I will returne to my first Discourse and intent, and leaue the wise to consider, what good matter may bee layde in the thing I leaue off.

The Souldiour because his life is in ballaunce, and his death is at the doore, hath so many mischieues to passe, & so few meanes to escape daunger: that he is compelled to be honest, and be redy to make an accompt euery houre of the day. For as the Cannon may call him before he be aware, or the policie of the enemie may cut off his yeares: so is he assured that the pot, which goeth often to the water, comes home with a knock, or at length is pashed all in peeces. Through which accidents or crosse chances, he is held so harde, and curbed so shorte (if any feare of God be in his breast) that he hath no scope to runne at riot in: nor play the parts of a wanton, or prodigall sonne.

Albeit some hold opinion, that Souldiours be given to spoile and offered to insolent life, by a number of inconueniences: yet may they so well bee occupied in warre, that they may bee occasion of great good, and a great hinderer of many harmes. For when houses are ready to be burnt, impotēt persons, poore women and children ready to bee slayne: they may saue what they list, and preserue an infinite number of thinges, that a man at home can doe no good in, nor none but the Souldiour in the fielde, hath power to comfort and succour. And for certaine I know Souldiours of that disposition, that hath beene occupied in these honest actions: when some Hellhoudes haue beene spoyling and murthering, and founde by their follye

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and ouer great cruelitye, a diſpatch of their owne dayes, and peraduenture the terrible wrath of God, and damnation to their ſoules.

My Princes maie bee well ſerued, and the Enemie not alwayes to the vttermoſt perſecuted: the Leſſon that Saint Iohn Baptiſt gaue the ſouldiours, may ſuffice for this matter, and carrie mens mindes from violence, and doing wrong, to qualifie furie, and maintaine right, with a regard to the innocent, that ought not to bee touched, for the offence of an ambicious Leader, or one whoſe faultes the ignorant may not anſwere. This point though ſimply it is paſſed ouer, may containe a large volume: and is to be looked into with a diuine ſpectacle, and in Chriſtian conſideration.

When if the ſouldiors (as few there are in number) be honeſt and is to be proued, they are not to be reproued: it followes that honor and reputation accompanies thoſe ſouldiours, and that a ſingular priuiledge and libertie, may be had for thoſe that haue ſuch regard of their fame, that they wil do no any one thing preiudicial to their credite, in the compaſſe of which regard is knit, valiancy, modeſtie, pitty, & hope of another life to come: whē the affaires of this world ſhall outfully and honeſtly be finiſhed.

And for that the reader hereof ſhal not thinke, but that great Princes thought their Souldiours to bee honeſt, & men that were worthy the making of (whoſe doings & regarde did argue and ſhew a ſpeciall hope of another place to go to, or a certaine fame and credite heere to be maintained) I will ſhew you as I haue gathered by tranſlation, how triumphant kings & princely potentates, did ordaine, ſet downe, and deliuer a law & rule for ſouldiours. By the which they had honor, libertie, & prerogatiue aboue, and beyond the Commoners, or common courſe of people. The tranſlation I ſpeake of is not long and tedious, but bringing willing mindes to heare & know the truth you may read if leaſure permit, and you peruſe that followeth.

Firſt you muſt marke (and make a good note of) that Heraldes were at the beginning ſouldiours, and were called ancient

cient knights, as well it seemeth to be true: for they (I meane Heraldes) being brought vp in warre, beheld who deserued renowne, and had by their authoritie and experience, a power to giue Armes and signe of honor to those, which for well doing in field or publike state, did merite remembraunce, which power and place of the Heralde doth plainely expresse: that from the fielde, or honourable offices at home, sprong vp our gentilitie, & generation of Gentlemen. For as euery mans blood in a basen lookes of one colour: and when Adam was created, and a long while after, mē were al alike. So vertuous actes that shines to the heauens, hath made them to bee honoured and aduaunced. Where vicious liuers, and bloodthirsty wretches were accursed of God, and hated of man. And had a marke set vpon them to be known by, and be a testimony to the world, that they were not worthy of honour, and were appointed to reproch. Let Cain that killed his brother Abell (by an vniust warre) be a witnes in this behalfe.

Æneas Siluius doth derive Heraldes of ab Heroibus, of Noble men: For Heroes were auncient Knights, otherwise called Souldiours, and an Herauld signifieth Centonicum vocabulum (videlicet) and old man of Armes, or an old Knight, but at this daie (sayd Eneas a long while since) certayne seruile men, feeble and weake messengers, which neuer haue played the Souldiours, doe professe that office. The priuileges and offices of the Heraulds in auncient time, to this day continuing neuertheless. And the first authour of them was Bacchus, which India being conquered, did call them by this name: I absolue you of Warres and trauell, and will that you bee auncient Souldiers, and to bee called Heroes. Your office shall bee to prouide for the Common weale, to try out the originall of causes, and to prayse the wise: you shall call for greater rewardes, in what place or Countrey you shall come. And the Kings shall giue you meat and apparell. You shall bee most honourable to all men. Princes shall offer vntoy ou many thinges, and shall licence you their apparell. Cre-

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bite shalbe giuen to your sayings, you shall abhorre lies. You shall iudge traytors and Aduouterers. These infamous persons ye shall punish: and in euery Nation you shall haue libertie, and sure egresse and regresse shall bee vnto you, if any man shall gaynesay any of you in woorde or deede, let him die with the sword.

Alexander the Great hath annexed to these priuileges of noble men, after a long season, that they might vse purple, golden and beautiful garments. And that they should bring in princely and notable Armes at euery place, in any Countrey or Region soeuer it shal bee. If any man shal repulse these without respect, or secretely defame in woorde, hee shall bee accounted guilty of death, and depostion of gooddes. And so the same Eneas doth say, Tucidides, Herodotus, Didimses, Magasthones, and Zenophon together.

Thirdly, then Octauian Auguste, the Romaine Monarch being established, hath beautified them on this condition: Who so euer (sayd hee) hath played the Souldiour with vs, the space of ten yeares, and be of the age of fourty yeares, whether he be horse man, or els foteman, he shall haue his wages, and afterwards be absent from wars, be a noble man and old Souldiers. No man shal forbid thee the Citty, the Market, the Church, Hospitality and house: no man shall impute any fault to thee, thou shalt be discharged of that blemish or burthen: no man shall aske any thing of thee, if thou make fault in any thing, onely looke thou for Cæsars vengeance: for what filthinesse men shall impute, let them feare thee being a iudge and corrector. whether they bee priuate, or Princes: what so euer thou sayest, thou shalt affirme, and no man contrary. All iourneis and places shall bee free and plaine to thee: let thy meat and drinke be in the houses of Princes, and take daily of the common treasure, wherewithall to keepe thee and thine house. Marry thou a wife of comely beauty, and esteeme her aboue all other. Whom thou wilt checke and reproch with infamy, thou shalt say this man is an infamous reprobat. Armes, Enßignes,

„ names and ornaments of noble men beare thou. Doe what
„ thinges become Kinges, and what thou wouldest doe or say in
„ euery place and Nation, make mention of it: if there be any
„ iniurious person, let him die.

„ And last of all Charles the Great, the name of the Empire
„ being translated to the Germaines, after the conquest of the
„ Saxons and Lombardes. Cæsar called Augustus, hath re-
„ warded them with this honour, saying: Ye Knights, you no-
„ ble men, fellowes of Kinges and Iudges of faultes, liue after
„ your labour, without trauaile, prouide for Kings in a common
„ name. Take away vice. Fauour women. Helpe children.
„ Kæpe councell of the Prince, and of him aske your apparell,
„ & stipend: and if any deny, let him be accounted presumptuous
„ and slaunderous. If any shall doe you iniury, let him acknow-
„ ledge himselfe guilty of empairing the Empire. But take you
„ hæde least you defile such worshippe, and such priuiledge, got-
„ ten by iust trauaile of warre, either by dronkennesse, bandry,
„ or any other vice: neither that we giue vnto you, should re-
„ dound vnto praise, or peace, which is to be taken of you. If
„ perhaps you shall excæde vs, and our successors Kinges of the
„ Romains for euer hereafter.

These before rehearsed woorde for woorde, as I might I translated out of Latine, finding therein a maruailous commendation of Souldiers, and so is thereby to be perceiued, that in all ages, times, and publique gouernements, Kinges and mighty Monarkes, tooke care as much for their men of warre, as for their Common-weale: and to bring them in heart if any dispaire or mislike, should grow through slacknes of looking vnto. The Princes of their princely benignity, and mære good will borne to Marshall people, inuested them with titles, names and honours, such as alwaies pluckes vp a mannes courage, and procures thousandes to valiaunce and seruice. For who will not venter boldly a season, when they know for tenne yeares toile and hazard, he shall be honoured, sitte at ease, liue without daunger, and remaine in a

perpe-

perpetuall priuiledge: neither subiect to the malice of lewde people, nor worldly want, whose plague persecuteth many millions of men, and throwes downe in the dust the prayses of such, as otherwise should shine like the Sunne, before the eies of all nations.

And as those Kinges and Conquerours many hundred yeares agoe, ordained by decree and vertue of a Law, that Souldiers should bee made honourable, and possesse great contentation of minde: So fell it out from time to time, theyr seruices were considered. And that Souldier-like King and triumphant Conquerour, King Henry the eight, hauing triall of Souldiers and a warlike heart: to shew the honour belonging to that profession, and to follow his noble predecessours: Made a Law as ye may read in the Statutes, that Souldiers might weare what they liked: And further to the comfort of all men of warre, he left no one worthy Souldier vnrewarded, in what place so euer of his dominion, or affaires the Souldiour had beene employde.

In Fraunce, our neere neighbours makes so great account of Souldiers (namely those that they call Soldado Vetche) that the greatest Dukes or Princes in the field, Court, or Towne, encountering a Souldier, salutes him with curtesie, takes him to his Table, and vseth him with such entertainement and reuerence, that it is a world to beholde. And when seruice is to bee seene, either in battaile, or at an assault: The greatest Duke or noble man, thinkes himselfe happy to bee ioyned with a knowen Souldier: and commonly both olde and young of their nobility, are formost in the fight, and last that will retire. It is a thing incredible among some ignoraunt persons, to be told how Souldier-like, and manlike in all poinctes they behaue themselues, and how little account they make of life, when death must be sought by seruice, and thereby their honour and liberty of Countrey, is to be preferred.

The Spaniards, a Nation not inferiour to any yet named,

ioyne

ioyne so in amity at their méeting, make such courtesie, and shew such fastnesse of friendship (especially among Souldiers) that euery one in presence embraceth his companion, and in absence, lets fall good report of the absent. Yea, their loue and constancy by custome and ceremonies, knits them in such an vnion, that no straunger can seperate: and they giue so great place one to another, that it is hard to know by their gestures and vsages, which is the better of them. And they haue their own Souldiers in such a liking, that no people in the world, shall be suffered to reape any peece of their glory.

The Italians Souldiers of great antiquity, and of no lesse value with most humility and ciuill manner, enterchaungeth their talke: yelding for one gentle word, twenty good tearms, smooth speeches, and philed phrases. And happening to come together, either in seruice, or otherwise: they agree like brethren, and depart without quarrell. And their great men and mightiest in power, if they repaire where Souldiers are, showes them selues of little authority, as a man might gesse by their courtesie: Refuseth to take any thing vppon them, where the Marshall man approacheth, and seemeth to be at the disposition of such as haue serued, so great is the reputation of a Souldier among them.

The Scots men, a stout and manly people, beginning to take a sauour in the warre, seekes sundry soiles to serue in: and haue great delight to be in the company of souldiers, and prous them selues worthy of commendation in any place they repair. And for that they would become famous, and attaine to some experience and credite, they shunne no kinde of seruice that is offered: and all the sorts of Gentility among them, esteemeth much a Souldier. Which is a signe that at the length, Souldiers will come to their ancient dignity and admiration, where the sound of Dromme or Trompet may be heard.

Now to speake of our owne Nation were superfluous, (although many haue serued well, and sundry are yet in the exercises of warre) because I haue named before diuerse thinges

wherein

wherein our countrey men haue wonne desired fame and renowne, yet for argunents sake, and to enlarge this volume. Further matter may be treated of, neither hurtfull to the hearers, that fauoureth well doing: nor hatefull to any when nothing shall be touched, but that which is necessary for the aduancement of vertue.

Our soueraigne Lady by Gods prouidence (to make vp the matter) I bring for a testimony of great regard to Souldiers, considering whom they are she hath holpen, in some sort and respect, and what good things haue passed among Souldiers, as her highnesse heard well of, or had intelligence giuen her to vnderstand, the worthinesse of those that haue well deserued. Doe but examine how many since her noble raign, of Souldiers haue had Leases, gotten liuings, bene preferred to gouernment, and gone from Court with full hands, that beganne with empty purses. And then tell the world openly, what secret suits were passed and what open wrong they doe them, that bountifully bestowed good gifts, wher any good cause appeared. Admit some by the report of their friendes, stole away the benefites from the fountaine head: yet looke to the rest of thinges that worthely fell out, and you shall se the best sort of Souldiers worthely rewarded, and nobly vsed. What care we though some silly soules, or seruiceable Souldiers watch at receipt, or are not spoken for by meane of some hinderers of good happe. Yet since other some, and many in number haue found good Fortune, (say what they can) at her Highnesse handes that now remaineth Queene ouer our Countrey, we cannot but confesse that the candle is in, and not burnt so far, but may giue a gracious blase and a new light, to lighten the minds of Souldiers, and such as sit in the comfortlesse shadow of darke dispaire.

So to make short and proue for the purpose, Souldiers in times past haue bene sette by, and dearely estéemed, and presently in all places of the world embraced and made of. From whom sprong Herraldes, the erectours and publishers of Gentlemen, & all true fame and honour did rise: as for example, a

Knight made in the field, especially for service sake, hath much more to reioyce of, then he that at home is called to worship, except in causes of gouernement and honourable offices, which are to be preferred before all other dignities and calling. Chiefly for that our whole publike state and princely order, depends on their wisedomes without the which order, and Maiesty of rule, the ciuill would become sauage, and the world wax wild: so that the beastes in the field, and the people in the Towne, should some for naughty manners be alike in condition.

Now here is to bee noted, that Souldiers in olde time often yeares continuance, being forty yeares of age, was suffered to liue quiet, and bore the title of honour. Then reason will graunt, that who hath serued thirty yeares, without reproach or shame (and in a dangerous world and mischiefe) may claime by right a pention of the Prince, and stipend of the common Treasure. But what and if some of good birth and hauiour, haue beene much more then thirty yeares a follower of the warres, and neuer out of warlike exercises, all this long season. And yet are as new to beginne the world againe, as they were the first day they came from their Craddle. For any preferment, fauour of the Prince, or countenaunce and commodity of their countrey. Such Souldiers may say, they were borne in an vnhappy season, or found but could friends in time of regard, and triall of good Fortune.

The affection of this worlde is led with such liking, (and the cunning of the wily can so finely curry fauour) that he that neuer came neere the daunger of the Cannon, with loking bigge, and turning vp his mouchacheose, makes men beleeue he is a diuell, who fearing the monster will doe some mischiefe. And carried away by affection (for the goodly shew this kill Cow hath made) speake for him where goodnesse is to be gotten, and so a swad or a swirnpipe is called a good Souldier, (and goeth away with credite and liuing) when he that wants this cunning, and yet lackes no courage nor ballue liues vnrewarded, and consumes his daies in sorrow.

Yet

Yet some holdes opinion, it is but hap that helpes, and neyther cunning nor desarts that compasseth good liuinges, and attaines vnto benefite. Full bare and poore is that argument and reason, and men of such opinions, are as blinde as a bæ-tell: to beléeue he is happy that hath no worthinesse in him, and he vnfortunate that lacketh no vertues. But the worlde is most ignorant and much to be blamed, that helpeth a shadow to great substaunce, and lets the worthy shift for their liuing that deserueth reward. and they are not to be excused, that by a colour of hap, aduaunceth the vicious person, and fauours not the forewarde Souldier, and men of vertuous disposition. For gold and siluer are knowen by their weight and goodnesse: The flower by the smell: The horse by his pace, and euery other thing is tried and made of for his value. And must the merites of men be subiect to hap, where men do helpe men, and are the iudgers of mans doings: that case is too cruel, and that hap is accursed gotten by such blindnes, and purchased by such partiality.

In Rome where noble mindes were maruailously extolled, yet when diuerse men came to be preferred: euery Senator a part had his many followers, that one wold hinder another: and looke who the best people fauoured, the worst sort would hate. And looke who followed Pompey was misliked of Iulius Cæsar, and so by this factious dealing many great Souldiers, eloquent Oratours, and noble members of the Common wealth, were put off from poste to piller. And few that were worthy of cherishing, found good chaunce, or possessed any part of the hap, that they iustly might claime, by which frowardnes and misery of the time, is plainely to bee proued, that there is no hap certaine. For man himselfe is the maker of hap, and the marrer thereof: euen as his lust is to like, or his hart is bent to lothe. For hap could doe nothing at all among them, their affections were so farre a sunder, and they haled such seuerall wayes, that their followers were left in the lash, or failed of their footing. Then speake not of hap, for God

and good men are the distributers of desired Fortune, and the onely causers of that which betideth, and must fall of necessity on some mens shoulders, as in the Booke of Boetius de consolatione, is manifestly to be tried.

Now leaue of hearing of hap, and note how nobly the Romanes vsed their Souldiers, namely those that at any time had succoured a Cittizen of Rome: and taken him out of the hands of his ennemies. For such souldiers as had done that seruice, was crowned with a garland or hat, made of the leaues of Trees, as I finde written in Plinie the xvi. Booke the fourth Chapter, the chiefest whereof that serueth for my purpose, I haue translated out of French. Plinie bringing many great authors to affirme his saying, the matter followeth.

„ The greatest honour that could bee done to a Souldier, was „ to Crowne him with a Crowne called Ciuiques, and likewise „ of long time this Crowne Ciuiques was due vnto Emperors, „ in signe of clemency. For since the ciuile warres had har- „ med the Romaines, it was thought a singular good deede, to „ let a Citizen liue in rest and peace. Likewise there was „ no Crowne compared to that Crowne: For those that were „ giuen to that Souldier, that was first at the breach, or first on „ the walles, or rampars of the ennemies, was not so honoura- „ ble, no, although they were of gold, and thereby were more „ rich. We haue seene saieth Plinie in our time, two great tri- „ umphes for the Sea seruice, the one was of Marcus Varro (the „ which Pompey did Crowne, for hauing defeated the Pirates, „ and making the Sea cleare of Theeues) the second was of „ Marcus Agrippa, which Cæsar did likewise Crowne, for ha- „ uing defeated the Cicilians, and purged the sea in like sort of „ Brigandes and Robbers.

„ At the first foundation of Rome, Romulus did Crowne „ Hostus Hostilius with a garlande of leaues: because he „ was the first on the Walles, at the taking of Fidena. Now „ before a Burgoies house at any time enioy this Crown.

Ciui-

Ciuique, hée must rescue a Romaine Citizen, and
kill the Ennemie that ledde the Citizen away Prisoner. It
must bée likewise that the Enemie did holde and possesse the
place, that same day that the Romaine Citizen was rescued
in. It is necessarie that the man which hath bèen succoured,
should confesse the same before the people: For a Soldiours
own witnesse in that behalfe, serues to no purpose. And fur-
thermore it is required, that he that was rescued, be known to
be a Burgois of Rome. For if one doe rescue a King, that
commeth to serue the Romaines, hée doth not merite for the
same the Crowne Ciuique. In like sort, if one do rescue a ge-
nerall of an Armie, hee gets no more honor therefore, then
though hée had rescued a simple Citizen. For they which es-
stablished this ordinaunce had no regard, but to the conserua-
tion of the Citizens of Rome, whosoeuer they were. The
Priuilege of this Crowne shall bée to giue power, to weare
a Hatte of broad leaues, as ofte as hée pleased that had bène
once Crowned for his well doing. Further all the Senate
had a custome, to rise out of their places, and to doe honor
to them that haue had this Crowne, when they goe to sée the
common playes and pastimes. And it is sufferable and per-
mitted, that they shall sitte in a seate nére the Senatours.
And they shall bée exempt from all ciuill charges, not onely
themselues, but their naturall Fathers and Graundfathers:
And nowe beholde touching their Priuileges, there was one
Cicinius Dentatus, according as wé haue sayde, Crowned
fourtéene times. And one Capitolinus had fiue times bène
Crowned, for hee rescued Seruilius, then Generall of the
Armie: notwithstanding Scipio Affrican would not suffer
them to giue him the Crowne Ciuique, succouring his Fa-
ther in the iourney of Trebia. O ordinaunce worthye of
immortalitie (sayth Plinie) that assigneth no other prayse for
such great workes, then this great honour, which surpasseth
all other warlike Crownes.

Thus largely the verie words of Plinie, & many other auncient

cient Authors that I could rehearse) in the commendation of men of Warre, which neyther in Tholomeus time: Artaxerses dayes: nor any of the mighty Monarkes long raigning before, could bee forgotten, but were so honoured, that lawes & orders was onely deuised for the enlarging of their Land, and stirring vp their noble minds.

Yea, Souldiours and Herraldes hadde power to denounce warres, insomuch as the auncient Romaines: who were the Fathers of all Marshiall affaires, and conquerours of the world, held this for a most certaine rule.

Nullum bellum iustum esse nisi pro rebus iniuste ablatis & quod fecialis Romani antea denunciabant. Which rule and order of the Romaines, for the power and honour of Souldiours and Heraulds: declareth they are of great dignitie and calling, & may compare by this there authoritie, to be no whit inferiour to the best sort of Gentlemen.

You may read in like manner, that there was a man among the Romaines, that merelie, or peraduenture in contempt, put a crowne Ciuique vppon his owne head: and loking out at a great windowe into the stréete, was espyed. And thereuppon apprehended, and brought before the Senate: where hée was iudged presently to be put to death, for touching and abusing that crowne Ciuique, which was ordayned for the wearing onely of an honourable Souldiour, and for such a one as had béene by deserte crowned with Triumph and Solempnitie in open audience. So this foolish man (albeit hée might meane but little harme) was had to the place of execution, and there lost his life, to the great terrour of those that rashly meddle with thinges that become them not, and to the great honour of those that are aduaunced by vertue, and winneth with courage the wearing of this Crowne called the crowne Ciuique.

Now comming downe to this present age in the time of our peace, where Souldiours haue nothing to doe, there is enough spoken (and peraduenture too much) for the Souldiours

blours commendation, yet let mee leade you a little further in that cafe, For now is to be proued what degrées of Souldiours (hauing ſerued long, or borne any office of credit) are gentlemen, and may vnrebukeable bee bold to take that name and title vpon them. Firſt you haue heard, that ſeruing ten yeares honeſtly and truly, he is not onely paſt his prentiſhip, but alſo aboue a iourney man, and ought from all ioyneis to be ſpared. As a man might ſaie, (though vnproperly compared) a good free horſe after his long labour, and many great iourneis is to bee ridden but ſeldome, and kept in the ſtable till extreme neceſſitie requireth: and then is to bée vſed gentelie, leaſt his ſtiffe limmes and olde bodie deceaues the Riders expectation. So a Souldiour comming to this age and perfection, or being paſt the iollitie of youth and youthfull actions: ought to be prouided for, and may without preſumption plead for armes, albeit hee neuer gaue anye before, and can bring no great proofe of his houſe, gentrie, or diſſent, and though he be the firſt of that houſe, ſtocke, & name that gaue armes: his beginning is allowed of al our ancient writers and Princes, and ſhall put his aduerſaries to ſilence, when in that point they ſéeke to deface him.

I remember once I ſaw and heard an Italian (being in the Emperour Charles the fifth his Campe) ſo ſtand on his reputation, that when a meane Gentleman quarrelled with him, and deſired the Combate, hee aunſwered hee had béene (Soldado Vetche) an old Souldiour, and had borne office, and paſſed through ſundrie Offices by order: and that the Gentleman was but a young man, and but of two yeares experience in Warre, and farre vnmete to make challenge with him, that had paſſed ſo many ſteppes of honour, and places of credite. But ſayd the Italian to his aduerſarie, goe and doe that I haue done, or paſſe through the like, and when thou haſt mounted vp, and troden on euerye ſteppe that I haue paſſed: come to mée and I will fight with thée the Combate. But to ſay I will ſtoupe ſo lowe and abaſe my ſelfe (as a Lorde may in fighting with a Ruffian) beyonde the com-

compasse of my calling. I will not, nor no Law of Armes can commaunde mee. The matter came in question before the Prince of Orange that now is dead, and the Duke of Savoy yet living, and the challenger had a foule disgrace in the audience of a multitude: and the defendaunt had a rewarde of fine hundreth Crownes allowed him by the Emperour, for preserving his honour and estimation so much. This was done and openly seene, a little before the siege of Renttie, and standeth for a good record. Then an old Souldiour is a Gentleman, both worthy to giue armes and colours, and méete to be borne withall in causes of quarrell.

An other prose for the maintenaunce of my matter, I saw at the siege of Leeth, a Gentleman of great courage and birth (called Maister Ihon Soutch) quarrell with Captaine Randall, then Maior of the fielde. And Mayster Soutch did urge through ill words and stout language, Captaine Randall very farre: which might haue moued any manne living. But Captaine Randall in a manner vsed those words that the Italian had done, before expressed: and going further on in communication, commaunded the Souldiours to lay handes on Maister Soutch, and swore hee would execute him, and learne all other by his boldnesse, to knowe their duties. And when Mayster Soutch was stayed, well quoth Captaine Randall since thou hast challenged mee, I will not vse my power and authoritie ouer thee: But by the fayth of a souldier, when I am out of the Sergeaunt Maiors roume I will meete thee, and make thy heart ake for those wordes thou hast giuen: except thou repent before of thy lewde demeanour. Mayster Soutch hauing digested, and wisely waighed this matter: being talked withall of the Captaines in the campe, came like a Gentleman on himselfe, and acknowledged his fault most dutifully, and with great repentaunce: for which submission of his, hee was the better thought on after.

This shewes and declares, that an auncient souldiour and Offi-

Officer hath a great Priuilege, and not be compared with, nor offered any iniurie: becauſe hee carries the admiration of the people, and the honour of the field.

Wee ſhall find written in the Spaniſh, and the Language of the Portugall (which Portugalles founde out the Eaſte Indians) that there was a mightie King of Calicute, and many other Kinges in the Indians, whoſe Souldiours were all Gentlemen, and did liue euer on the ſtipend that the King allowed them. And thoſe Souldiours had many Priuileges and titles of honour, and ſtood ſo much on their reputation: that they would not touch a Huſband mans handes, nor ſuffer a Ruſticall fellowe to come into their houſes. And the Huſbande men were bounde when the Souldiours goe in the ſtreetes, to crie with a loude voyce, to make place for the Souldiours. For if thoſe Gentlemen did come, and bid the Common people goe out of the waie, and they doe not obay their commaundement therein: It was ſufferable for the Gentlemen Souldiours, to kill thoſe obſtinate and proude people. And furthermore the King could not make Gentlemen: if they were not borne of ſome Noble ſtocke, of the race of Souldiours. They could not take their weapons, nor enter into Combate, before they were armed Knightes. They muſt at the age of ſeauen yeares bee put to learne to play with all Weapons, and to the ende they ſhoulde bee perfect, their Maiſters doe hale their armes verie farre out (thereby to ſtretch their limmes) and afterwarde they teach them ſuch Fence, as is apt for that purpoſe. They did by an ordinaunce and cuſtome of theirs, honour and ſalute their Maiſters that hadde taught them at the Weapons, (which were Graduates and cunninge menne) whereſoeuer they mett them in the ſtreete. They were bound two Monethes in the yeare to plie their ſchoole, and take a Leſſon at their Maiſters handes. By which reaſon they were verie ſkilfull of their Weapons, and for that cauſe they greatlye eſteemed themſelues. They coulde

" not bee knighted, but by the Kinges owne handes, who aſ-
" ked them before he layde his hande on their heades: if they
" could obſerue and keepe the cuſtome and ordinaunce of gen-
" tlemenne Souldiours, and they ſayde and aunſwered the
" king. They minded to take that profeſſion of Armes vp-
" pon them: and ſo the king cauſed a Sworde to be girded a-
" bout them, and after embraceth thoſe Gentlemen ſo knigh-
" ted, then they did ſweare to liue and die with him, and
" for him, which oath they would keepe and obſerue. For if
" theyr Lord were ſlayne in the Warre: they would fight to
" their laſt breath, and kill him that had ſlayne theyr King.
" Or if at that inſtaunt they could not bring their purpoſe to
" effecte, they would watch and ſpie out a conuenient ſeaſon,
" for the perfourmaunce of their promiſſe and oath. And vn-
" doubtedlie ſome of them woulde reuenge their Maiſters
" death. They hadde a great regarde to their duety and en-
" deuoure. They thought nothinge ſo precious as fidelitie,
" and their Princes fauour. They cared not for life: ſo glo-
" rye might bee gotten by theyr death. They ſerued moſt
" faythfullye vnder them, that gaue them intertaynemente.
" They ſpared nothing, but ſpent liberally. They applied their
" onely ſtudies for the mainteinaunce of their king and Coun-
" trey. They would not ſuffer any dishonour, nor offer anye
" iniurie. They thought it a double death to loſe their good
" name. They made no accompt of their meat, money, ſlæpe,
" or eaſe and little eſtæmed their owne liues or perſons when
" they ſhould make proofe and ſhewe of their manhood. Their
" wages and ſtipende was ſo much and ſo well payde, that
" euerye one of them might liue gallantlye: and the meaneſt
" might keepe to waite on him a man or a boye. The Lawe
" was that they might not marrie, and yet hadde Lemmans
" and Women appoynted by order, which they kepte and vſed
" well, and all quarrells was auoyded by that meanes. For
" they might not companie with their women, but at certaine
" ſeaſons appoynted. Thus they paſt ouer theyr life time,

without

without the care and trouble of Wife and Children. They might forsake vppon a good cause anye of their Lemmans. And their Women might at their owne willes forsake the menne. All those that accompanied these Souldiours were Gentlewomen, and of good birth, but might not bee married to anie person after shée hadde bœne at the Souldiours commaundement. And because many men by their often chaunging, happen to bane the companye of one Woman, they fathered not any Child, though it were neuer so much like them: and therefore their Brothers children did alwayes inherite their Landes and goodes. And this Lawe that those Gentlemen Souldiours should not marrie, was made by a King, that woulde not haue a manne of Warre to fire his loue on a wife and children, nor thereby to ware feeble spirited and effeminate. But the king ordained, because these Gentlemen should haue no womannish manners nor minds: that they should haue all thinges at their willes, and liue in such libertie, as no one thing might drawe them from noble seruice, nor commaunde them to seruile drudgerie. And because they should be the more animated to liue in noble order, and encouraged to serue well: they were priuileged, that no man might impriſon them for anye cause, nor they might not bee put to death by anye meane of ordinarie iustice. Notwithstanding when one killed another, or did sleepe with a Countrey Woman, or did speake euill of the king then raigning. Then would the king hauing iuste and true information of the matter, make a Writing and sende the same to a head Officer, commaunding him to cutte in peeces the offendour, whereſoeuer hee was founde. And after hee was deade, there should bee hanged about him the kinges Writing, to shewe the people wherefore hee suffered: but no Law nor Justice coulde touche him, before the king had iustlye condempned him.

So by this Libertie and honour that Souldiours had, is well to bee séene, that none but Cæsar might meddle with

» men of Warre. And it seemeth this libertie was fetched » from Alexanders dayes, who called his olde souldiours Noble » men, and gaue them noble priuileges and rewardes: to cause » the Worlde that did followe, to augmente their renowne, and » spreade theire fame to the highest Heauens, that haue beene » valliant on earth and Noble of minde. Which great fore- » sight of Alexander and other great Princes to aduaunce Soul- » diours: hath made menne more like Gods, than earthly crea- » tures, and done such good to the Worlde thereby, that there » is no Worlde, but will make of men of Warre, and giue » place to the goodnesse of those, that striue by stoutnesse of heart, » and labour of bodie to enlarge the limmets and boundes of his » Countrey.

The effect of this aboue expressed, was drawne out of Spanish, and remaines among Christians, as a matter worthy noting, though Infidells did obserue them.

Now though a man haue had charge, and borne a number of Offices: yet the name of an old soldiour beautifies his title. But yet particularly I will goe through the offices, as briefly as I maie, and therein shew who may iustlie bee called Gentlemen among them. A Collonell, a Captaine, and Ensigne bearer. A Lieutenaunt, a Corporall, a Sergeant of the band, and old souldiour though hee neuer bare any office, are all gentlemen, graunting and allowing that none of the officers were made for affection at home. But had their beginning by seruice in the Fielde, and are knowne of good courage and conduct, and well experimented in Marshiall affaires. The rest of other officers, that haue noble roumes and places in the Campe, needes no setting out: for all men know such officers as are chosen, (and made by the most noble in any gouernement) are not to bee treated off, for that euerye souldiour giues them due honour and place.

You may not looke for at my hands, the originall & discourse of all gentlemen, albeit I go as farre as I dare in that behalfe.

For

For I loue not to meddle with thankeleſſe labour, and would be lothe to roue beyond my reach and knowledge: in a matter that my betters, as yet haue not dealt withall. For a doubtfull attempt, brings a dangerous conſtruction. And with drawing a ſtrong Bow, a weake arme wareth weary. Wherfore I go no further in this matter, deſiring the Reader to bear with my boldnes herein, and regard ſouldiers as they deſerue.

FINIS.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPfull, *Sir Iohn Sauage* Knight, one of the Lieutenants of Cheſhire.

MY good and affectionate Worſhipfull friend for manie curteſies I promiſed to dedicat ſome verſes vnto you, and finding no ſubiect better to write vpon then the maintenance of Hoſpitalitie, I thought a little to touche the loſſe of time, and charges that a number of Gentlemen ſpendeth at London, not anie whit thereby blemiſhing the good bruite of that honorable Cittie (ſo I praie you vnderſtand me) but ſhewing the inconuenience that commeth by ouer great charges beſtowed and ſpent where nothing is gathered againe,

nor reaped at the laſt but repentance, or ſuch colde acquaintance, as when money is gone will ſcarſe knowe a man in time of neceſsity, this being ſpoken generally of all the places and Cities in the worlde, where men ſhall finde but ſtrangenes, when their owne wealth and eſtate begins to decline.

A Diſcourſe of Gentlemen lying in London, that were better keepe houſe at home in their Countrey.

IMuſe why youth, or age of gentle blood,
Borne vnto wealth, and worldly worſhip bære:
In London long, conſumes both land and good,
That better were, at home to make good chære.
In London ſtill, they finde all vittells dære,
Hoiſt vp a height, to bring our purſes low,
And ſend men home, with empty bags yæ knowe.

The ſtrætes with fields, may neuer matched be,
For all ſwæte aire, at will abroad we finde:
What is it then, in London that they ſee.
But Countrey yældes, and better glads the minde.
Perhaps ſome ſay, the people are ſo kinde:
And curteous to, in ſtately ciuill Towne.
As men thereby, wins credite and renowne.

First

Firſt for they lerne, in Citty freſh and fine,
Moſt gay to eie, and gallant as a roſe:
But ſhall a man, for pleaſure of his eien.
And pompe or pride, of painted goodly cloes,
Ye ſæs abroad, at home his credite loſe.
Our Elders did, not ſo delight in traſhe,
And tempting toyes, that brings a man in laſh.

For when they came, to London there to ſtay,
They ſent fat bæues, before them for their ſtore:
And went ſometimes, a ſhooting all the way.
With all their traine, and houſhold that is more:
Yet were they not, at no leſſe charge therefore:
Kept houſe in Ins, and fedde the poore thereby.
That in hard world, may now for hunger die.

They taried not, in Towne to card and dice,
Nor follow long, lewd luſts that lothſoune are:
Which brades rebuke, and foſters ſecrete vice.
And makes tame birds, to fall in Satans ſnare,
They loude plaine robes, but hated purſes bare,
Made much of men, gaue neighbors bæfe and bred,
Yet left their aires, great wealth now they are dead.

Their care was ſtill, to kæpe good houſe and name,
Spend they might ſpare, yet ſpare where cauſe they found,
And librall be, when bounty purchaſt fame.
And let floud runne, where water did abound.
Rulde all with wit, and wary Judgement ſound,
Not bent in braues, great haudcke for to make.
But drawne and moude, to ſpend for vertues ſake.

Gaue much to poore, that craude an almes at gate,
Kept buttry dore, for ſtraungers open ſtill:
Made neighbours eate, that earely came or late.

By

By which they wonne, the Countreys great good will,
Could serue the Prince, with comdit men and skill:
With their owne charge, and pore a rare thing now,
That selde is seene, with loue and power throw.

They raisd no rents, to make the tenant whine,
Nor clapt no yoke, on friendly neighbours necke:
Nor made poore folke, find fault with cutthroat fine,
But had the hearts, of people at a becke,
As we haue now, our seruants vnder checke.
O how plaine men, would follow Landlord than,
Like swarmes of Bees, when any warres began.

Yea glad was he, that might with maister goe,
Though charge and wife, be left at home behinde,
In this fine world, the manner is not so.
Hard handling makes, men shew another minde,
Then loyall loue, made mens affection blinde.
Now can they see, and will doe what they list.
Cast of like Hawkes, comes when they please to list.

What change finde you, yong maisters in these daies,
What hath drawn backe, the forward minds of men:
What makes somtime, prest souldier run his waies.
What makes this world, much worse then world was then.
I dare not now, expresse the cause with pen.
But lay your hands, vppon your brest and winke.
And you shall gesse, what of these thinges I thinke.

Gay golden robes, and garments pownced out,
Silke laide on silke, and stitched ore the same:
Great losse and play, and keping reuell route,
With groser knackes, I list not now to name.
Hath by abuse, brought world cleane out of frame.
And made them rich, and prowd, that borne were bare.

yet lines by luck, and sale of paltry ware.

Our fathers wore, good frées to kéepe them warme,
And kendall greene, in sommer for a show:
Might better to, take trifles for a farme.
Then these that now, in silkes and veluets goe,
The former age, made tenants duety know:
To Landlords all, and so their cates they sold,
As much for loue, as now they sell for golde.

Now is the case and custome altered cleane,
The tenant he, in déede will part from nought:
For landlords weale, nor lose by him a beane,
Nor sell him thing, that is not dearely bought,
At tenants hand, what euer may be sought,
Beares double price, as though the farmer might,
Liue on himselfe, and set his Landlord light.

This brédes contempt, in vassall pask all cry,
And makes the Lord, racke vp his rents a height:
And take great fines, you sée wherefore and why.
And lode the backes of Farmers with greal weight.
This makes wise men, vse many a craft and sleight.
To punish churles, and pinch them nére the bone,
That doth small good, yet all would haue alone.

Why plead they want, where plenty is great store,
And God hath blest, the earth with fruite and graine:
They say because, they charged are so sore.
To pay such rent, and take such toile and paine.
Well well there doth, a fault in both remaine.
The one will not, let nought in market fall,
The other still, in London spendeth all.

Like one that flings, more water in the seas,

Or casks away, his gold where it is lost:
The Gentleman, is seldome well at ease.
Till that he ride, to London all in post.
And vp and downe, the dice and cards be tost.
When he a while, about the streets doth rome,
He borrowes pence, at length to bring him home.

Or saieth the boy, or girle that kæpes the barre,
This man is fræ, and francke where ere he goes,
And spends as much, as doth a man of warre,
That comes from spoile, and conquest of his foes,
Cries fill the pot, the ebbing water flowes.
The chencks are here, we haue inough to spend,
Set all agog, vntill bad world amend.

O Lord how sone, a man is ore his shoes,
That wades and steps, in streame or water dæpe:
How sone from towne, in countrey we haue newes,
That some spends all, for they can nothing kæpe,
If such lads were, at home in bed a sleepe.
Twere better sure, then lie in London thus,
Vppon the score, or like banckrouts iwus.

Fine shops and sights, fine dames and houses gay,
Fine wares fine words, fine sorts of meat is there,
Yea all is fine, and nothing grosse they say.
Fine knaks costs much, costs spoils vs euery where
Spoile is a worme, that wealth away will weare,
A cancker crept, in Court for some mens crosse,
That eates vp lands, and brædes great lacke and losse.

Expense and spoile, waits hard on braueries hæles,
With daily debt, and daunger of disgrace:
A crue of Dickes, as world went all on whæles,
With swashing Tom, and goodman Maple face,

In

In sundry cloakes, and thred bare liueries bace,
That neuer ware, ne badge, nor signe of thrift.
But certaine signes and showes they liue by shift.

And in the necke, of all this retchles band,
Comes thought and care, in sad and mourning wæds,
And sore forethinkes, that he hath sold his land.
Or laide to gage, good leases and old dædes.
No better fruite, we reape of ill sowne sædes,
But heauy sighes, or pricking thistels bare,
That doth destroy, good ground where ere they are.

Spoile brings home plagues, to wife & children both,
When husband hath, at play set vp his rest:
Then wife and babes, at home a hungry goeth,
(Thrice euery wæke) where sild good meat is drest.
With rusty broach, the houshold all are blest.
For potched egs, in good howre be it spoke:
Must for a shift, make kitchin chimney smoke.

A fine deuise, to kæpe poore kaett in health,
A pretty toy, to mocke an Ape withall:
No matter much, though wife hath little wealth.
Shæ hath for nede, a messe of creame at call,
A trim young boy, to tosse and tirle the ball,
A cocke a doe, and pretty pus or catte,
And at a pinch, a great deale more then that,

Gay gownes and geare, God wot god store inough,
And faire milke maids, as dainty as a Doe,
That fares as well, as bob that holds the plough,
Yea chære in bowles, they haue sometime ye know:
Swate whay and crubs, a bancket for a Croe,
Such rule shæ kæpes, when husband is farre of,
Whiles children wæps, that fæds on hard browne lofe.

Thinke you these things, nips not the pye crost nære,
And rubs the gaule, that neuer will be whole:
The maister may, kæpe reuell all the yære,
And leaue the wife, at home like silly soule
What recke of that, who lists may blow the cole,
Though some doe starue, and pine away with want.
Young lusty lads, abroad liues all aflant.

Some come to Court, to breake vp house at home,
Such kæpes a cloake, vntill a rainy day:
Some weaues their yarne, and cloth in other loeme.
At tabling house, where they may frely play:
Some walk to Pauls, wher some maks many a fray
The greatest summe, are sworne to spend and spoile,
And royot runne, at large in euery soile.

Great chære is turnd, at home to empty dishe,
Great bounty lokes, like bare foote beggers bag,
Great hardnes brings, to bord ne flesh nor fishe,
Great hast to giue, comes limping lame and lag.
Great shew men make, of house but thats a brag.
For ten daies, at home they kæpe great fare,
Thre monthes abroad, for that they absent are.

England was cald, a librall countrey rich,
That tooke great ioy, in spending bæfe and bred:
In dæde this day, the countrey spendeth mich,
But that expense, stands poore in little sted:
For they finde nought, where hounds and hawks are fed,
But hard colde posts, to leane at in great lacke:
Who wants both foode, and clouts to cloth their backe.

Almes dædes are dead, and conscience wareth cold,
World scrats and scrapes, pluckes flesh and fell from bone,
What cunning heads, and hands can catch in hold,

That

That couetous mindes, doth ſæke to weld alone,
The poꝛe complaynes, and makes a græuous mone.
The ritch heares all, and kæpes all ſafe in fiſt,
As all were his, to ſpend it as he liſt.

Well ſpend on ſtill, a reckning muſt bée made,
When hee doth call, that ſendes you all the ſtoꝛe:
You will be taught, to vſe another trade,
Oꝛ in the end, full dearly paie theꝛefoꝛe
I wiſh you well, you can deſire no moꝛe.
Waie all my woꝛdes, as you haue reaſon ſtill,
I find no fault, but ſpeakes this of good will.

And you deare friend, that in Rockſauage dwell,
Foꝛ whom I haue, theſe verſes heere ſet down:
To you no pæce, of this Diſcourſe I tell,
Foꝛ you lie not, at charge ſo long in towne,
As others doe, that are of like renowne.
Your houſe at home, you hold in better ſoꝛt,
Then thouſands doe, the woꝛld doth ſo repoꝛt.

FINIS.

To the right Worshipfull Sir Henry Kneuet Knight, one of the Lieutenants of Willshire.

THE world cannot wonder, nor the wise thereof thinke strange, that experience commaunds me to keepe friends, and my pen doth what it maie to purchase me fauour, for that is all the fruites of my studies. Which once taken from me I haue neither prop to vphold mee, nor foundation to stand on: so feating the weaknes of my feeble buildings that lies open to enuies blast, which soddenly may bee blown downe, I seeke manie staies and craue manie supportations for the maintenance of my honest mind, and workes framed for the world to behold. So good sir Henry among the worthy company of my selected friends I honor you with a smal discourse of *age & youth*, where a little is spoken of the olde Souldiour and the young, not in dispraise of anie of them both, but in the commendation of knowledge, courage, & conduct, vnder which three vertues consists many noble actions, & so vnder your fauourable sufferaunce I passe to my purposed matter.

There is a strife, a sweete dispute I troe,
Betwene two sorres, of men in these our daies:
On which debate, doth many reasons grow,
That soundes in deede, to each good Souldiours praise,
Whose fame my pen is ready for to raise.
But my intent is first with flat plaine truth,
To treat a verse, or two of age and youth.

Age

Age is the fire, and father of great thinges,
That hath begot, both science, rule, and wit:
Brought great renowne, and honour vnto kinges,
And for mans wealth, may well in councell sit.
Youth is for field, and towne a member fit,
To vse the sword, in Countreys cause and right,
In whose defence, youth hath great force to fight.

Age may commaund, because it knoweth most,
And best can iudge, of euery thing it knowes:
Hath mightie mind, yet makes but little bost,
On whose aduice, men may their liues repose,
The worth of youth, standes oft in outward shewes,
That fresh and gay, to worlde it seemeth still,
Like bladder faire, that is blowne vp with quill.

Age lokes like tree, whose barke is rough without,
When winters waste hath made greene leanes to fall:
But when spring comes, that braunch should bud and sprout,
With threefold fruite, the sprayes are loaded all.
Bare youth lokes like, a picture on a wall,
That stands both mute, and dumme like shadow weake,
To take for sence, whom age beginnes to speake.

The brute in world, is how old thinges decreace,
For that sweete sap, at length forsakes the tree:
Yet men will alke, old witties in warres or peace,
Of this or that, what the successe shall be.
In outward shewes, young iudgements well can see,
When old mens sightes, that wisely lookes within,
The end beholdes, as soone as they beginne.

A great old Oake, long time will akornes beare,
And small young grafftes, are long in sprouting out:
Some say old wine, is liked euery where,

And all men knowe, new ale is full of growt.
Old horse goes well, young tits are much to doubt,
But sure old gold, is more esteemed than new,
No hauke compares, with haggard in the mue.

Old men knowes much, though young men calls them fooles,
Old bookes are best, for there great learning is:
Old authors too, are dayly read in schooles,
New Sects are naught, olde knowledge cannot mille.
Old guise was good, and nothing like to this.
Where fraude, and craft, and fineste all would haue,
And plainest men, can neyther powle nor shaue.

Old Fathers builte, faire Colleges good store,
And gaue great goodes, and landes to bring vp youth:
Young men loues not, to make of little more,
But spendes away, their thrift to tell the trueth.
Old men were full, of mercie, grace, and rueth,
And pittie tooke, on those that seemde to lacke,
Young gallants gay, from poore doe turne their backe.

Old beaten wayes, are ready still to hit,
These new be-pathes, leades men on many stiles:
An old prouerbe, hath no more wordes than wit,
New fangled heades, at each old order smiles.
Old wisedome farre, surmountes young fondlings willes.
Experience is, the Doctor euerie daie,
That carries close, all knowledge cleane awaie.

Young hounde are fleete, the old hunte sloe and true,
Old dogges bite sore, if all their teeth be sound:
Old auncient freindes, are better than the new,
In younglings loue, there is small suretie found,
For like a top, light fancie turneth round.
Old clothe or silke, made in our elders dayes,

Wears long and firme, when new thinges ſoone decayes.

Old ſouldiers are, the beauty of a ſtate,
Young branches beare, but bloſſomes many a day.
Old Doctors can, deepe matters well debate:
Young puntes knowes, not what old doctors ſay,
King Harries crue, brought conqueſt home away.
From Flowdayne field, from France and many a ſoyle,
And put the proud, by ſtrength and force to foyle:

Old ſouldiers were, great Alexanders ayde,
And chiefeſt ioy, in all the warres he had
The white gray head, made beardleſſe boyes affraide,
Where graue men ruld, the countrey all was glad:
And where they lackt, the fortune was but bad.
As all thinges doth, to ſkill and knowledge yeeld,
So old men beare, the honour of the field:

What needs more proofe, of auncient ſouldiers nowe,
Both old and young, are needfull members heere.
I want both time, and power to praiſe them throw,
For ſeruice great, in countries quarrell deere:
When cauſe requires, ye know the caſe is cleere,
Theſe champions muſt, in field and open plaine,
With ſhining ſword, the right of kinges maintaine.

FINIS.

A DISCOVRSE OF CALAMITY.

To the right VVorshipfull my singuler good friend Sir William Hatton knight.

IN the remembrance of a sorrowful losse I had by the death of the last Lord Chancelor, (good Sir William Hatton) and considering your great countenance partly declined by that soddaine accident, besides the great soms of money you were left to pay. For the parting from such an honourable friend, I thought (euery peece of cause well waied) you knowe as well what calamitie is as a meaner man, and feeling the smart and weight of that burthen, before you were ready to support it, your care and calamitie could not be little. First for the losse of so great a comfort, & next for the sorrow & trobles that belongs to such a losse, though lands or liuings helps to beare of a peece of the vexasion of mind, yet the body shall alwayes beare to the death a sorrowfull imagination of that hastie mishap, the impression therof shal neuer goe out of your memory, so long as life lasteth. So good sir, in signe of some consolation, I present you a discourse of Calamity, the right path to come to quietnesse, and the very hie way that leades a good mind to thinke of the immortality of the soule, thus presuming your fauorable acception of the same, I passe to the discourse of Calamity, wishing you much worship, hartes ease & health.

T. Churchyard.

A Diſcription or Diſcourſe, that declareth how that by taſting of miſeries, men are become happie: written for that ſouldiers alwayes beares the burthen of ſorrow and ſuffers more calamitie then any other people.

RIght worſhipfull, for that calamitie and combersome chances, doe ſeeme intollerable to beare (and for our firſt fathers offence, they are the burthens of life, and companions of man till the howre of his death) I being often charged with the heauie fardle of misfortunes: haue taken in hand to treate of a troubled mynd, and ſhewe what bleſſednelle and benefit to the body and ſoule this worldly infelicity bringeth.

As the common afflictions of mankind are many in number, and ſeeme at the firſt feeling ſo irkſome and weighbie, that few can ſuffer them, or ſupport them. So a multitude of miſeries accuſtometh the mind ſo long, in the ſharpneſſe of ſorrowes, that a ſound iudgement is made the more able therby, to abide the brunte of troubles: and attende for a ſhort ſeaſon a remedie of miſchiefes, by proofe the troth of this is tried. For let the laboring man, or ordinarie porter (that daily carries great burthens) be often vſed to lift vp packes: he ſhall better beare a great burthen, then an other that is fine fingered, ſhall bee able to heaue a ſmall peece of Timber. And there is none that labeureth ſo ſore, but is ſure at one tyme or other, to attaine to reſt and commoditie. So that all ſorrowes are to be compted, but a ſharpe ſauſe to ſeaſon the appetite, and bring the ſweete and delicate diſhes into ſuch order, that it glut not the ſtomacke.

And nowe to consider how all pleasures are possessed, and profittes take their begininges. The very issue and originall of these yearthly commodities, springes onely from continuall care and paine: and labourious vexation of body and minde. The greatest glories, and chiefest seates of honour any where, are gotten and compassed by this kinde of calamitie, and the least or most sparkes of mans delite is maintained (and at the length enioyed) by the meane of studious labour, and painefull exercises.

But herein to be briefe, paine and labour is the portion appointed for man in his pilgrimage, and they that are most persecuted (so they be not tempted aboue their strength) are most to be thought in fauour with God, and happiest among men: if heauenly graces and correction, be measured by the yearthly vesselles of vanitie, that we carry about, which without correction and reforming, would growe so full of filthe and corrupt manners, that they neither could holde good liquor, nor serue to any good purpose.

Doe you not behold that the purest mettall, with ill looking vnto, becometh full of cankers and rust: if it be not scoured, rubbed and roughly handled, his beautie decayeth, and the worth and vallue of it is little, because it hath lost his vertue and estimation. So mans corrupt Nature, were it not serched with sundrie instrumentes (that takes away the dead fiesh, and toutcheth the quicke) would putrifie, and ware lothsome to the whole world and to the creature himselfe, that beares it in his bowells. And for the avoiding of such an inconvenience, calamitie must be tasted, and troubles are necessary,, for the keeping cleane of a spotted conscience, and fraile body puffed vp with Pride, and vanitie of curious conceits.

And so I proue aduersitie, is the bringer home of good spirites, and gentill wittes, that wanders after worldly follies, and runnes a gadding beyonde the bounds of measure, to the vtter confines of daunger and destruction. Yea, a little trouble and torment, produceth great goodnesse, and bringeth forth noble

noble bookes, and goodly workes, which the libertie of life, and wantonnesse of pleasure, denies and hinders. As a thing that drawes man from the coueting of Fame, and true searching of immortalitie.

Mans prosperous estate breedes but idlenesse, nourisheth vice, contemnes vertue, and banisheth good studies and learning: albeit some one among the richest, at one season or other, may looke on a booke, fauor writers and giue good speeches of well dooyng. Yet seldome comes any great worke from their handes that are in prosperity. And none in a manner but the afflicted, did at any time hetherto, yeeld benefit to their countrey: and knowledge to the vniuersall worlde. Let Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Cleantes, and a number of poore Philosophers (yea princes of education) be witnesse of that I speake, from which Philosophers, the fountaine of noble Arts & Sciences did spring, and abundantly flow.

The body pampered, bedecked with beautie, full of ornamentes, and set out to sale like flesh in the Shambelles: Either would be bought quickly, or will be tainted in hanging too long in the winde. So that as horses doe waxe restie, for want of good vsage: and cleanest thinges taketh corruption, by lacke of looking vnto (in season). Pleasure and liberty in processe of time, makes a man wild, if callamitie tame not the bodie, and bring the minde in willing subiection.

Sorrow, sadnesse, and other passions of this worlde, that comes by common causes, puttes the wittes and iudgementes to such a plonge, (secret shifte and policy) that all the senses openly makes a muster, to defend the estimation, and vpright body from falling, to which assemblie comes, Patience, Reuerence and Modestie, that the matter is so well taken, iniuries are put vppe, and wronges that haue beene offered, woorkes in a wise head, a world of deuises, wherein vertue gettes victorie.

To beare the comfortable crosse of persecution, is the true badge of blessednesse, whereby the seruant is seene to fol-

And now to consider how all pleasures are possessed, and profittes take their beginninges. The very issue and originall of these yearthly commodities, springes onely from continuall care and paine: and labourious veration of body and minde. The greatest glories, and chiefest seates of honour any where, are gotten and compassed by this kinde of calamitie, and the least or most sparkes of mans delite is maintained (and at the length enioyed) by the meane of studious labour, and painefull exercises.

But herein to be briefe, paine and labour is the portion appointed for man in his pilgrimage, and they that are most persecuted (so they be not tempted aboue their strength) are most to be thought in fauour with God, and happiest among men: if heauenly graces and correction, be measured by the yearthly vesselles of vanitie, that we carry about, which without correction and reformming, would growe so full of filthe and corrupt manners, that they neither could holde good liquor, nor serue to any good purpose.

Doe you not behold that the purest mettall, with ill looking vnto, becometh full of cankers and rust: if it be not scoured, rubbed and roughly handled, his beautie decayeth, and the worth and vallue of it is little, because it hath lost his vertue and estimation. So mans corrupt Nature, were it not serched with sundrie instrumentes (that takes away the dead flesh, and toutcheth the quicke) would putrifie, and ware lothsome to the whole world and to the creature himselfe, that beares it in his bo wells. And for the auoiding of such an inconnenience, calamitie must be tasted, and troubles are necessary,, for the keeping cleane of a spotted conscience, and fraile body puffed vp with Pride, and vanitie of curious conceits.

And so I proue aduersitie, is the bringer home of good spirites, and gentill wittes, that wanders after worldly follies, and runnes a gadding beyonde the bounder of measure, to the vtter confines of daunger and destruction. Yea, a little trouble and torment, produceth great goodnesse, and bringeth forth noble

noble bookes, and goodly workes, which the libertie of life, and wantonnesse of pleasure, denies and hinders. As a thing that drawes man from the coueting of Fame, and true searching of immortalitie.

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low his maister, and all the vices of man be maistered, or reformed by the crossyng chances of this worlde, and vertuous operation of calamitie, which miraculously worketh the distempered minde as the hote Fornace tries out the Colde, and the warme fire bringes in temper, and makes softe the hard and coldest Ware. A deuine secret to them that are chosen, and familiar example to those, that glories in worldy felicitie who knowes the naturall causes of earthly thinges.

If a man might aske wherefore was man made, sent from the highest dignitie of pleasures, to this lowe dongion of sorrowes, and base soile of seruitude. It may be aunswered: Adam was thrust out of Paradice, for offence he had committed, and for that he was formed out of the earth, on the face of the earth he should get his foode and liuing, as a vessell ordained to beare all manner of liquour, that is put into it: and as a Creature condemned to tast and feele tormentes, sorrowes, and troubles, wherein man sees Gods mercie, and his owne infirmities. And refusing to beare and suffer, what is laied vpon him, he seemeth to holde an other course then God hath appointed, and so seeketh that he cannot attaine. For since the earth was cursed, it neuer could bring forth but cares, and griefe of minde: The onely fruit and painefull portion, that was from the beginning, prepared for al Adams children and posteritie.

Now some will replie and say, that the rich and wealthy of the worlde, that may wallow and tumble on their treasure: Haue builded such bulwarkes against the assaults of fortune, that no troubles can touch them, nor make them yeeld to the common calamitie of our life, but who soeuer so thinketh, is vtterly deceiued. For ritches is not gotten nor kept, but with much care and labour, and where it is possest, it bringeth daunger, dread, disdaine and a thousand euills with it: Tempting man to riot, and lasciuious liuing, and leadeth the soule to perdition, by a number of infinite follies, except a speciall grace doe vphold it, it runneth headlong into hell, and looketh seldome vnto heauen. And commonly when men doe grow ritch, they surfet so often with banketting or bibbing, that they are full

full of deseases, and so shortens their daies.

Which libertie of life, and boldnesse in abuses (that springs on aboundance, the roote of disorder) puffes them vp in Pride, pampers them in pleasures, and blindeth so their iudgements, that they neither can see who deceiueth them, nor finde out the right way of heauenly felicitie. And yet the flatterie of one, and falsehood of an other about them, breedeth such businesse, and raiseth such stormes (where quietnesse is loked for) that the richy mans house is neuer without blonder, brabble, and braulinges. So that vnder the calmest shewes & ciuilest manners, lurketh terrible tempestes, and fearefull suspitions, which in that kinde is a domesticall calamitie, and miserie incurable.

And so al the iollitie and pompe of the earth (enioyed by enheritaunce, or purchased by fortune) are accompanied with paine, enterlarded with dolcure, & mixed with vnquietnesse, and may bee compared to a rotten painted wall, that vnder faire collours, hath many a feule fret, which deceiueth the eies of them that lookes on it: or giues those a great ouerthrow that leaneth against it. But this is no proofe ỳ riches is cause of sorrow, but this rather shewes that sorrow care, & many misfortunes doth follow riches, & pouertie (so it be not bare indigence) is void of hazard, frée from fortunes mutability, & coumpted most happy, in comparison of the goodnes that belonged to a blessed life.

God, in beholding the vices of many, and sées some bent to estéeme villanie, or offence: doth cut of their dayes by soddaine mischances (or on a set purpose, through the Deuine power) because their euill shall not hurt the good. And regarding the other sort that will, or may amend: leaues them to the touche of their consciences, with good respite and leasure to repente, sending them miserie, trouble, and disquietnesse onely as a restraint and bridle, to plucke them from vices. And so calamitie may bee accompted a precious purgation: and prosperitie may be iudged a Pestilent desease, which encreased, or begun by disordered life, is rather to be called a calamity, & sickenesse of the soule, then a health of the minde, or good renowme to the

body

bodie.

Many great personages, being ouercome with the casualties of this world, and mutabilitie of fortune, haue after their fall into persecution, taken all thinges in good part, and made but small ado, nor account of their state when aduersitie approched, and beene often time as glad to vse the libertie of minde, in a seruile sort, as they were well pleased, when their bodies tooke most pleasure, and had the world at commaundement. For of necessitie stormes followe calmes: and callamitie either last or first, dooth visite an earthly vessell. For some come to Kingdomes from induraunce, and some fall to miserie from wealth and honor. Dyonisius was glad to keep a Schole, after hee had lost his Empire, and Andronico of Athens when his Countrey was subdued by the Romans, was faine to serue sundry miserable Maisters: and after led a Lyon about Rome, to the end of his dayes. But though I brought a Tyrants and an Infidell, to shewe that calamitie must bes tasted: so could I rehearse many Christen princes, that calamitie hath touched, and made them as happy by those crosses they haue borne, as some others are blessed that makes boast, that haue neuer suffered torment.

Calamitie is like a supplyng salue that heals a sore Canker. A pretious preseruatiue, to keepe the head from furie of folly. A gentill medicine to reforme an infected conscience. A bitter draught of drinke: that purgeth a stout corrupt stomake: A sowre strope or sauce that seasoneth a lewde appetite. And the sweete Salte of mans felicitie, without the which no life can be well seasoned.

Who feeles himselfe afflicted, hath cause to conceiue hee is not forgotten (where fauour is most to be desired) and he that is let alone, to followe his owne pleasure, walkes as a caste-away, and hath nothing to reioyce of. For his bad spirite leads him to distruction, and his good Angell hath forsaken his companie, which is a signe he is giuen ouer, to his naughty inclinations, and is suffered to slide or fall downe right, when the afflicted

afflicted by a speciall grace, is kept from stumbling.

The horse that finds the Bridle caste in his necke, runnes out of order about the wild field: And such as loueth lewde libertie, and will not be bridled, good order runnes from them, and foule reproch waites at their heeles. And if they chance to happen in any hazard, the sodainnesse of the mischiefe breaketh their hart, or the wondering of the worlde, makes the wicked a wearie of his life. But such as calamitie by custome hath reclaimed, taketh aduersitie as a qualifier of cursed conditions, and being content to kisse the Rodde of perturbation, are made children of promes, and inheritours of the land they haue long looked for.

So blessed bee those babes then, who in the trouble of their soules possesseth quietnesse, and makes account of calamitie, to be the perfit way and good meane to felicity and good hap. The feeling of such a scourge and visitation, lately sent me (who gatte great benefitte by his trouble) made me write this trifling treatise of calamity.

FINIS,

A Commendation to them that can make gold, shewing that many heretofore hath found out the Philosophers stone,

To the right VVorshipfull my vvorthie greate friend, Sir Iohn Russell knight, one of the Lieuetenants of Worcester Shire.

I am bound in goodwil, detted in ordinarie duetie, and commanded for fauour receiued (good Sir Iohn) to publish openly in some little pamphlet,

phlet, the great desire I haue to bee registered in your memory, so that I might merit by desearts, the least part of your affectionate frendship, not common to all but by a free election of minde offered to a fewe you thinke, worthy of it, in the purchace of which good liking I would bestowe a great portion of my studies, accompting my selfe happie in dedicating a peece of my last labours to so worthy a knight. The trueth is (good sir) in the first prime & presumption of the gifte of pen, I followed the fortunate fauourets of this world, as well to be fauoured at their hands as to be enriched by their happes, being learned that witte by those that lackte no wealth in obseruing that custome, but the higher those fauorets were mounted the lower they lefte mee, when some of them flue away I say not with my fethers, and sat on the top of their aduancements, gazing on the baseneſſe of my fortune, which strange accidente ministred by the mutability of time, makes me chuse faster friends, whose noble disposition, breeds greater regard, whose constancies will longer continue, and whose frendships bringes forth better fruite. So good sir Iohn knowing your good inclination towardes the best sorte of men, and faithfullneſſe towardes your country and friendes, I (being tyed by good turns to remember you) haue deuised a discourse I hope delightfull for your reading, because in your sundry trauells beyonde the seas (besides your good exercises at home) you haue heard of many excellent men and artes of diuers natures and qualitie. The worke I present you is a commendation of them that can or hath made gold, if any such bee or hath bin, the art wherof I haue not only commended, but in some

part

part touched, as far as my ſimple capacitie can reachvnto, touching & ſetting downe in verſe, with comly termes ſome ſufficient cauſe how by tranſmutation of mettals, many men haue aduentured the making of gold. Thus crauing the worlds goodwill and your ſauour for the ſetting forth this bold diſcourſe, I paſſe to the matter, & wiſh you much worſhip, wordly felicitie, and heauenlie bleſſedneſſe.

Thomas Churchyard.

A Commendation to them that can make gold, ſhewing that many heretofore hath found out the Philoſophers ſtone.

What wordes of worth, or fled phrase of men.
May ſerue my turne, to ſhew rare gifts of grace
What perting ſpæch what tong or flowing pen
Is fit to blaſe, the valour of this caſe,
My wits are weake, my ſenſe and ſkill to baſe:
To talke or treate, on thinges of ſuch great weight.
That ſeemes ſo deepe, and reacheth ſuch a height.

With Virgills verſe, and Homers haughtie ſtyle,
In golden lines, ſhould knowledge glorie ſhine.
Would God one man, were borne in this our Ile:
Could catch from cloudes, great arts and grace diuine.
As he were taught, of all the muſes nine,
To knowe the courſe of ſtars and ſtately ſkies:
And howe deepe ſeas, and floudes doe fall and riſe,

If mortall man, may robbe the gods of ſkill.
And rule the ſon, the moone and planets all.
And eaſly climbe, the heauens when he will:

Or make the spirites, belowe obey his call,
Or clap the earth, into a compasse small.
Knowledge is he, nay rather better seed,
A sacred power, hath knowledge in his head:

That from the Lord, of life and glory came,
No earthly gifte, nor worldly wicked knacke.
For world is vaine, most certaine sure I am:
And all foule artes, makes worldlings liue in lacke,
The cleanest mindes, are free from ruine and wracke.
For vertue raignes, and rules this wretched mould:
And drawes from drosse, huge heapes of massie gold,

They neuer thriue, that workes with hagges of hell,
Bare liues they lewd, bare robes and wades they weare:
They seldome want, that in loues doying well.
Great store of fruit, a happie tree doth beare,
A blasted branch, but withers euery where:
A vertuous man, whose hart to grace aspires,
Findes good successe, of all his whole desires,

Great studies gaines, great grace and wisdome tw.
Great wisdome lookes, into Gods sacred throne:
And fewe doe knowe, what speciall grace can doe,
Such secrets great, doth rest in God alone.
And God giues man, the Philosophers stone,
Then who hath that, hath all that can be gote:
And needes not care, for all the world a grote.

Some say that knowes, how god is pleased best,
Good life helpes much, to make men blessed here:
If that be true, God doth bad life detest,
where are we then, where shall foule life appere.
Who hath faire face, who sheweth a conscience clere:
Such as can purge, themselues with praiers still,
Gets greatest grace, and gaineth greatest skil.

God

Good arts are armes, to all our bodies throwe,
By force to worke, by ſtrength to ſtrike all parts:
To make ſtife ſtones, or ſteele to bend or bowe,
As nothing could, eſcape the reach of arts.
Schollers in ſcholes, and merchantes in their marts.
Can ply their thrift, ſo they that maketh gold,
By giftes of grace, haue cunning treble fold.

To catch the heate, of ſon or fire by light:
And melt and myxe, the mettals as they are,
And put by art, compounds together ſtreight.
As all ſhould yæld, to fine inuenſion rare:
When ſcience leaues, all hidden ſecretes bare,
No maſtry then, to worke on waxe newe wrought.
A picture plaine, to anſwere workmans thought:

Moſt nereſt God, the cleaneſt hartes doe goe.
They caſt of fleſh, and Angels nature take,
And than throwe faith, they may moue mountaines ſo,
Gold by that meanes, a mortall man may make,
God doth great things, for his great glories ſake.
That world ſhall ſee, ſome veſſels God hath chose:
To whome he doth his hidden giftes diſcloſe,

vii. of Wiſdome.

The wiſe king ſaid, he ſaw how world was made:
How things began, and how they end againe,
How fruits and flowers, doe flouriſh and doe fade.
How vertues rare, in herbes and rots remaine:
How out of ſtones, comes dewe like drops of raine,
And how dry duſt, and earth that ſæmes nought worth,
Hides gold in hord, yet brings great treaſure forth:

He ſaw what grace, and knowledge could diſcerne,
What wiſdomes eies, could ſee in darkeſt night.
What God himſelfe, to his elcte did learne,

What man might doe, by Gods clære lampe of light,
What might be knowne, by simple sacred sight.
And what poore men, by plainenesse might attaine:
And what fruit comes, by trauell toile and paine,

To gather flowers, and wéedes where ere they growe.
And take vp fruit, from tops of trées that fall,
And mire these things, with flouds that ebbe and floe:
And at a becke, to change their natures all.
Is art at will, and knowledge we it call.
But to digge ont, from drosse the gold most fine.
Is secret skill, and speciall power deuine:

To make fine glasse, and giue it forme and shape,
Was sure an art, that fewe at first did knowe.
A painter made, quicke birds to picke the grape:
That pensell had, most finely painted so.
In dome dead things, life hath bin breathd you knowe.
Who reades shall sée, great knowledge vnder son:
That was with men, by grace and vertue won,

Mercurius Tres migistus king of the Egiptianes.

A king there was, of yoer that Hermies hight,
Who first found out, the cause how gold was made.
Some at his torch, did there dime candells light:
That earst did walke, for want of Son in shade,
Since that in seas, full many wits did wade.
To sound and sée, how farre weake fæte might goe:
And some did find, the depth thereof I troe,

Gebar a king, likewise of great estate,
A volume large, of this great art did write.
Throw studie long, Gebar such knowledge gat:
That in his books, great princes did delight,

Great

Great thinges of him, great actes doe reſyte.
Greater then he, ſome ſay was neuer none,
For he did teach, how men ſhould make the ſtone.

In a viſion, much matter may you read,
Of this rich art, that thouſands hold full déere:
Remundus tw, that long liud héere indéede,
Wrate ſundry wokes, as well doth yet appeare.
Of ſtone for gold, and ſhewed plaine and cléere,
A ſtone for health, Arnolde wrate of the ſame:
And many more, that were tw long to name.

But Ryppley may, not ſcape my pen as yet,
For for ons bookes, that are in written hand:
Two famous clarkes, of ripe and ready wit.
Héere Engliſhmen, borne both with in this land,
In the recordes, of towre their workes doe ſtand:
Let this ſuffice, how ere the matter ſéemd,
Among the wiſe, this art was much eſtéemd.

Heere followes the Tragedie of Shores VVife, much augmented with diuers newe aditions.

To the right honorable the Lady Mount Eagle and Compton, wife to the right honourable the Lord of Buckhurſts ſon and heire.

GOod madame for that the vertuous and good Ladie Carie your ſiſter, honourablie accepted a diſcourſe of my penning, I beleeued your Ladiſhip would not refuſe the like offer, humbly preſented and

and dutifully ment, I bethoght mee of a Tragedie that long laye printed and many ſpeake well of, but ſome doubting the ſhallowneſſe of my heade (or of meere mallice diſdaineth my dooings) denies mee the fathering of ſuch a worke, that hath won ſo much credit, but as ſure as god liues, they that ſo defames me or doth diſable me in this cauſe, doth me ſuch an open wrong as I would be glad to right with the beſt blood in my body, ſo he be mine equall that moued ſuch a quarrell, but mine old yeares doth vtterly forbid me ſuch a combat, and to contend with the malicious I thinke it a madneſſe, yet I proteſt before God and the world the penning of Shores wife was mine, deſiring in my hart that all the plagues in the worlde maie poſſeſſe me, if anie holpe me either with ſcrowle or councell, to the publiſhing of the inuencion of the ſame Shores wife; and to ſhow that yet my ſpirits faile me not in as great matters as that, I haue augmented her Tragedie, I hope in as fine a forme as the firſt impreſſion thereof, and hath ſette forth ſome more Tragedies and Tragicall diſcourſes, no whit inferiour as I truſt to my firſt worke, and good Madame becauſe Roſimond is ſo excellently ſette forth (the actor whereof I honour) I haue ſomewhat beautified my Shores wife, not in any kind of emulation, but to make the world knowe, my deuice in age is as ripe & reddie, as my diſpoſition and knowledge was in youth, ſo hauing choſen a noble perſonage, to be a patrones to ſupport poore Shores wifes Tragedie againe, I commend all the verſes of her (olde and newe) to your good Ladiſhips iudgement, hoping you ſhall loſe no houour

in

In the ſupportation of the ſame, becauſe the true writer thereof with all humblenesſe of mind and ſeruice, preſents the Tragedie vnto your honourable cenſure, wiſhing long life, and encreaſe of vertues fame, to make your Ladiſhips daies happie.

T. Churchyard.

Heere followes the Tragedie of Shores wife, much augmented with diuers new aditions.

AMong the reſt, by fortune ouerthrowne,
I am not leaſt, that moſt may waile her fate:
My fame and brute, abroade the world is blowne,
Who can forget, a thing thus done ſo late?
My great miſchance, my fall, and heauy ſtate,
Is ſuch a marke, whereat each tongue doth ſhote,
That my good name, is pluckt vp by the roote.

This wandring world, bewitched me with wiles,
And won my wits, with wanton ſugred ioyes:
In Fortunes freakes, who truſts her when ſhe ſmiles,
Shall find her falſe, and full of fickle toyes,
Her triumphs all, but fills our eares with noyſe,
Her flattering giftes, are pleaſures mixt with paine,
Yea, and all her words, are thunders threatning raine.

The fond deſire, that we in glorie ſet,
Doth thirle our hearts, to hope in ſlipper hap,
A blaſt of pompe, is all the fruite we get,
And vnder that, lies hid a ſodaine clap.
In ſeeking reſt, vnwares we fall in trap,
In groping flowres, with nettels ſtung we are,
In labring long, we reape the crop of care.

Oh darke deceite, with painted face for ſhow,
Oh poyſned baite, that makes vs eager ſtill,

Oh fained friend, deceiuing people so,
Oh world, of thee, we cannot speake too ill:
Yet fooles we are, that bend so to thy skill,
The plague and scourge, that thousands daily feele,
Should warne the wyse, to shun thy whirling wheele.

But who can stop, the streame that runnes full swift:
Or quench the fire, that crept is in the straw?
The thirsty drinkes, there is no other shift,
Perforce is such, that neede obayes no lawe.
Thus bounde we are, in worldly yokes to drawe,
And cannot stay, nor turne againe in time,
Nor learne of those, that sought too high to clime.

My selfe for proofe, loe here I nowe appeare,
In womans weede, with weeping watred eyes,
That bought her youth, and her delights full deare:
Whose lewd reproch, doth sound vnto the skies.
And bids my corse, out of the ground to rise,
As one that may no longer hide her face:
But needes must come and shewe her piteous case,

The shame of shame, wherein I shrowded was,
Did moue me oft, to plaine before this day,
And in mine eares, did ring the trompe of brasse,
Which is defame, that doth each thing bewray,
Yea though full dead, and lowe in earth I lay,
I heard the voyce, of mee what people saide,
But then to speake, alas I was affraide.

And nowe a time, for me I see prepared,
I heare the lines, and falls of many wights:
My tale therefore, the better may be heard;
For at the torch, the little candle lights.
Where Pageants be, smale things fill out the sights.
Wherefore giue eare, good Churchyard doe thy best,

My Tragedy, to place among the reſt.

Becauſe the truth, ſhall witnes well with thée,
I will rehearſe, in order as it fell,
My life, my death, my dolefull deſtene,
My wealth, my woe, my doing euery deale,
My bitter bliſſe, wherein I long did dwell:
A whole diſcourſe, by me Shores wife by name,
Now ſhalt thou heare, as thou hadſt ſéene the ſame

Of noble blood, I cannot boaſt my byrth,
For I was made, out of the meaneſt moulde,
Mine heritage, but ſeuen foote of th'earth,
Fortune ne gaue, to me the gifts of gold,
But I could brag, of nature if I would:
Who fild my face, with fauour freſh and faire,
Whoſe beautie ſhon, like Phœbus in the ayre.

My beautie blaſd, like torch or twinckling ſtarre,
A liuely lamp, that lends darke world ſome light,
Faire Phœbus beames, ſcarſe reacheth halfe ſo farre:
As did the rayes, of my rare beautie bright,
As ſummers day, excœdes blacke winters night,
So Shores wiues face, made foule Browneta bluſh:
As pearle ſtaynes pitch, or gold ſurmounts a ruſh.

The Damaske roſe, or Roſamond the faire,
That Henry held, as déere as Iewells be,
Who was kept cloſe, in cage from open ayre:
For beauties boaſt, could ſcarſe compare with me,
The kindly buds, and bloſomes of braue trée,
With white and red, had deckt my chœkes ſo fine,
There ſtoode two balles, like drops of claret wine.

The beaten ſnow, nor Lily in the field,
No whiter ſure, then naked necke and hand.
My lookes had force, to make a Lyon yeeld,

Oh fained friend, deceiuing people so,
Thy world, of thee, we cannot speake too ill:
Yet fooles we are, that bend so to thy skill,
The plague and scourge, that thousands daily feele,
Should warne the wyse, to shun thy whirling wheele.

But who can stop, the streame that runnes full swift?
Or quench the fire, that crept is in the straw?
The thirsty drinkes, there is no other shift,
Perforce is such, that needs obayes no lawe.
Thus bounde we are, in worldly yokes to drawe,
And cannot stay, nor turne againe in time,
Nor learne of those, that sought too high to clime.

My selfe for proofe, loe here I nowe appeare,
In womans weede, with weeping watred eyes,
That bought her youth, and her delights full deare:
Whose lewd reproch, doth sound vnto the skies.
And bids my corse, out of the ground to rise,
As one that may no longer hide her face:
But needes must come and shewe her piteous case,

The shame of shame, wherein I shrowded was,
Did moue me oft, to plaine before this day,
And in mine eares, did ring the trompe of brasse,
Which is defame, that doth each thing bewray,
Yea though full dead, and lowe in earth I lay,
I heard the voyce, of mee what people saide,
But then to speake, alas I was affraide.

And nowe a time, for me I see prepared,
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My lookes had force, to make a Lyon yeeld,

» And at my forme, in case a world would stand,
» My body small, framd finely to be spand,
» As though dame kind, had sworne in solemne sort,
» To shrowd herselfe, in my faire forme and port.
»
» No part amisse, when nature tooke such care,
» So set me out, as nought should be awry.
» So formish forth, (in due proportion rare)
» A peece of worke, should please a princes eie,
» O would to God, that boast might prooue a lie,
» For pride youth tooke, in beauties borrowde trash,
» Gaue age a whippe, and left me in the lash.

My shape some saide, was semely to each sight,
My countenance, did shewe a sober grace,
Mine eies in lookes, were neuer proued light,
My tongue in wordes, was chast in euery case,
Mine eares were deafe, and would no louers place,
Saue that, alas, a Prince did blot my browe,
Loe, there the strong, did make the weake to bowe.

The maiestie, that kings to people beare,
The stately port, the awefull chære they showe,
Doth make the meane, to shrinke and couch for feare,
Like as the hounde, that doth his maister knowe:
What then? since I, was made vnto the bowe,
There is no cloake, can serue to hide my fault:
For I agrade, the fort he should assault.

The eagles force, subdues ech bird that flies,
What mettall may, resist the flaming fire?
Doth not the Sun, dasill the clærest eyes,
And melt the yse, and make the frost retyre,
Who can withstand, a puissant kings desire?
The stiffest stones, are perced through with tooles,
The wisest are, with Princes made but fooles,

ye kinde had wrought my forme, in common frames,
And set me forth, in colours blacke and browne.
Or beautie had, beene parcht in Phœbus flames,
Or shamefast wayes, had pluckt my fethers downe,
Then had I kept, my fame and good renowne:
For natures gifts, were cause of all my griefs,
A pleasaunt pray, entiseth many a theefe.

Thus woe to thée, that wrought my peacocks pride,
By cloathing me, with natures tapestry:
Woe worth the hewe, wherein my face was dyde,
Which made me thinke, I pleased euery eie,
Like as the starres, make men beholde the skye.
So beauties showe, doth make the wise full fond,
And brings frée harts, full oft in endlesse bond.

But clére from blame, my friends can not be found,
Before my time, my youth they did abuse,
In mariage yoke, a prentise was I bound,
When that mére loue, I knewe not how to vse,
But wel away, that cannot me excuse,
The harme is mine, though they deuisde my care,
And I must smart, and sit in slaunderous snare.

Yet giue me leaue, to pleade my cause at large,
Yf that the horse, doe run beyonde his race,
Or any thinge, that kéepers haue in charge,
Doe breake their course, where rulers may take place:
Or meate be set, before the hungries face,
Who is in fault? th'offender yea or no,
Or they that are, the cause of all this woe.

Note well what strife, this forced mariage makes,
What lothed liues, doe come where loue doth lacke,
What scratching briers, doe growe vpon such brakes,

What common weales, by it are brought to wracke,
What heauy loade, is put on patients backe,
What strange delights, this branch of vice doth brẽd
And marke what graine, springs out of such a sœde.

Compell the hauke, to sit that is vnmande,
Or make the hounde, vnraind to drawe the deere,
Or bring the frœ, against his will in band,
Or moue the sad, a pleasant tale to here,
Your time is lost, and you no whit the nere:
So loue ne learnes, of force the knot to knit,
She serues but those, that sœles swœte fancies fit.

The lesse defame, redounds to my dispraise,
I was intise, by traines, and trapt by truste:
Though in my force, remained yeas and nayes,
Vnto my friends, yet nœdes consent I muste,
In euery thing, yea lawfull or vniuste.
They breake the bowes, and shake the trœ by sleight,
And bend the wand, that mought haue growne full straight.

What helpe is this, the pale thus broken downe,
The deere must nœdes, in danger run astray:
At me therefore, why should the world so frowne,
My weakenes made, my youth a Princes pray.
Though wisoome should, the course of nature stay,
Yet try my case, who liste, and they shall proue,
The ripest wits, are soonest thralls to loue.

What nœde I more, to cleere my selfe so much,
A king me wan, and had me at his call,
His royall state, his princely grace was such,
The hope of will, that women sœke for all,
The ease and wealth, the gifts which were not small,
Besieged me, so strongly round about,
My power was weake, I could not holde him out.

Duke

Duke Hanniball, in all his conquest great,
Or Cæsar yet, whose triumphes did exceed,
Of all their spoyles, which made them toyle and sweate,
Were not so glad, to haue so rich a meede,
As was this prince, when I to him agreede,
And yelded me, a prisner willingly,
As one that knewe, no way away to fly.

The Nightingale, for all his merry boyce,
Nor yet the Larke, that still delights to sing,
Did neuer make the hearers so reioyce,
As I with wordes haue made this worthy King:
I neuer iarde, in tune was euery string,
I tempred so, my tongue to please his eare,
That what I saide, was currant euery where.

Sweete are the songs, that merry-night crow singes,
For many parts, are in those charming notes,
Sweete are the tunes, and Pipes that pleaseth kings,
Sweete is the loue wherein great Lordings dotes,
But sweetst of all, is fancie where it flotes,
For throwe rough seas, it smoothly swimmes away,
And in deepe flouds, where skulles of fish doe play.

And where loue slides, it leaues no signe nor showe,
Where it hath gon, the way so shuts againe,
It is a sport, to heare the fine night-crow,
Chaunt in the quere vpon a pricke song plaine:
No musicke more may please a princes vaine,
Then descant strange, and voice of saurets breest,
In quiet bower, when birds be all at rest.

No such consort, as plaine two parts in one,
Whose rare reports, doth carry cunning clean,
Where two long loues, and liues in ioy alone.

They

" They ſing at will, the trebleor the meane,
" Where muſicke wants, the mirth not woꝛth a beans,
" The king and I, agreed in ſuch concoꝛde,
I ruld by loue, though he did raigne a Loꝛd.

I ioynd my talke, my ieſtures and my grace,
In wittie frames, that long might laſt and ſtand,
So that I bꝛought, the King in ſuch a caſe,
That to his death, I was his chiefeſt hand,
I gouernd him, that ruled all this land:
I bare the ſwoꝛd, though he did weare the Crowne,
I ſtrake the ſtroke, that thꝛewe the mightie downe.

If iuſtice ſaid, that iudgement was but death,
With my ſweete woꝛdes, I could the King perſwade,
And make him pauſe, and take therein a bꝛeath,
Till I with ſuite, the ſautoꝛs peace had made:
I knewe what way to vſe him in his trade,
I had the art, to make the Lyon meeke,
There was no point, wherein I was to ſeeke.

" I tooke delight, in doying each man good,
" Not ſcratting all, my ſelfe as all were mine,
" But lookt whoſe life, in neede and danger ſtoode.
" And thoſe I kept, from harme with cunning fine.
" On Pꝛinces traine, I alwayes caſt mine eine,
" Foꝛ lifting vp, the ſeruants of a King,
" I did thꝛow court, my ſelfe in fauour bꝛing,
"
" I offered ayde, befoꝛe they ſued to me,
" And pꝛomiſd nought, but would perfoꝛme it ſtreight,
" I ſhaked downe, ſweete fruit from top of tree,
" Made apples fall, in laps of men by ſleight.
" I did good turnes, whiles that I was a height:
" Foꝛ feare a ſtawe, of winde would make me reele,
"

And

And blowe me downe, when Fortune turnd her whéele.

I fild no chests, with chynks to cherish age,
But in the harts, of people layde my gold,
Sought loue of Lord, of maister and of page:
And for no bribbe, I neuer fauour solde.
I had inough, I might doe what I would,
Saue spend or giue, or fling it on the ground,
The more I gaue, the more in purse I found.

If I did frowne, who then durst looke awry,
If I did smile, who would not laugh outright,
If I but spake, who durst my wordes denye?
If I persude, who would forsake the slight?
I meane, my powre, was knowne to euery wight,
On such a height, good hap had built my bowre,
As though my sweete, should nere haue turnd to sowre.

My husband then, as one that knewe his good,
Refusde to kæpe, a Princes Concubine,
Forséeing th'end, and mischiefe as it stood,
Against the King, did neuer much repine:
He sawe the grape, whereof he dranke the wine,
Though inward thought, his hart did still torment,
Yet outwardly, he seemde he was content.

To purchase praise, and win the peoples zeale,
Yea rather bent, of kinde to doe some good,
I euer did, vpholde the common weale,
I had delight, to saue the guiltles blood:
Each suters cause, when that I vnderstood,
I did prefer, as it had bæne mine owne,
And helpe them vp, that might haue bæne orethrowne.

My powre was prest, to right the poore mans wrong,
My hands were free, to giue where neede required:
To watch for grace, I neuer thought it long,
To doe men good, I neede not be desired.
Nor yet with giftes, my hart was neuer hyred.
But when the ball, was at my foote to guide,
I playde to thos, that Fortune did abide.

My want was wealth, my woe was ease at will,
My robes were rich, and brauer then the sunn:
My Fortune then, was far about my skill,
My state was great, my glasse did euer runne.
My fatall thred, so happely was spunne,
That then I sate, in earthly pleasures clad,
And for the time, a Goddesse place I had.

But I had not, so soone this life possest,
But my good hap, began to slide aside:
And Fortune then, did me so sore molest,
That vnto plaints, was turned all my pride.
It booted not, to rowe against the tide,
Mine oares were weake, my heart and strength did faile,
The winde was rough, I durst not beare a saile.

What steps of strife, belong to high estate,
The climing vp, is doubtfull to endure,
The seate it selfe, doth purchase priuy hate,
And honours fame, is fickle and vnsure,
And all she brings, is flowres that be vnpure:
Which fall as fast, as they doe spront and spring,
And cannot last, they are so vaine a thing.

We count no care, to catch that we doe wish,
But what we win, is long to vs vnknowen,
Till present paine be serued in our dish,

We

We ſcarſe perceiue, whereon our griefe hath growen:
What graine proues well, that is ſo raſhly ſowen:
Yf that a meane, did meaſure all our dædes,
In ſtæde of corne, we ſhould not gather wædes.

The ſetled mind, is frée from Fortunes power,
They næde not feare, who loke not vp aloft:
But they that clime, are carefull euery howr,
For when they fall; they light not very ſoft,
Cramples hath, the wiſeſt warned oft,
That where the træs, the ſmaleſt branches beare,
The ſtormes doe blow, and haue moſt rigour there.

Where is it ſtrong, but nære the ground and rote:
Where is it weake, but on the higheſt ſprayes:
Where may a man, ſo ſurely ſet his fote,
But on thoſe bowes, that groweth lowe alwayes:
The little twigs, are but vnſtedfaſt ſtayes,
Yf they breake not, they bend with euery blaſt,
Who truſts to them, ſhall neuer ſtand full faſt.

The winde is great, vpon the higheſt hilles,
The quiet life, is in the dale belowe:
Who treades on yſe, ſhall ſlyde againſt their wills,
They want no cares, that curious artes doe knowe.
Who liues at eaſe, and can content him ſo,
Is perfect wiſe, and ſets vs all to ſchoole,
Who hates this lore, may well be calde a foole.

What greater griefe, may come to any life,
Then after ſwæte, to taſte the bitter ſowre,
Or after peace, to fall at warre and ſtriſe,
Or after myrth, to haue a cauſe to lowre:
Under ſuch props, falſe fortune buildes her bowre
On ſodaine chaunge, her flittering frames be ſet,

Where is no way, for to escape the net.

The hasty smart, that Fortune sends in spite,
Is harde to brooke, where gladnes we embrace:
She threatens not, but sodainely doth smite,
Where ioy is moũ, there doth she sorrow place.
But sure I thinke, it is is to strange a case,
For vs to feele, such griefe amid our game,
And knowe not why, vntill we tast the same.

As erst I sayde, my blisse was turnd to bale,
I had good cause, to wepe and wring my hands,
And showe sad cheere, with countenance full pale:
For I was brought, in sorrowes wofull bands.
A pirry came, and set my ship on sands,
What should I hyde, and coulour care and noy?
King Edward dyde, in whome was all my ioy,

And when the earth, receiued had his corse,
And that in tombe this worthy Prince was layde,
The world on me, began to showe his force,
Of troubles then, my part I long assayde:
For they of whome, I neuer was affrayde,
Undid me most, and wrought me such dispite,
That they bereft, me of my pleasure quite.

» Brought bare and poore, and throwne in worldes disgrace,
» Holds downe the head, that neuer casts vp eye,
» Cast out of court, condemnd in euery place,
» Condemnd perforce, at mercies foote must lye:
» Hope is but small, when we for mercie crye.
» The bird halfe dead, that hauke hath fast in foote,
» Lay head on blocke, where is no other bote.
»

The

The rowling stone, that tumbleth downe the hill,
Fynds none to stay, the furie of his fall,
Once vnder foote, for euer daunted still:
One cruell blowe, strikes cleane away the ball.
Left once in lacke, fæles alwayes want of will,
A conquerd mind, must yéld to euery ill,
A weake poore soule, that fortune doth forsake,
In hard extreames, from world her leaue may take

From those that fall, such as doe rise and run,
The sound with sicke, doe seldome long abide,
Poore people passe (as shadowes in the Sun).
Like fæble fish, that néedes must followe tyde,
Among the rich, a beggar soone is spied,
When weake Shores wife, had lost her staffe of stay:
The halt and blind, went limping lame away,

The poore is pincht, and pointed at in deed,
As baited bull, were leading to a stake,
Wealth findes great helpe, want gets no friend at néede,
A plaged wight, a bowteles mone may make:
A naked soule, in street for colde may quake.
But colde or hot, when mischiefes comes a roe,
As falles the lot, the backe beares of the bloe.

Prefarment past, the world will soone forget,
The present time, is daily gazd vpon,
Ye merchant rich, from wealth doe fall in debt:
Small count is made, of his good fortune gon.
We fæde on flesh, and fling away the bone,
Embrace the best, and set the worst aside,
Because faire flowers, are made of in their pride.

You yonglings nowe, that vaine delights leads on,
To sell chast life, for lewd and light desires,

» Poore gaine is gote, when rich good name is gon,
» Foule blot and shame, liues vnder trimme attires:
» World soone casts off, the hackney horse it hiers.
» And when bare nagge, is ridden out of breath,
» Tibbe is turnd lose, to feed on barren heath.
»
» Of flowers a while, men doe gay poses make.
» The sent once past, a due dry withered leaues,
» Loue lasts not long, prickt vp for pleasures sake:
» Straw little worth, when corne forsaks the sheaues,
» A painted post, the gazars eie deceiues, (sight.
» But when foule fauts, are found that bleard the
» The account is gon, of girlls or gugawes light.
»
» Young poppies play, small season lasts you see,
» Old appish sportes, are quickly out of grace,
» Fond wanton games, will sone forgotten be.
» As sowre as crabbe, becomes the sweetest face,
» There needes no more, be spoken of this case,
» All earthly ioyes, by tract of time decayes,
» Sone is the glasse runne out of our good dayes.
»
» My fall and facte, makes proofe of that is spoke,
» Tels world to much, of shadowes in the sunne,
» Dust blowne with winde, or simple prose of smoake,
» That flies from fire, and fast throwe aire doth run:
» It ends with woe, that was with ioy begun.
» It turnes to teares, that first began with sport,
» At length long paine, finds pleasure was but short.

As long as life, remaind in Edwards brest,
Who was but I? who had such friends at call?
His body was, no sooner put in chest,
But well was he, that could procure my fall:
His brother was, mine enemy most of all,

Protector

Protector then, whose vice did still abound,
From ill to worse, till death did him confound.

He falsely fainde, that I of counsell was,
To poyson him, which thing I neuer meant:
But he could set thereon a face of brasse,
To bring to passe, his lewde and false intent,
To such mischiefe, this tyrants heart was bent,
To God, ne man, he neuer stood in awe,
For in his wrath, he made his will a lawe.

Lord Hastings bloud for vengeaunce on him cryes,
And many moe, that were to long to name:
But most of all and in most woefull wise,
I had good cause, this wretched man to blame.
Before the world, I suffered open shame,
Where people were, as thicke as is the sand,
I pennance tooke, with taper in my hand.

Each eye did stare, and looke me in the face,
As I past by, the rumours on me ran,
But pacience then, had lent me such a grace,
My quiet lookes, were praisd of euery man:
The shamefast bloud, brought me such collour than,
That thousands sayde, that sawe my sober cheere,
It is great ruth, to see this woman heere.

But what preuayld, the peoples pitie there?
This raging wolfe, would spare no guiltles blood.
Oh wicked wombe, that such ill fruit did beare,
Oh cursed earth, that yeldeth forth such mud:
The hell consume, all things that did thee good,
The heauens shut, their gates against thy spreete,
The world tread downe, thy glory vnder feete.

I aske

I aske of God, a vengeance on thy bones,
Thy stinking corps, corrupts the aire I knowe:
Thy shamefull death no earthly wight bemones:
For in thy life, thy workes were hated so,
That euery man, did wish thy ouerthroe:
Wherefore I may, though parciall nowe I am,
Curse euery cause, whereof thy body came.

Woe worth the man, that fathered such a childe.
Woe worth the howre, wherein thou wast begate:
Woe worth the brests, that haue the world begylde,
To norish thee, that all the worlde did hate,
Woe worth the Gods, that gaue thee such a fate,
To liue so long, that death deserude so oft,
Woe worth the chance, that set thee vp aloft.

" Woe worth the day, the time the howre and all,
" Whensubiects clapt the crowne on Richards head,
" Woe worth the Lordes, that sat in sumptuous hall,
" To honour him, that Princes blood so shead:
" Would God he had bin, boyld in scalding lead.
" When he presumde, in brothers seat to sit,
" Whose wretched rage, ruld all with wicked wit.

Ye Princes all, and rulers euerechone,
In punishment, beware of hatreds yre.
Before ye scourge, take harde, looke well thereon:
In wraths ill will, if malice kindle fyre,
Your harts will burne, in such a hote desyre,
That in those flames, the smoke shall dim your sight,
Ye shall forget, to ioyne your iustice right.

You should not iudge, till things be well descernd,
Your charge is still, to maintaine vpright lawes:
In conscience rules, ye should be throwly lernd,
Wher

Where clemencie, bids wrath and rashnes pause,
And further saith, strike not without a cause:
And when ye smite, doe it for iustice sake,
Then in good part, ech man your scourge will take.

If that such zeale, had moud this tyrants mind,
To make my plague, a warning for the rest,
I had smal cause, such fault in him to finde,
Such punishment, is vsed for the best:
But by ill will, and powre I was oprest,
He spoylde my goods, and left me bare and poore,
And caused me, to beg from doore to doore.

What fall was this, to come from Princes fare,
To watch for crumes, among the blind and lame?
When almes were delt, I had an hungry share,
Because I knewe, not how to aske for shame,
Till force and nede, had brought me in such frame,
Than starue I must, or learne to beg an almes,
With booke in hand, to say S. Dauids Psalmes.

Where I was wont, the golden chaines to weare,
A payre of beads, about my necke was wound,
A linnen cloth, was lapt about my heare,
A ragged gowne, that trailed on the ground,
A dish that clapt, and gaue a beauie sound,
A staying staffe, and wallet therewithall,
I bare about, as witnesse of my fall,

The fall of leafe, is nothing like the spring, ,,
Ech eye beholdes the rising of the sunne, ,,
All men admire the fauour of a King, ,,
And from great states, growne in disgrace they run, ,,
Such sodaine claps, ne wit nor will can shun: ,,
For when the stoole, is taken from our fete, ,,

Full flat on flooze, the body falls in ſtréte.

I had no houſe, wherein to hide my heade,
The open ſtréte, my lodging was perfoze,
Full oft I went, all hungry to my bed,
My fleſh conſumde, I looked like a coze.
Yet in that plight, who had on me remorſe?
O God thou knowſte, my friends foꝛſooke me than,
Not one holpe me, that ſuccred many a man.

They frowned on me, that fawnd on me befoze,
And fled from me, that followed me full faſt:
They hated me, by whome I ſet much ſtoze,
They ken we full well, my Foztune did not laſt.
In euery place, I was condemnde and caſt,
To pleade my cauſe, at bar it was no boote,
Foꝛ euery man, did treade me vnder foote.

Thus long I liu'd, all weary of my life,
Till death appꝛocht, and rid me from that woe:
Crample take, by me, both maide and wife,
Beware, take hæde, fall not to folly ſo.
A Mirrour make, by my great ouerthꝛoe,
Defye the woꝛld, and all his wanton wayes,
Beware by me, that ſpent ſo ill her dayes.

T. Churchyard.

A Story of an Eagle and a Lady, excellently ſet out in Du Bartas.

MOunt Eagle vp, with fame and honour great,
By Pellycan, that fœdes her young with blood,
(Of her owne breſt), make thou thy noble ſeat:
Thy vertues doe, ſurmount all woꝛldly good.

No

No bird but one, which is a Phenix rare,
Doth thee surpasse, or may with thee compare.

The Story.

A Lady once, in Thraciaas we read,
Two Eagles found, newe hatched in their neast,
The one she tooke, and did that bird so feede,
(And kept it warme, amid her tender brest),
Tha as this dame, fell sicke vpon a day,
This Eagle flue, abroad to get his pray.

And what so ere, this Eagle kild in field,
He brought it home, as choycely as he might:
At mistresse foote, the pray then would he yelde,
Who mused much, to see so strange a sight.
But mistresse health, by this might not be had,
Which daily made, the Eagle wonderous sad.

But still he flue, to field for dainty fare,
To feede this dame, that long a dying lay:
And when the bird, saw house so full of care,
For mistresse death, whose life was past away.
Upon the bed, he sat and bowd his beake,
Downe to the floore, to heare his mistresse speake.

Oft would he kisse, her mouth as colde as stone,
And spread his winges, abroad to warme her face:
And in his kind, he made such heauy mone,
As man for wife, may doe in such a case.
But when no life, in mistresse might be found,
With his owne beake, himselfe he gan to wound.

Bruld all his brest, and body euery where,
Pluckt feathers off, and flung them flat on floore,
Bled out of frame, and did his flesh so teare:
That he could not, no way flye out of doore.

Would take no foode, nor rest, but growling lay;
By bare bedstocke, halfe dead full many a day.

At length her corse, a funerall must haue,
Where mistresse must, be burnd as was the gyse,
The Eagle then, did follow her to graue:
And vnder winge, did mount aloft in skyes.
And when in fire, was cast this noble dame,
The Eagle flung, himselfe amid the flame.

With pikes and staues, the people held him backe,
That helpt no whit, the Eagle there would burne,
So bent to seeke, in fire his ruine and wracke,
Into the flame, againe he did returne:
Mount Eagle then, from dust and ashes heere,
Vnto the clouds, where vertue shineth cleere.

TO THE HONOVRABLE MY LADIE Carie. Sir George Caries wife, one of the Ladies of the priuie chamber.

HAuing great desire (good madame) in some seruiceable sort to dedicate to you a peece of such my honest labors as may merit your Ladiships good liking, I find my selfe so vnable for the same, as in a manner halfe discouraged, I doubted what inuencion I should take in hand, but waieng your vertuous disposition, ioyned with a sweet and courteous kind of behauiour

behauiour (that wins the worlds goodwill) I presumed that your Ladiship would not thinke amisse of anie that would honour you in good meaning with such workes of the pen, as becometh an humble writer to present to such a worthie Ladie, so searching my simple storehouse of studies, I found fit for my purpose (though farre vnmeet for your reading) a dolefull discourse of a hapless man, penned long a goe to bee looked on, but cast carelesly aside, therefore nowe reuiued againe to manifest his misfortunes, that willinglie would not depart the world till his whole pilgrimage were well known to the best sort of people, as the verses that followes shal amply declare, which verses I commit to your ladiships iudgement and viewe, wishing you much honour and good Fortune, with encrease of vertue.

A TRAGICAL DISCOVRSE OF THE Hapless mans life.

COme Courtics al, draw nére my morning bers,
Come heare my knell, ere corse to church shal goe,
Or at the least, come read this woefull verse:
And last farwell, the hapless penneth so,
And such as doth his life, and manners kno,
Come shed some teares, and sée him painted out,
That restles here, did wander world about.

O pilgrimes poore, presse nére my pagent nowe,
And note ful wel the part that I haue playd,
And wisely waye, my thriftles Fortune throwe,

And p;int in b;eſt, ech wo;d that hære is ſaid:
Sh;inke not my friends, ſtep fo;th ſtand not, afrayd
Though monſtrous hap, I daily hære poſſeſt,
Some ſwæter chaunce, may b;ing your hearts to reſt.

Fo; though the w;etch, in cold and hunger lies,
The happie wight, in pompe and pleaſure ſits,
The weake falls downe, where mightie folke ar ies:
The ſound fæles not, the fæble ague fits.
So wo;ld you wot, doth ſerue the fineſt wits,
The wiſe at will, can walke where ſhins the Sun
And to the ſtreame and floud ech fiſh will run.

And hap falles not, to euery man a like,
Some ſlæpes full ſound, yet hath the wo;ld at call,
Some leapes the hedge, ſome lights amid the dike:
Some ſucks the ſweat, and ſome the bitter gall,
The vſe of things, blynd deſtnie giues vs all.
So though you ſæ, ten thouſand ſoules in hell,
Yet may you hope, in heauens bliſſe to dwell.

Let my miſhap, a wo;ldly wonder be,
Fo; few can finde, the fruit that I did taſt,
Ne leaues no; bowes, I found vpon the trée:
And where I ploud, the Ground lay euer waſt.
A man would thinke, the child was bo;ne in haſt:
O; out of time, that had ſuch lucke as I,
Fo; loe I looke, fo; Larkes when falles the skye.

No ſoyle no; ſeat, no; ſeaſon ſerues my turne,
Ech plot is ſowne, with ſo;owe where I goe,
On mountaine top, they ſay where to;ch ſhould burn
I find but ſmoke, and lo;hſome ſmoth;ing woe,
Nære Fountaine head, where ſp;ings doe daily floe:
Cold yſe I get, that melts with warmth of hand,

So

So that I ſtarue, where Cocke and Cundits ſtand.

I quench ſmall thirſt, where thouſands drinke & bib,
An empty cup I carry cleane away,
And though as leane, as rake is euery rib
And hollow chækes, doth hidden griefe bewray,
The riche eats all, the poore may faſt and pray:
No butter cleaus, vpon my bread at nede,
When hungry maw, thinkes throate is cut indede.

The ſhallow brokes, where little fiſhe are found,
I ſhun, and ſeke, the Seas to ſwym thercon,
Yet veſſayle ſinkes, or barke is layd a ground,
Where leaking ſhips, in ſafety ſtill haue gone:
The harbour finde, when hauen haus I none,
Hap calles them in, when I am logde at large,
Thus plainnes crepes, in cold cocke Lorels barge.

Full fifety yeres, both Court and warres I trode,
And ſtill I ſought acquaintance with the beſt,
And ſerud the ſtate, and did ſuch hap abide,
As might befall, and Fortune ſent the reſt,
When drum did ſound, a ſouldier was I preſt,
To Sea or Land, as Princes quarrell ſtode.
And for the ſame, full oft I loſt my bloud.

In Scotland long, I lingered out my yeres,
When Wilford liud, a worthy wight indede:
And there at length, I fell ſo far in briers,
I taken was, as deſtny had decrede
Well yet with wordes, I did my foes ſo fede,
That there I liud, in pleaſure many aday,
And ſcapte ſo frce, I did no ranſom e pay.

Some ſaid I found, in Scotland fauour then.

I graunt

I graunt my pomp, was more than reason would
Yet on my hand, I sent home sundry men
That els had pynd, in prison pincht with cold,
To French, and scots, so faire a tale I told,
That they beleeud, white chalke and cheese was one,
And it was pearle, that proud but pible stone.

In Lawther fort, I clapt my selfe by sleight,
So fled from foes, and home to friends I past:
The French in hast, besegd that fortresse streight,
Then was I like to light in fetters fast,
But loe a peace, broke vp the seege at last.
When weary warres, and wicked bloudshed great,
Made both the sides, to seeke a quiet seat.

From thence I came, to England as I might,
And after that, to Irland I did saile,
Where Sellenger, a wise and Noble Knight.
Gaue me such place, as was to mine auaile,
Then teasters walkt as thick as doth the hayle,
About the world, for loe from thence I bore,
(For seruice done), of money right good store.

Home came I thor, and so to France did fare,
When that their King, wan Meatts through fatchis fine,
So on the stocke, I spent al voide of care,
And what I gate. by spoyle I held it mine,
Than downe I past, the pleasaunt floud of Ryen,
And so I serud, in Flanders note thesame,
Where loe at first, my hap fell out of frame.

For I was clapt, in prison without cause,
And streightly held, for comming out of France,
But God did worke, through iustice of the cause,
And helpe of friends, to me a better chaunce,

And

And ſtill I hopte, the warres would me aduance
So trayld the pike, and world began a newe,
And lookt like hauke, that lately came from mue.

Three yéere at leaſt, I ſaw the Emp:ours warres,
Then homeward drewe, as was my wonted trade:
Where Sun and Moone, and al the ſeuen ſtarres,
Stode on my ſide, and me great welcome made,
But whether fayre, and flowres full ſoone wil fade:
So peoples loue, is like new beſomes oft,
That ſwéepes all cleane, whiles brome is greene and ſoft.

Well once againe, to warres I drew me faſt,
And with Lord Gray at Giens I did remaine,
Where he or his, in any ſeruice paſt,
I followed on, amyd the warlike traine,
And ſometime felt, my part of woe and paine:
As others did, that Canon wel could like
And pleaſure tooke, in trayling of the pike.

At length the French, did Giens beſiege ye wot,
And little helpe or ſuccour found we thoe,
By which foule want, it was my heauy lot:
To Paris ſtreight with good Lord Gray to goe.
As priſoners both, the world to wel doth knoe,
By tract of time, and wonders charge indéede,
He homeward went, and tooke his leaue with ſpéede.

But poſt alone, I ſtoode alacke the while,
And country cleane, forgot me this is true,
And I might liue, in ſorrow and exile.
And pine away, for any thing I knewe,
As I had bakt, indéede ſo might I brue:
Not one at home, did ſéeke my griefe to heale,
Thus was I cleane cut of from common weale.

Yet loe a shift, to skape away I found,
When to my faith, my taker gaue no trust,
I did deuise, in writing to be bound:
To come againe, the time was set full iust,
But to returne forsoth I had no lust,
Since faith could get no credit at his hand,
I sent him word, to come and sue my band.

He came himselfe, to court as I did heare,
And told his tale, as finely as he might,
At Ragland then, was I in Monmouth shiere.
Yet when in court, this matter came to light:
My friends did say, that I had done him right,
A Souldier ought vpon his faith to go,
Which I had kept, if he had sent me so.

Well yet my mind, could neuer rest at home,
My shoes were made, of running leather sure,
And borne I was, about the world to rome,
To see the warres, and keepe my hand in vre:
The French ye knowe, did Englishmen procure,
To come to Leeth, at seege whereof I was,
Till French did sicke, in ships away to passe.

A little breath, I toke then after this,
And shapte my selfe, about the Court to be,
And euery day, as right and reason is,
To serue the Prince, in Court I settled me:
Some friends I found, as friends doe goe you see,
That gaue me words, as sweete as hony still,
Yet let me liue, by head and canning skill.

I crucht, I kneeld, and many a cap could vayle,
And watched late, and early rose at morne,
And with the throng, I followed hard at tayle:

As

As braue as bull, or ſheepe but newly ſhorne,
The gladeſt man, that euer yet was borne,
To wayt and ſtare, among the ſtates full hye:
Who feedes the poore, with many a friendly eye.

But who can liue, with goodly lookes alone,
Or merry words, that ſounds like tabers pype,
Say what they will, they loue to keepe their owne:
And part with nought, that commeth in their gripe,
You ſhall haue Nuts, they ſay when ploms are ripe.
Thus all with ſhalls, or ſhalles ye ſhal be fed,
And gape for gold, and want both Gold and lead.

The proof thereof, made me to ſeeke far hence,
To Anwerp then, I trudged on the ſpleene
And all in haſt, to get ſome ſpending pence,
To ſerue my turne, in ſeruice of the Queene:
But God he knowes, my gaine was ſmal I weene.
For though I did my credit ſtill encreaſe,
I got no wealth, by warres, ne yet by peace.

Yet harke and note, I pray you if you pleaſe,
In Anwerp towne, what Fortune me befel:
My chance was ſuch, when I had paſt the ſeas,
(And taken land and thereon reſted wel)
The people iard, and range a larum bel,
So that in armes, the towne was euery where,
And few or none, of life ſtood certaine there.

A Noble Prince I ſaw, amid that broyle,
To whome I went, and ſware his part to take,
The commons came, al ſet on rage and ſpoyle,
And gaue me charge, to keepe my wits awake:
The Prince for loue, of King and countries ſake.
Bad me doe wel, and ſhed no guyltles bloud,

The Prince of Orenge.

And saue from spoyle, poore people and their good.

I gaue my fayth, and hand to doe the same,
And wrought the best, that I could worke therefore:
And brought at length, the commons in such frame,
That some were bent to blow the cole no more,
Yet some to rage, and robbery ran full sore:
Whome I reformde, so that no harme did fall,
To any wight, among the commons all.

The keyes I had, of towne and treasure both,
And Captaine was, of thousands three daies than,
And ruled all, our foes to tell you troth,
And saud indeed, the life of many a man.
And many a peece, of goodly ordinance wan:
Tooke prisoners two, and of the brauest sort,
I clapt in hold, and held the enemies short.

M. Candeler maister of the assurances in the Royall Exchange is aliue, witnesse to this.

Fiue thousand shot, I sent behind their backes,
To dant their pryde, and plucke their courage downe,
And quicke with spade, deuisd such cunning knackes.
As in three howres, we conquerd all the towne.
The enemies durst, no drum nor trumphet sowne,
For feare of blowes, for such a campe they sawe,

M. Iosephe Loupo & his Brother Peter two excellent musitions, are aliue witnesse to this in like sorte.

In armes at hand, that held them all in awe,

The enemies drew, the Martinests from me,
By such false baite, as subtil people rayse:
The Caluenists, that did this trechery see,
Loud quicke dispatch, but hated long delayes.
They sawe the world, was wandring sundry wayes,
So bad me store, to stay the reeling state,
That some would fall, and breed a strange debate.

Ten thousand men, by this deuise we lost,

Fol

But ere they could make head againſt vs there,
We bould them all, and to the Prince in poſt,
I paſt to put the people in ſuch feare,
That we in haſt, vnarmd them euery wheres,
Then did we march, with fifténe thouſand more,
Along the ſtréetes, and thankt the Lord therefore.

Ech man in peace, and ſafe in lodging ſo,
The goſpell frée and preachers well at eaſe,
To England ſtreight, indéede I thought to goe
When this vprore, with peace I did appeaſe.
In ſurety ſo, I could not paſſe the ſeas,
A drift was drawne, to take me in a trap,
But God prepard, for me a better hap.

In ſtréete we ſtoode, and brake ne hoſe nor doze,
And for thrée dayes, made no mans finger bleed:
I dare auouch, that neither rich or poore.
Could ſay they loſt the valour of a thréede,
Well what of that, you know an honeſt deed,
Is ſone forgot, of ſuch as thankles be,
For in the end, it fared ſo by me.

The towne I kept, from cruell ſword and fire,
Did ſéeke my life, when peace and all was made,
And ſuch they were, that did my bloud deſire:
As I had ſaude, from blowes and bloudy blade,
I crept away, and bide me in the ſhade,
But as the day, and Sun began to ſhine,
They followed faſt, with force and practize fine.

In prieſts atyre, but not with ſhauen crowne,
I ſcapte their hands, that ſought to haue my head,
In forckid cap, and pleyted curtal gowne:

Far

Far from the Church, stode me in right good stead.
In al this while, ne masse for quicke nor dead,
I durst not sing, a posting priest I was,
That did in hast, from post to piller passe.

In Briges then, the persons breatch did quake,
For there a clarke, came tinging of a Bell,
(That in the towne, did such a rumbling make)
I could not walke, in vickars garments well:
So there I wisht my selfe in cockle shel,
Or sea man sloppes, that smeld of pitch and tar,
Which robes I found, ere I had traueld far.

A Marshall came, and searcht our whole fléete than,
In boate I leapt, and so through Sealand went,
And many a day a silly weary man:
I traueld there, and stode with toyle content,
Til God by grace, a better Fortune sent.
And brought me home in safety as you knoe,
Great thankes to him, I giue that serude me so.

In Court where I, at rest and peace remainde,
I thought vpon, the part that Flemings plaide,
And for goodwil, since I was so retainde:
I thought to make, those roysters once afraid,
So hoist vp sayle when I had anker waid,
And into France, I slipt with much adoe,
Where loc a Net, was making for me to.

Yet past I through, to Paris without stop,
When ciuile broyles were likely to begin,
And standing there, within a merchants shop,
I heard one say the Prince was comming in,
To Flaunders fast, with whome I late had bin,
Before you wot, thus hauing merry newes,

I stole

I ſtole away, and ſo did France refuſe.

But by your leaue, I fell in daunger deepe,
Before I could in freedome goe or ride,
Deuouring Wolues, had like to ſlaine the ſheepe:
And wipte their mouthes, vpon the muttons hide.
Nought goes amiſſe, where God wil be the guide,
So through the place, where perril moſt did ſeeme,
I paſt at will, when danger was extreme.

The Prince I found, from Collen at his houſe,
And there I ſaw, of Koitters right good ſtore,
Who welcomde me, with many a mad carouſe:
Such is their giſe, and hath bin euermore,
To Flaunders thus, we marcht and God before,
And neare the Rhine, our Campe a ſeaſon lay,
Till money came, and had a generall pay.

In Flaunders long, our Campe remained ſtill,
And ſweete with ſowre, we taſted ſundry wayes
Who goes to warres, muſt feele both good and ill
Some likes it not, and ſome that life can prayes
Where nightes are cold, and many hungry dayes
Some will not be, yet ſuch as loues the drom
Takes in good part, the chaunces as they com.

Perhaps my ſhare, was not the ſweeteſt there,
I make no boſt, nor finde no fault therein:
I ſought my ſelfe, the burthen for to beare,
Among the reſt, that had ore charged bin.
If ſmart I felt, it was a plague for ſin,
If ioy I found, I knewe it would not laſt,
If wealth I had, ſo waſt came on as faſt,

When Prince did paſſe, to France and Flaunders laſt,

I licence sought, to see my native soile,
He told me than, the French by some fine craft:
On me at lenght would make a pray and spoyle,
I tooke my leaue, not fearing any foyle.
But ere the day, the skie had cleane forsooke,
I fell in snare, as fish on baited hoke.

A woefull tale, it is to tell indéed,
Yet heare it out, and how God wrought for me,
The case was such, that I a gide did néede,
So in the field, full neare a willow trée.
I found a carle, that néedes my guide must be
His hand I had, his heart did halt the while,
And treason did, through trust the true beguyle.

We held the way, vnto S. Quintance right,
As I did thinke, but long t wo leagues I lost,
To ease my horse, he bad me ost a light:
But I thereat, séemd dumme and deafe as post,
Of stomacke stout, the way oftimes he crost:
And sought to take, my bridle by the raine,
That sleight I found, and so he lost his paine.

Had I turnd backe, the pesants were at hand
Who mounted were, on better horse than I,
A village neere, there was within that land:
Where loe my guide, would haue me for to lye.
Not so my friend, I answerde very hie,
Whereat he knewe, the pad in straw was found,
So tooke the ball, and stroke it at rebound:

Thou canst not scape, (quoth he) then light adowne,
Thou art but dead, thy lyfe here shalt thou lose,
And there withall, the carle began to frowne:
And laid his hand, vpon my leather hose.

Through

Through ſignes he made, the towne by this aroſe,
And ſome by warres, that lately loſt their good,
Sought to reuenge the ſame vpon my bloud.

My guide leapt vp, vpon the horſe I rode,
And flang away, as faſt as he could driue:
Downe was I halde, and on my face they trode,
And for my robes, the tormenters did ſtriue.
My guide did crie, O leaue him not aliue:
An Engliſh churle, he is his tongue doth ſhowe,
And gold he hath good ſtore, ful wel I know.

They ſtript me ſtreight, from dublet to my ſhurt,
Yet hoſe they left, vntoucht as God it would
No power they had, to doe me further hurt:
For as the knife, to throate they gan to hold.
To ſaue my life, an vpright tale I told,
They hearing that, laid all their weapons downe,
And aſkt me if, I knewe ſaint Quintains towne.

I paſt therby, when to the Spawe I went,
(Quoth I) and there, my paſport well was viewd,
If that be true, ſaid one thou ſhalt be ſent:
From thence in haſt, and ſo they did conclude.
To towne I ſhould, from ſauage countrey rude,
So in they hey, they laid me all that night,
Yet ſought my life, before the day was light.

But as with weedes, ſome ſuffrant flower groes,
So in that ſoile a bleſſed man was bred,
Which vndertooke, to kepe me from my foes:
And ſaue my life, by fine deuice of head.
He cald me vp, when they were in their bed,
And bad me goe, with him where he thought beſt,
Leaſt in that place, full ſmall ſhould be my reſt.

I followed on, as he did lead the trace,
He brought me safe, where I in surety stood,
Thus God through him, did shewe his might and grace,
Which loyde me more, than all this worldly good:
The other sort, were butchers al for blood,
And daily slue, such straggiars as they tooke,
For whome they lay, and watcht in many a nooke,

That hazard past, I found more mischieues still,
But none so great, nor none so much to feare:
With toyle and payne, with slight of head and skil
From Fraunce I came, (and left all mischief there)
Now heere what fruit, my native soyle doth beare,
See what I reape, and marke what I haue sowne:
And let my lucke, through all this Land be knowne.

First let mee tell, how Fortune did mee call,
To Garnesey thoe, to slaie my troubled minde:
Where well I was, although my wealth was small,
And long had dwelt, if destny had assignde,
But as the ship, is subiect to the winde,
So we must chaunge, as checking chaunces falls,
Who tosseth men, about like tennis balles.

This chaunce is shee, some sale that leades men out,
And bringes them home, when least they looke therefore,
A dallying dame, that breedes both hope and doubt,
And makes great woundes, yet seldome salues the sore,
Not sure on sea, nor certaine on the shore,
A worldly witch, that deales with wanton charmes,
For one good turne, shee doth ten thousand harmes.

A figge for chaunce, this Fortune beares no shape,
The people fond, a name to Fortune giue:
Which senceless soules, doe after shadowes gape,

Great

Great GOD doth rule, and ſure as God doth liue,
Hee grindes the Corne, and ſifts the meale through ſiue,
And leaues the bran, as refuſe of the flowre,
To worke his will, and ſhew his mightie power.

Promotion comes, ne from the Eaſt nor Weſt,
Ne South nor North, it fals from Heauen hie:
For God himſelfe, ſets vp whom hee thinkes beſt,
And caſts them downe, whoſe hearts would climbe the ſkie.
Thus earthly haps, in worldlings doe not lie.
We trudge, wee run, we ride and breake our braine,
And backward come, the ſelfe ſame ſteps againe.

Till time approch, that God will man preferre,
With labours long, in vaine we beat the ayre:
Our deſtnies dwell, in neyther moone nor ſtarre,
Nor comfortes come, from people foule nor fayre,
Small hope in thoſe, that ſits in golden chayre.
Their moodes, their mindes, and all wee goe about,
Takes light from him, that puts our candle out.

This argues now, all goodneſſe freely groes,
From him that firſt, made man of earthly mold:
And floodes of wealth into their boſome floes,
That clearely can, his bleſſed will beholde.
As Shepeheardes doe, kepe ſafe their ſhepe in fold.
And Gardner knowes, how flowres ſhould watred bee,
So God giues ayde, ere man the want can ſee.

Helpes comes not ſure, by hap, or heads deuice,
Though wits of men, are meanes to worke the ware:
And cunning handes, doe often caſt the dice.
All theſe are toyes, truſt vp in tinkars packes,
No flame will riſe, till fire bee thruſt to flare.
No braunch may bud, till he that made the plant,

With dew of grace, indeede ſupplies the want,

Can earth yeeld fruit, till Spring time lap doe ſhoe?
Can ayre be cleere, till fogges and miſts be fled?
Can ſeas and flouds, at euery ſeaſon floe?
Can men giue life, to ſhapes and bodies dead?
Such ſecrets paſſe, the reach of mans vaine head,
No looke to reape, no corne for all our toile,
Till harueſt come, and God hath bleſt the ſoyle.

The potter knowes, what veſſaile ſerues his turne,
And therein ſtill, he powreth liquor ſweete:
The Cooke wel notes, what wood is beſt to burne,
And what conceipts, is for the banket meete:
The Captaine markes, what Souldier hath moſt ſpéete.
And calles that man, to charge and office great,
When he thinkes good, and ſeruice is in heat.

Dare any wight, preſume to take the place,
Of worthy charge, till he thereto be cald?
Dare ſubiect brag, before the Princes face?
Or ſhrine with ſtates, that are in honour ſtauld?
Dare village boaſt, with Citie ſtrongly wauld?
Dare children clime, till they good footing finde,
No al things yeelds, to him that leads the mind.

He lifts aloft, he flingeth downe as faſt,
He giues men fame, and plucks renowne away,
Hap doth not ſo, for chaunce is but a blaſt,
An idle word, wherewith weake people play:
Hap hangs and holds, on hazard euery way,
And hazard leanes, on doubt and daunger dépe,
That glads but few, and maketh Millions wépe.

I vſe this terme, of hap in all I write,

As well to make, the matter large and long,
As any cauſe, or Dram of great delight
I take therem: But here I doe you wrong.
To lead your cares, with ſuch a ſenceleſſe ſong,
From hearing that, I promiſd haue to ende,
The vare diſcourſe, the hapleſſe man hath pend.

So comming home, and crept from toyle abroad,
(With charged breſt, and heauy heauing hart)
I thought in Court, my burthen to vnloade:
And caſt away, the cares of former ſmart,
But there alas, my chaunce is ſo orethwart,
I ſit and ſighe, and fold mine armes withall,
And in old griefes, afreſh begin to fal.

Yea there where moſt, my hope and haunt hath bin,
Where yeares and dayes, I ſpent vpon the ſtocke:
And diuers doe, good hap and frendſhip win.
(And ductie makes a World of people flocke)
And thouſands Loe, drawes water from the Cocke,
I ſcarſe may moyſt, my mouth when thirſt is great
And hart is cleane, conſumde with ſcalding heat.

A ſpring of kind, doth floe aboue the brim,
Yet cannot ſtoppe a Fountaine if you would:
For through hard rockes, it runneth cléere and trim.
And in ſome Ground, it caſts vp grayne of Gold,
It burſts the Earth, and deepely digges the Ground.
It guſheth out, and goes in ſundry vaines,
From mountaines top, and ſpreadeth al the playnes.

The Spring creépes vp, the higheſt hil that is,
And many Wells, thereon are eaſly found,
And this I wot, where doe you water miſ,
Small fruit doth grow, it is but barraine Ground

The

The soyle is sweete, where pleasaunt springes abounde,
The Cowslop sprouts, where spring and fountaines bée,
And floodes beginne, from fountaine heades yon sée.

The labouring man, thereat doth cole his heat,
The birdes doe bathe, their breasts full brauely there:
The bruteste beastes, therein find pleasures great,
And likes not halfe, so well another where,
What cause in mee, what doubt, what fault, or feare.
That I may not, in this so weake a plight:
Go drinke my fill, where eche thing hath delight.

The more wée drawe, the water from the well,
The better farre. wee bring the spring in frame,
The seas themselues, of nature rise and swell,
The more the wind, and weather workes the same.
The fire burnes best, when bellowes blowes the flame.
Let thinges stand still, and stirre them not in time:
They shall decay, by meane of drosse and slime.

I sée some streames, with stickes are choked vp,
And Riuers large, are marde with beds of sande:
I sée some bring, from Doels an emptie cup,
Yet craue an almes, and showes a needie hand.
I see bare boyes, before the banket stand,
And no man sayth, loe poore man if thou wut:
Take heere a dish, to fill thy hungrie gut.

Of cormorant kind some crammed Capons are,
The more they eate, the more they may consume,
Some men likewise, the better that they fare,
The worse they bée, and sicker of the rume,
And some so chafe, so frowne, so fret, and fume,
When others fede, they cannot God bée knows:
Spare any time, the dropping of their nose.

The bordes are spread, and feasts are made thereon,
And such sits downe, that hath their bellies full:
Whose greedy mouthes, from dogge would snatch the bone.
Which smudges swell, and looke like greisie wull:

They

They puffe, they blowe, yea like a bayted bull.
And ſhoue them backe, that on ſmall crumes would fáde,
Whoſe patient heartes, makes vertue of a neede.

The Glutton thinkes, his belly is too ſmall,
When in his eye, a dayntie morſell is:
Peegrines and gapes, as though no crum ſhould fall
From him: and lokes as all the world were his.
Thus ſuch as want, are ſure the poſt to kis.
For poulting pride, doth preſſe ſo faſt in place,
That poore plaine Tom, dare ſcarſe come ſhew his face.

Ech one doth ſeeke, for to aſpire and riſe,
Yet hate wee thoſe, that doth by vertue clime:
The foole hee ſcornes, the worſhip of the wiſe,
Yet dolts preſume, beyond the wiſe ſometime,
And all this ſtrife, is but for droſſe and ſlime.
That out of earth, we dig with daungers deepe:
Full hard to winne, and much more wordes to keepe.

This makes me muſe, when ſome haue heapes in hord,
They will not helpe, the neereſt friend they haue:
And yet with ſmiles, and many a friendlie word,
They graunt to giue, before a man doe craue,
Such Barbors fine, can finely poule and ſhaue,
And waſh full cleane, till all away they waſh:
Then good ſir Crime, like lob they leaue in laſh.

What ſhould men looſe, when they enough haue had,
If that they part, with thinges that might be ſpared?
A little peece, out of a golden gad,
For ſeruice long; might be a great reward,
No no as ſteele, and flint is ſtiffe and hard.
So World is wart, and no good turne is found,
But where indeede, doe double gifts rebound.

We make a legge, and kiſſe the hand withall,
(A French deuice, nay ſure a Spaniſh tricke)
And ſpeake in Print, and ſay loe at your call,
I will remaine, your owne both dead and quicke:

A Courtier ſo, can giue a lobbe a licke,
And dreſſe a dolt, in Motley for a while,
And ſo in ſléeue, at ſilly Woodcocke ſmile,

If meaning went, with painted wordes and ſhoes,
It might ſuffice ſuch courteous cheare to taſt:
But with the ſame, diſdaine and enuie goes.
And trumpry great, with wind and wordes in waſt,
Then arme in arme, comes flattery full in haſt,
And leads away, the ſences out of frame,
That vpright wits, are thereby ſtriken lame.

This lowting lowe, and bowing downe the knée,
But gropes mens mindes, to créepe in credits lap,
Like malte horſe then, he holdes vp head you ſée
That late before, could vaile both knée and cap,
The Nurſe a while, can feede the child with pap,
And after beate him on the bréech full bare,
A ſwarme God wot, of theſe fine Natures are.

There be that bites, yet gronts and whines withall,
There be that winnes, yet ſweare and ſay thy eyloſe,
There be that ſtops, and ſtealeſ away the ball,
There be that plantes, a weede and plucks a roſe,
There be pleads want, to whome the fountaine floes
Such hides their haps, to make the world to thinke,
At faire well head, they need not for to drinke,

The whales you ſee, eates vp the little fiſh,
The prettie Penk, with Sammon may not ſwime,
The greateſt heades, are fed with fineſh diſh,
The foulieſt pits, faire water runneth trime.
He gets the gaine that ſtandeth nére the brime,
He blowes the cole, that hath cold fingers ſtill,
He ſtarues for bread, that hath no corne at mill.

A world to ſée the courſe and ſtate of thinges,
Some would get vp, that knows not where to light:
Some ſoer the ſkies, that neuer had no winges,
Some wraſtle well, by cunning not by might.

Some

Some ſeemes to iudge, faire coulours without ſight.
And euery one, with ſome odde ſhift or grace,
In world at will, runnes out a goodly race.

But to be plaine, I lag and come behinde,
As I were lame, and had a broken leg:
Or elſe I cannot, lye within the winde,
And hearken ſtill, what I might eaſely beg,
I nede not ſay, in mouth I haue geg.
For I haue ſpoke, and ſped in matters ſmall,
By helpe of him, that hath my verſes all.

But farre God wot, I am from that to ſeeke,
And miſſe the marke, that many men doe hit:
Wherefore ſalt teares, doe trickle downe the cheeke,
And heart doth feele, full manie a woefull fitt.
And ſo aſide, in ſolempne ſorrow ſit.
As one indeede, that is forſaken cleane,
Where moſt he doth deſerue, and beſt doth meane.

No matter now, though each man march and treade
On him that hates, the life he beares about:
Yet ſuch as ſhall, theſe heauie Verſes reade,
Shall finde I blame, my fortune out of doubt,
But ſince on hope, no better hap will ſprout.
I yeld to death, and vpward lift the minde,
Where lothſome life, ſhall preſent comfort finde.

Since hope can haue, no honey from the Hiue,
And paines can plucke, no pleaſure for his toyle:
It is but vaine, for wearie life to ſtriue,
And ſtretch out time, with torment and turmoyle,
Get what we can, death triumphes ore the ſpoyle.
Then note this well, though wee winne nere ſo mitch,
When death takes all, wee leaue a mizer ritch.

To liue and lacke, is double death indeede,
A preſent death, exceedes a lingring woe:
Since no good hap, in youth did helpe my neede,
In age why ſhould, I ſtrine with Fortune ſo,
Old yeares are come, and hailes me hence to goe.

The time drawes on, I hate the life I have,
When heart shall breake, my griefe shall ende in graue,
Should I seeke life, that findes no place of rest,
No soyle, nor seate, to shroude me from the ayre:
When cramping cold, beclyps my carefull breast,
And dolour driues, my best in deepe dispayre,
For such foule dayes, darke death is wonderous fayre.
As good to make, the scrawling wormes a feast,
As please the world, where mischiefe makes her nest.

The time it is, to haste my carkasse hence,
Youth stole awaie, and felt no kinde of ioy:
And age be left, in trauell euer since,
The wanton dayes, that made mee nice and coy,
Were but a dreame, a shadowe and a toy.
With slauerie heere, I find and nothing else,
My home is there, where soule in freedome dwels.

In warres and woe, my yeares are wasted cleane,
What should I see, if Lordly life I led:
I looke in glasse, and finde my cheekes so leane,
That euery houre, I doe but wish mee dead,
Now backe bendes downe, and forward falls the head,
And hollow eyes, in wrinkled brow doth shroude,
As though two starres, were creeping vnder cloude.

The lips warecold, and lookes both pale and thin,
The teeth fals out, as nuts forsoke the shale:
The bare bald-head, but shewes where haire hath bin,
The limely ioyntes, ware verie stiffe and stale,
The ready tongue, now falters in his tale.
The wearish face, and tawney colour showes,
The courage quayles as strength decaies and goes.

The sweete delights, are drownde in dulled mind,
The gladsome sportes, to groning sighes are bent,
The frisking limmes, so farre from frame I finde,
That I forethinke, the time that youth hath spent,
But when I waigh, that all these thinges were lent,
And I must pay, the earth her dutie throw,

I thinke no whit, to yelde theſe pleaſures now.

Had I poſſeſt, the giftes of Fortune héere,
A houſe, a wife, and Children therewithall:
And had in ſtore, (to make my friendes good chéere)
Such common thinges, as neighbours haue at call,
In ſuch diſpayre, perchaunce I would not fall.
But want of this, and other lackes a ſcore,
Bids mee ſeeke death, and wiſh to liue no more.

The thatcher hath, a cottage poore you ſee,
The ſheapheard knowes, where he ſhall ſleepe at night,
The dayly drudge, at night can quiet bée,
Thus Fortune lendes, ſome reſt to euery wight.
So borne I was, to houſe and land by right.
But in a bagg, to Court I brought the ſame,
From Shrewſburie towne, a ſeate of auncient fame.

What thinkes my friendes, that there behind I laft,
What fault findes thée, that gaue me life and ſucke:
O courting fine, thou art too cold a craft,
The Carter hath, at home much better lucke,
Well well I ſay, adue all worldly mucke.
No houſe nor Land, we beare away I knoe,
Naked came, and naked hence muſt goe.

The greateſt King, muſt paſſe the ſelfe ſame way,
Our day of birth, and buriall are alike:
Their ioy, their pompe, their wealth and rich aray,
Shall ſoone conſume, like ſnow that lies in dike,
No Buckler ſerues, when ſoddaine death doth ſtrike.
As ſoone may come, a poore mans ſoule to blis,
As may the rich, or greateſt Lord that is.

Well ere my breath, my body doe forſake,
My ſpirite I do, bequeath to God aboue:
My bookes, my ſeroules, and ſonges that I did make,
I leaue with friendes, that fraly me did loue,
To flying foes, whoſe malice me did moue.
I wiſhe in haſt, amendment of their waies,
And to the Court, and courtiers happy daies.

My fortune straunge, to straungers do I leaue,
That straungly can, retaine such straunge mishap:
To such as still, in world did me deceaue,
I wish they may, beware of such like trap,
To slaunderous tongues, that killde me with a clap.
I wish more rest, than they haue giuen to mee,
And blesse those shreawes, that curst and crabbed bee.

To such as yet, did neuer pleasure man,
I giue those rimes, that nips the gawled backe:
To such as would, doe good and if they can,
I wish good lucke, long life, and voyde of lacke,
To currish Karles, a whyp and Colliers sacke.
And to the proude, that stands vppon their braues,
A wainscot face, and twentie crabtree staues.

To surlie sirs, that scornes the meaner sort,
A nightcap furd, with Foynes I them bequeath:
To such as scowle, at others good report,
(And sets much store, by their owne paynted sheat)
In signe of lucke, I giue a willow wreath,
To such as are, vnnamde, and merits much,
The stone I leaue, that tries the Gold by tutch,

To gentill race, with good conditions ioynd,
I wish more ioy, than man imagin may:
And since for pore, I haue noe mony coynd,
God graunt them all a mery mariage day,
To such as doth delight in honest play.
I wish the Gold, that I haue lost thereby,
And all the wealth, I want before I die.

Now friends shake handes, I must be gone my boyes,
Our mirth takes end, our triumph all is done:
Our tykling talke, our sportes and merry toyes,
Do slide away, like shadowe of the Sun,
Another comes, when I my race haue run.
Shall passe the time, with you in better plite,
And finde good cause, of greater thinges to write.

FINIS.

A DREAME.

To the right worshipfull my good Lady the Lady Paulet, who was wife to the honorable sir *Hugh Paulet Knight*.

AMong the manifold works in print, pamphelets, bookes, volumes, and deuises, I neuer addressed my pen to your Ladiship till now, though bound for many courtesies better to consider of so good a Lady, and now worst able to redeeme duty forgotten, I bring my selfe backeward to behold my great ouersight, but prefing forward to win ground, I leese the keeping of a writers credit, for no one thing is left worthy your view and looking on, such hast haue I had in the spoiling of my selfe & inuentions: a prodicall point of bountie rather than the part of a wise bountiful writer, especially to bestowe the best matters on others, and present but a dreame to your Ladiship, shewing thereby the shallownes of my iudgement: but yet some such substaunce of matter as I trust is more delightfull than dainty. For my Dreame hauing many significations, may grow on many causes, and hit on a nomber of Accidents fit for my humour, but skarse meet for your graue consideration, yet such fancies as a dreame brings forth, I of necessitie must offer (because my store is not great) and such fancies as I haue, I hope your Lad. amongst the rest of my friends wil stand pleased with, til better matter fall out. So in heart, seruice, and goodwill, I betake you to the sweet blessing of the Almightie.

A DREAME.

A Dreame I had the straungest thing,
that euer man might meet:
Me thought I roze amid a Ring,
a faire familiar spzæt.

A Lady like the Fairie Queene,
that men behold but seld:
Who daunceth round about the greene,
by Moonshine oft in field.

This Ring on little finger wozne,
did mysteries vnfold:
And made me walke from Cauen to Mozne,
in secret where I would.

Among the Dames and Nymphes most chast,
when greatest glee they make:
And where swæt darlings are embzac'st,
and greatest pleasure take.

I came sometime where loues delight,
was drowned in dæpe disdaine:
And fancie reapt but frowards spight,
to counter-pace his paine.

Not sound a sleepe in slumber so,
this busie dzeame I had:
That tossed senses to and fro,
with heauie motions sad.

That waits vpon a troubled mind,
that seldome taketh rest:
But wanders with each blast of wind,
and breath of panting brest.

And

And in this Dreame a world of toyes,
and trifles led me on:
Some of new cares, some present toyes,
and some of pleasures gone.

And some of gladsome haps to come,
those were dumme sights and shewes:
Not worth a philip of my thombe,
if I should all disclose.

But as those fancies past like shade,
that followe man full fast:
Or brightnes of a shining blade,
whose glaunce small while doth last.

I came me thought into a caue,
where all the Sibbils dwel:
A sumptuous pallace builded braue,
not like a little Cell.

Or Cottage poore of small account,
for at the outer gate:
There stood a stately mighty mount,
wheron a Lady sate.

All clothed in white, and wore a hoode
of red, round shapte indeed:
At sight of whom amazed I stood,
to see so strange a weed.

Why man quoth she, feare not a whit,
A woman sure I am:
That do among my neighbours sit,
as milde and meeke as Lamb.

And ſpend the goods that God hath ſent,
in worthy liberall ſort:
With merrie meane and ſad content,
that winnes a good report.

The poore I fed, the rich I feaſt,
and welcome hie and low:
And ſpent thus thirtie yeares at leaſt,
more wealth than world doth know.

The weedes that body doth diſguiſe,
vpon vaine earth a ſpace:
At latter day when ſoule ſhall riſe,
ſhall giue me greater grace.

I wondred at the words ſhe ſpake,
ſhe did diſcend withall:
So by the hand ſhe did me take,
and led me through the hall.

Vnto a prettie parlour fine,
where I beheld and ſaw:
A trifling counterfeit of mine,
that Arnold Oens did draw.

There ſat of gueſts a table full,
that auncient friends had beene:
For the held houſe for them that will,
make of her houſe their Inne.

Not for to pay as trauelers do,
for euery thing they take:
But fed and find great welcome to,
full free for friendſhips ſake.

Some.

Sometime the chiefe and greatest sort,
of Dames and noble peere:
Unto her table doth resort,
to talk of her good cheere.

Yea most of all the worthie men,
that beares good name and sway:
Comes freely thither now and then,
to passe the time away.

It were a world to shew and tell,
what worthie deeds she doth:
For world will scarce beleeue it well,
that I do know forsoth.

Let passe in silence that a while,
my Dreame breeds greater doubt,
For some there at may chance to smile,
it falles so strangely out.

The roving thoughts of idle braine,
and fancies in the head:
That fraught the mind with humours vaine,
when body seemeth dead.

Are trifles toyes cleane voyd of truth,
which rise on meat and drinke:
Or weake conceits of age and youth,
whereon the heart doth thinke.

Well be thy visions good or bad,
or sweauons of the night:
Such idle freakes as fancy had,
now shall you heare aright.

Me thought a troupe of Dames I saw,
a thousand in a roe:
They would not tread vpon a strawe,
they minst the matter so.

All hand in hand they traced on,
a trickste ancient round:
And sone as shadowes were they gone,
and might no moze be found.

And in their place came fearefull bugges,
as blacke as any pitche:
With bellies big and swagging dugges,
moze lothsome then a witch.

All these began to chide and charme,
as hellish hags they were:
And went about some secret harme,
as seemed plainely there.

Foz in a circle stode they still,
and starde like Bull at stake:
They did no good but wicht much ill,
to them that slepe oz wake.

From these foule fiends I thought to flye,
but I was quickly staide:
And in the twinckling of an eye,
was made full soze afraide.

Foz they with frownes and froward lokes,
did threaten my decay:
And said they had such counting bokes,
that should my sins bewzay.

Thy filthy faults of youth quoth they,
shall now corrected be:
For plagues and scourges euery way,
there is prepar'd for thee.

First for thy soule offence to God,
in secret corners done:
Thou shalt be whipt with many a rod,
of euery mothers Sonne.

Some shall thee wound with edged sword,
and let out thy wilde blood:
And some shall shoot such bitter words,
shall neuer do thee good.

The Prince shall dayly speak thee faire,
but neuer thee preferre:
The people driue thee in dispaire,
and make thee open warre.

Thy frends with flattery thee deceaue,
thy foes about thee flocke:
And in great mischefe shall thee leaue,
beset with many a mocke.

And ech disease that life abhorres,
shall dayly on thee steale:
With botch and blaines and stinking sores,
that no sweet salue shall heale.

So marked man passe where thou wilt,
Gods wrath shall follow thee:
As guerdon for thy wretched guilt,
which God alone doth see.

These words pronounc'd, these hags of hell,
inhast and horrour both:
From thence did take a quicke farewell,
and downe those hell-hounds goeth.

Where Pluto dwels and darkenes is,
a place of endles paine:
And where foule Fænds fall far from blisse,
in torments still remaine.

Now sat I sadly all amaz'd,
to thinke on follies past:
And vpward to the heauens gaz'd,
from whence comes helpe at last.

Whereat the Clouds a passage made,
to Angels as I wæne:
That than discended downe in shade,
to come to world vnsæne.

Wyring disclos'd that secret straight,
and tolde me what they were:
Fye man (quoth they) vse no such sleight,
thou nædst not now to feare.

We come to comfort fæble sence,
that all things takes awrie:
And not to punish mans offence,
that doth for vengeance cry.

God doth in mercy more delite,
than in his iustice still:
His anger is forgotten quite,
when men fore-thinke their ill.

The deuill driues men in diſpaire,
by threatnings now and than:
And laies his ſnares in earth or aire,
to trap ſome ſilly man.

Ye is the Father of vntroth,
that hath great wits beguilde:
And ſtill about great miſchiefe goeth,
like roaring Lyon wilde.

Thoſe bugges that late before thée ſtood,
are fancies of thy head:
Or on thy hart ſome heauy blood,
that haunts thee in thy bed.

This ſaid, the Angels vaniſht all,
for I ſaw them no more:
Then for the Lady gan I call,
of whom I ſpake before.

She came with crutch now lymping on,
in garments white as ſnowe:
For pleaſure, pride, and pomp was gone,
from her full long agoe.

What meaneſt thou man to call me thus:
quoth ſhe thou homely gueſt:
For I was halfe aſleepe I wis,
my yeeres requires ſome reſt.

O curteous dame, of fauour yet,
heare what I haue to ſay:
I ſeeke but councell at thy wit,
of things I ſhall bewray.

My life is toſt and troubled long,
with ſorrowes from my birth:
With many greefes and many a wrong,
and wretched cares on earth.

I droup and drop away like linde,
whoſe light is ſone burnt out:
And ſtill the more of woride I think,
the more I liue in doubt.

The more I wiſh, the leſſe I haue,
and where I merite moſt:
There iuſt deſerts doth daily craue,
and there is labour loſt.

Youth hath conſumde his yéeres in waſte,
and gathers nought but greefe:
Age is but ſcorne or cleane diſgraſte,
and ſtarues without relefe.

O tell no more of this quoth ſhe,
theſe fortunes many finde:
As heauy haps do follow me,
if thou didſt know my minde.

I meane as well as any wight,
that I by loue beare life:
And dare ſhew face for doing right,
with widow, maid or wife.

Yet woride deceiues me euery day,
my good turnes haue no proofe:
No faith nor promiſe any way,
falles out for my behoofe.

In world there is such falshood vsd,
the iust can neuer thriue:
A Saint himselfe might be abusd,
if here he were aliue.

But earth and ashes, dung and stinke,
is all that here we haue:
Yen haue not one good thought to think,
from birth vnto their graue.

Vaine are the words and déeds of all,
all is but scornes and lyes:
And all to dust and drosse shall fall,
thou sæst before thine eyes.

She saide no more, but pausde and staide
to heare how I replyed:
When I her words full well had waied,
and time to speake I spied.

These things are true quoth I, good dame,
I know the wrongs you fæle:
And how mishap turnes, out of frame
falles Fortunes fickle whéele.

And how vile world shall make an end,
and what short season here:
We haue before from world we wend,
all that see I full clére.

A greater grése stickes in my minde,
that none but God he knowes:
Which in my hart my frends shall finde,
when hence my body goes.

This shall I shrine in secret thought,
as it some tretcherie were:
Or might against great God be wrought,
to bring my soule in feare.

If my right hand knew that indéed,
I would cut of the same:
And bite my tung and make it bléed,
if tung those greefes would name.

No eare nor any living soule,
is fit to heare it throw:
My head doth craue to stand on pole,
if I disclose it now.

The aire alone shall heare me sound.
the smart I beare in brest:
In hollow caues it shall rebound,
to bréed me more vnrest.

Yea like a man bestraught of wit,
amid wilde woods and groues:
Where Howlets in dark nights do sit,
and Hawkes for pray be houes.

There shall my hart his grefes vnfolde,
there will I cry and yell:
To starres and clowdes it shalbe tolde,
that now I dare not tell.

Fye man, be not so brute like beast,
to rage and run abroad:
From foes do kepe, to frends at least,
thy conscience do vnload.

Some

Some of those gripes that grieues thée so,
good councell maiest thou take:
What plaisters God prouides I know,
for men that more will make.

A friend deere dame, what words are those,
where dwels so true a wight:
No sooner secrets we disclose,
but then adue good night.

A stranger hath that he hath sought,
and newes is hard to kéep:
When freends are maisters of thy thoughts,
they laugh when thou dost weep.

And quickly loe behinde thy backe,
thy secrets must be knowne:
Shall freends a burthen beare in pack,
when thou holdst not thine owne.

That close in brest was locked fast,
a blabbing tung beware:
Strange tales flies euery where like blasts,
that sure vncertain are.

Perchaunce I seeke some secret drift,
that none should know but I:
Or practise some dishonest shift,
wheron my life may lye.

Or loue some Lady of estate,
a toy past hope in age:
A fancy that may purchase hate,
if reason rule not rage.

Should these things be put out to nurse,
where Wolues and Tigers fede:
And where things growe from ill to worse,
and men catch harme indeed.

Nay, better swallow sorrows vp,
and dye in great distres:
Poyson drinke in spiced Cup,
then secrets so expres.

If matter of such weight you haue
goodman, do what you please:
I do no such great knowledge craue,
to finde out your disease.

And as for loue, both you and I
me think we should it leaue:
The moistnes of olde vaines way dry,
if wit not me deceiue.

You may as well make madmen wise,
or clime beyond the Sun:
Or builde faire Castles in the Skies,
as such a course to run.

As follow loue that knowes you not,
when siluer haires do shine:
And hath the pranckes of youth forgot,
and will no more be fine.

O touch not me with no fond loue.
nor nothing therby ment:
For I did but your iudgement proue,
of secret sweet content.

Which

Which I in ſilence carry ſtill,
as my olde yeares alowe:
As much of hart, as of goodwill,
I troe I tolde you nowe.

Perchaunce I may do this or that,
as fancies men beguile:
But ſure I neuer tolde you what,
I meaned all the while.

For I had rather dye then tell,
what makes my ſorrow great:
My greefes the wiſe doth know full well,
that knoweth colde from heate.

Colde fortune may torment me ſore,
and ſo may ſhifts ſome time:
Not hatred troubles men much more,
then Venus in her prime.

Loue laſts no longer as you ſay,
then whiles gaie flowers growe greene:
In age then all delights decay,
which few or none haue ſeene.

For age knowes what true loue is worth,
and hath in loue great ſtay:
Youth brings light loue like blooſoms forth,
that fades as flower in May.

Loue is not loſt if loue be ſet,
paſt reach of common men:
Though for great loue, ſmall loue we get,
loue is not hated then.

Which shewes good loue wins fauour still,
if loue be placed right:
Loue gets great thanks, or gaines good will,
where euer loue doth light.

Some say that loue is oft disdainde,
that is where loue doth lack:
those folks are weake and fæble brainde,
that thinks loue but a knacke.

For through the world loue leads the Daunce,
where loue wants, growes no good:
But springs vp spite and foule mischaunce,
and mischæfe flowes like Flood.

Though loue I praise, this shewes no sparke,
of my close care and woes:
I hide my secrets in the darke,
that none but God it knowes.

Inough for me to suffer smart,
such lot doth destine giue:
And so with sorrowes breake the hart,
that hath no will to liue.

Good frænd (quoth she) hasse not thine end,
with passions of the minde:
Hope after hap, the world may mend,
thou maist good fortune finde.

No sure my glasse of life is runne,
Death drawes on me so fast:
I see my daies are almost done,
life may no longer last.

My haples yeares and aged bones,
desirs no being heere:
To graue I go with sighs and grones,
I buy bad life to deere.

With losse of blod, of time and youth,
and all that precious is:
With loyall seruice totle and truth,
and hope of earthly blisse.

All in one ballance now goes downe,
since guerdon get I none:
Nor no account in Court nor towne,
now I may hap vpon.

Adue day light, shut close mine eies,
to long you stare for nought:
So farewell friends, and you be wise,
for me take you no thought.

By this our ships were wend about,
and Cannons gan to roze:
As they to Brytaine passed out,
with bounsing shot great stoze.

At noyse whereof I wakned straight,
and calling for my close:
And saw the Sunne on such a height,
that sodainly I rose.

And so put all my dreame in verse,
would God a dreame it were:
For many things I now rehearse,
wil prous to true I feare.

FINIS.

To the right honourable my Lady Puckering, wife to the most honorable the L. keeper of the great seale of England.

GOod Madam, strange it may seeme, that a meere stranger to your Ladiship, dare aduenture to dedicate any peece of vvorke, vvhere bold attempt and labour may be but strangely vnderstood, if a greater hope in your goodnes exceeded not the greatnes of my matter, but my L. your most honorable husbands bountifull dealings with me of late, makes me the bolder, (because I must be thankful) in this presumption, to present some acceptable peece of that small talent God hath giuen me to your good L. as vvell to be knovven of you, as to keepe me in my L. fauour, and though that vvhich I offer be skarce vvorthy the taking, yet I trust first my seruiceable present shall not be misliked, because the receiuing vvell thereof, may procure a further peece of vvork better penned, such as shall best become me to present, as knovveth God, vvho keep, and at all times augment his good gifts of grace in your good Ladiship.

LOng time in sute, and seruice gets some grace,
Long craning gaines, both craft and crome ye know:
Long walking rids, great ground away apace,
Long vse of legs makes traueiler easly go.
Long watching teid, brings ebbe at length to floe,
So loyall loue, and dutie long in vre:
Full many waies doth great god will procure.

Whereon good turnes springs out as from a flood,
Runnes gushing waues, that waters euery soile:
Whose moisture doth, both fruit and flower muth good,
And profite brings to Plowmans painefull toile.
This faire land flood kept barren fields from foile,
For if no deaw, of heauen I had found:
Not sommers drouth, had some dried vp my ground.

The fountaine had, her course no sooner run,
With golden streames, that cordiall is of kinde:
But straight began, to shine the gladsome Sun,
That sucker sends, to tree, to rot, and rinde.
The frost did thaw, with milde warme westerne winds,
And all the springs and conduits of the towne:
Ran Claret wine, in honour of the crowne.

When bill assignd, by sute from Prince had past,
Lord how the world, flood therewith well content:

The

The Clearkes they wrote, and freely laboured fast,
The seales were wonne, when purse no penny spent.
The ware was wrought throw grace that God had sent,
So seale and ware, and all that name I can:
Came franckly of, to me from euery man.

Lo how hard world, by meanes is easie made,
And mens good wils, with trad of time we gaine:
In spring it sprouts, at fall of leafe did fade,
The grasse grows greene, with little showres of raine.
I reapt the crop, and fruit of others paine,
What needs more words, each place where I did go:
For Princes grace, did me great fauour sho.

They knew that Court had cleane consumde my youth,
And plead mine age, with pretie pension now:
If so they thought, in deed they gest the truth,
For youth and age, perforce is pleased throw.
Saue that they bid, me make my pen my plow,
And proue awhile, what printed bookes will doe:
To helpe old Tom, to get a supper too.

But blest be her that did the dinner giue,
With too much meat we may a surfeit take:
Long with good rule, and diet men may liue,
Full belly oft, an emptie purse may make.
He fedeth best, that eats for hungers sake,
Than portion pore, makes men ne proud nor rich:
Yet one good meale a day doth please me mich.

Where am I now, I speake of liberall men,
That freely gaue the seales and all the rest:
Which deed deserues both thankes and praise of pen,
For that is all from me they haue possest.
This course would make the learned Lawyers blest,
If of pore men (they take no fee at all:)
Whose wrongs are great, and riches is but small.

To trot and trudge two hundreth miles or more,
And spend their goods in toyling too and fro:
And be long pincht with paine and labour sore,
And then compeld to costly fearme to go.

Craues great regard of them that conscience know.
Than wise graue heads that loks through euery cause:
Defend the poore with fauour of your lawes.

Their plaints may pearce through highest heauens all,
Their praiers brings great blessings to your doore:
Your fame doth rise, where they good words let fall,
For happie are the hands that helpes the poore.
This sentence should be written on the flore,
Who can do good to those that stands in næd:
Shall reape much corne, where sowne was litle sæd.

When iustice flowes from liberall noble mind,
God turns in world wil make men liue like Saints:
When good cheap law, poore silly soules do find,
The Court is not long troubled with complaints.
Franke heart goes throw where fæble courage faints,
Bountie winnes loue, and lasts for euer more:
Who doth great good and little takes therefore.

The poore are more in number euery where,
Then are the rich that haue the world at wil:
Wherefore the more we ought with them to beare,
Because they liue in lacke and sorrow stil.
The Lord that sits on his hie holy hill,
Lokt lowly down on Lazarus the poore:
That humbly askt an almes at Diues doore.

Most precious are the poore to God aboue,
Though hære below they walke like lambes were lost:
And one good turne to them doth get more loue,
Then fortie things we doe for worldly boast.
Who saues a ship that is with tempest tost,
And brings the barke where helpe and harbour is:
For thankful paines shall purchase heauen blisse.

When

When that great Iudge shal come to iudge vs all,
Such as did helpe the poore shal happy be:
For then that Iudge wil for those people call,
Who to the poore were alwaies franke and free.
Though world ware blind, the Lord doth daily see,
Who helpes who harmes, and who in hope and trust:
Laies vp their gold where riches cannot rust.

The wise no doubt doth so by gift of grace,
That gouernes man in euery honest cause:
Those noble minds that vertue doe embrace,
Are plac'd by Prince the Iudges of our Lawes.
At that wel head the poore cleare water drawes,
Yea poore and rich doe taste that running streame:
That spreads her vaines throw al this stately Reame.

Who could enioy a yard or foot of Land,
If Law did not decide true titles right?
Or who could holde his purse in his owne hand?
If Law brought not darke dealings vnto light.
Gods Law doth see cléere day from clowdy night,
Discernes the troth from falshood finely cled:
Whose glorious grace deceaues each simple head.

Law lookes on all and sifts the flower from bran,
Law sets that straight that craft would crooked make:
Law is a stay to state and life of man,
Law with a word makes guilty conscience quake.
Law with the sword from shoulders head doth take,
Law forceth loue, where hatred séeketh blood:
And Law mong men in world doth greatest good.

Where Law is none, there ciuill order dies,
Both brute, and rude, and sauadge people grow:
Like Canibals they liue in beastly guise,
And naked too like mad wilde goats they goe.

The Fend they serue for God they do not know,
Where Law doth lacke and Iustice hath no place:
There neuer comes ne godnes, rule, nor grace.

O God how glad the hungry is of food,
The beaute heart that woe hath walked long:
To feele and find the Lawyers in such mood,
That they by Law redresse a poore mans wrong.
O swæt consort, O pleasant well set song,
Where all the parts the singers haue by rote:
And out of tune is placed nere a note.

O noble Law where Iustice voyce doth sound,
Concordance right the prop of publicke state:
And where no iarre of musicke may be found,
Nor discord comes amisse to bred debate.
Who loues no law doth all good order hate,
Law holds the ioynts to gather firme and fast:
That makes the house and timber long to last.

With equall waights in ballance all is tried,
By measure iust the world doth buy and sell:
A little graine in golde is quickly spied,
When in true skales good corne is waied well.
Rest so I haue a further tale to tell,
God graunt my muse be in so good a vaine:
That I deserue but thankes for all my paine.

FINIS.

To the right worshipfull the Ladie *Anderson, wife to the right honorable* Lord chiefe Iustice of the common Pleas.

MY boldnes being much, may passe the bounds of duty, but the goodnes of your honourable husband (good Madame) passeth so farre the commendacion of my penne, that vnder his iudgement and shield (that is so iust a Iudge) I make a sauegard to this my presumption, that hazardeth where I am vnknowen to present any peece of Poetrie or matter of greater effect, yet aduenturing by fortune, to giue my Lady your sister somewhat in the honour of the Queenes Maiestie, in the excellencie of her woorthy praise that neuer can decay, I haue translated some verses out of French, that a Poet seemed to write of his owne mistresse, which verses are so apt for the honouring of the Phenix of our worlde, that I cannot hide them from the sight of the worthy, nor dare commit so grosse a fault as to let them die with my selfe: wherfore and in way of your fauour in publishing these verses, I dedicate them to your good Ladishippe, though not so well penned as the first Authour did polish them, yet in the best manner my muse can affoorde, they are plainly expressed, hoping they shalbe as well taken as they are ment, so the blessed and great Iudge of all daily blesse you.

A few plaine verses of truth against the flaterie of time, made when the Queens Maiestie was last at Oxenford.

SIth slent Poets all,
that praise your Ladies so:
My Phenix makes their plumes to fall,
that would like Peacockes goe.
Some doe their Princes praise,
and Synthia some doe like:
And some their Mistresse honour raise,
as high as Souldiers pike.
Come downe yee doe presmount,
the warning bel it sounds:
That cals you Poets to account,
for breaking of your bounds.
In giving fame to those,
faire flowers that sone doth fade:
And cleane forget the white red rose,
that God a Phenix made.
Your Ladies also doe decline,
like Stars in darkesome night:
When Phenix doth like Phœbus shine,
and leands the world great light.
You paint to please desire,
your Dame in colours gay:
As though braue words, or trim attire,
could grace a clod of clay.
My Phenix needs not any art,
of Poets painting quil:
She is her selfe in euerie part,
so shapte by kindly skil.
That nature cannot wel amend,
and to that shape most rare:
The Gods such speciall grace doth send,
that is without compare.
The heauens did agree,
by constellations plaine:

That

That for her vertue shee should bée the only queene to raigne,
(In her most happie daies) and carries cleane awaie:
The tip and top of peerlesse prayse, if all the world say nay,
Looke not that I should name, her vertue in their place, (face
But looke on her true well-won fame, that answers forme &
And therein shall you read, a world of matter now, (throw
That round about the world doth spread her heauenly graces
The seas (where cannons roze) hath yelded her her right,
And sent such newes vnto the shore, of enemies foile and flight.
That all the world doth sound, the glorie Phenix gote
Whereof an eccho doth rebound, in such a tune and note,
(That none aliue shall reatch) of Phenix honor great,
Which shall the poets muses teach, how they of her shold treat
O then with verses sweete, if Poets haue good store, (more.
Fling down your pen, at Phenix fæt, & praise your nimphes no
Packe hence she comes in place, a stately Royall Queene:
That takes away your Ladies grace, as soone as she is scene.

FINIS.

To the right Worſhipfull my Ladie Forteſcue, wife to the right honourable Sir Iohn Forteſcue Knight.

THe good turne and great labour good Madam, your Honorable huſband beſtowed in my behalf bindes me ſo far, as I muſt not be ingrat, to him nor non of his, & chiefelie to remember your Ladiſhippe, with ſome matter acceptable, I than thinking of the great griefe that manie Soldiours found by the abſence of the Queenes Maieſtie in time of the plague, when ſhe laie laſt at Hampton court, drew out ſome ſadde verſes of the ſorrowe among Soldiers conceiued, and preſuming you will accept them, I became ſo bolde as to preſent them to your handes, had I anie worthier worke to offer I would bring better, but hoping theſe fewe lines ſhall ductifullie ſhow my good will, I am to craue your fauour, in preſenting theſe verſes vnto you, deſiring God to multiplie his benefites and bleſſinges in your good Ladiſhippe.

VER.

Verſes of value, if Vertue bee ſeene,
Made of a Phenix, a King, and a Queene.

My Phenix once, was wont to mount the ſkies,
To ſée how birdes, of baſer feathers flew:
Then did her Port, and preſence pleaſe our eies:
Whoſe abſence now, brædes nought but fancies new.
The Phenix want, our court, and Realme may rue.
Thus ſight of her, ſuch welcome gladnes brings,
That world ioies much, whē Phenix claps her wings

And flies abroad, to take the open aire,
In royall ſort, as bird of ſtately kinde:
Who hates foul ſtorms; and loues mild weather fair,
And by great force, can bore the bloſtring wind,
To ſhew the grace, and greatnes of the minde,
My Phenix hath, that vertue growing grœne,
When that abroad, her gracious face is ſœne.

Let neither feare, of plagues nor wits of men,
Kéepe Phenix cloſe, that ought to liue in ſight:
Of open world, for abſence wrongs vs then,
To take from world, the Lampe that giues vs light,
O God forbid, our day were turnde to night,
And ſhining Sunne, in clowds ſhould ſhrowded be,
Whoſe golden rayes, the world deſires to ſée.

The Dolphin daunts, each fiſh that ſwims in Seas,
The Lion feares, the greateſt beaſt that goes:
The Bées in Hiue, are glad their King to pleaſe,
And to their Lord, each thing their duety knowes.
But firſt the King, his Princely preſence ſhowes,
Then ſubiects ſtepes, and proſtrate fals on face,
Or bowes down head, to giue their maiſter place.

The Sunne hath powre, to comfort flowrs and gras,

And purge the aire, of foule infections all:
Makes ech thing pure wher his clear beams do passe
Drawes vp the dew, that mists and fogs lets fall,
My Phenix hath, a greater gift at call,
For vassals all, a view of her doe craue,
Because thereby, great hope and hap we haue.

Good turnes it brings, and suiters plaints are heard,
The poore are pleasde, the rich some purchase gains,
The wicked blush: the worthy wins reward,
The seruant findes: a meane to quit his paines:
The wronged man, by her some right attaines,
Thus euery one, that helpe and succour nedes,
In hard distresse, on Phenix fauour fedes.

But from our view, if world doe Phenix kepe,
Both Sunne and Mone, and stars we bid farewell,
The heauens mourne, the earth will waile and wep.
The heauy heart, it feles the paines of hell,
Woe be to those, that in despaire doe dwell.
Was neuer plague, nor pestilence like to this,
When soules of men, haue lost such heauenly blisse.

Now suters all, you may shoote vp your plaints
Your Goddes now, is lockt in shrine full fast:
You may perhaps, yet pray vnto her Saints.
Whose eares are stopt, and hearing sure is past.
Now in the fire, you may such Idols cast.
They cannot helpe, like stockes and stones they bee,
That haue no life, nor cannot heare nor see.

Till that at large, our royall Phenix comes,
Packe hence poore men, or picke your fingers endes.
Or blow your nailes, or gnaw and bite your thombs,
Till God aboue, some better fortune sends.

Who here abides, till this bad world amends,
May doe full well, as tides doe ebbe and flow,
So fortune turnes, and haps doe come and goe.

The bodies ioy, and all the ioints it beares,
Lies in the head, that may commaund the reſt:
Let head but ake, the heart is full of feares,
And armes acroſſe, we clap on troubled breſt:
With heauy thoughts, the mind is ſo oppreſt.
That neither legs, nor fæte haue will to goe,
As man himſelfe, were cleane orecome with woe.

The head is it, that ſtill preſerues the ſence,
And ſækes to ſaue, ech member from diſeaſe:
Deuiſe of head, is bodies whole defence:
The ſkill whereof, no part dare wrell diſpleaſe,
For as the Moone, moues vp the mighty ſeas,
So head doth guide, the body when it will.
And rules the man, by wit and reaſons ſkill.

But how ſhould head, in dæde doe all this good,
When at our næde, no vſe of head we haue:
The head is felt, is ſæne and vnderſtood.
Then from diſgrace, it will the body ſaue.
And otherwiſe, ſicke man dropps downe in graue.
For when no helpe, nor vſe of head we finde,
The fæte fals lame, and gazing eies grow blinde.

The lims war ſtiffe, for want of vſe and aide,
The bones doe dry, their marrow waſts away:
The heart is dead, the body liues afraide,
The ſinnowes ſhrinke, the bloud doth ſtill decay,
So long as world, doth want the Star of day,
So long darke night, we ſhall be ſure of hære,
For clowdy ſkies, I feare will neuer clære.

God send some helpe, to salue sicke poore mens sores,
A bore of baulme, would heale our woundes vp quite:
That precious oyle, would eate out rotten cores,
And giue great health, and man his whole delights.
God send some sunne, in frostie morning white.
That cakes of yce may melt by gentle thaw:
And at well head, wee may some water drawe.

A Riddle.

Wee wish, wee want, yet haue that we desire:
We freese, wee burne, and yet kept from the fire.

FINIS.

This is taken out of *Belleau* made of his own Mistresse.

Sad sighes doth shew, the heat of heartes desire,
And sorrow speakes, by signes of heauie eyes:
So if hot flames, proceed from holly fire,
And loue may not, from vicious fancies eyes,
In tarrying time, and fauor of the skies,
My only good, and greatest hap doth lie:
In her that doth, all fond delight dispise:
Than turne to mee, sad sighes I shall not dye.

If that bee shee, who hath so much mee bound,
And makes me hers, as I were not mine owne:
Shee most to praise, that maie aliue bee founde,
Most great and good, and gracious throughly knowne.
Shee all my ioye, in briefe yea more than mine,

That

(That quickely maie, bring life by looke of eye)
Than come chaſt ſighes, a cloſe record diuine,
Returne to mee, and I ſhall neuer dye.

If from young yeares ſhee gainde the garland gaye,
And wan the price, of all good giftes of grace:
If princely port, doe vertuous minde bewraie,
And royall power, be found by noble face,
If ſhe bee borne, moſt happie graue and wiſe,
A Sibill ſage, ſent downe from heauens hie,
O ſmothring ſighes, that faine would cloſe mine eyes,
Returne to mee, ſo ſhall I neuer die.

If moſt vpright, and faire of forme ſhee bee,
That may beare life, and ſweeteſt manner ſhowes,
Loues God, good men, and Countries wealth doth ſée,
A queene of kinges, all Chriſtian princes knowes,
So iuſtly liues, that each man hath his owne,
Sets ſtraight each ſtate, that elſe would goe awrie:
Whereby her faine, abroad the world is blowne,
Then ceace ſad ſighes, ſo ſhall I neuer die.

If ſhée the heart of Alexander haue,
The harpe eſprite, and hap of Haniball:
The conſtant mind, that Gods to Scipio gaue,
And Cæſars grace, whoſe triumphes paſſed all,
If in her thought, do dwell the iudgement great,
Of all that raignes, and rules from earth to ſkie:
(And ſits this houre, in throne and regall ſeate),
Come ſighes againe, your maiſter can not die.

If ſhe be found, to taſt the pearcing ayr,
In heat in colde, in froſt, in ſnowe and rayne:
As diamond, that ſhines ſo paſſing faire,
That ſunne nor moone, nor weather cannot ſtaine:

If blastes of winde, and stormes to beautie yelde,
And this well springe, makes other fountaines drye,
(Turnes tides and floodes, to water baraine fæld,)
Come sighes then home, I liue and cannot die.

If her great giftes, doth daunt dame fortunes might,
And she haue caught, the hayres and head of hap:
To others hard, to her a matter light,
To mount the cloudes, and fall in honours lap.
If shee her selfe, and others conquers tw,
Liues long in peace, and yet doth warre defie:
As valiaunt kinges, and vertuous victors doe,
Then sighe no more, o heart I cannot die.

If such a prince, abase her highnesse than,
For some good thing, the world may gesse in mee:
And stoupes so low, too like a sillie man,
That little knowes, what Princes grace may bée.
If shee well waie, my faith and seruice true,
And is the iudge, and touch that gold shall trie:
The colour clære, that neuer changeth hue,
Yeart sigh no more, I liue and may not dye.

If I doe vse, her fauour for my weale,
By reason off, her gracious countenance still:
And from the sunne, a little light I steale,
To keepe the life, in lampe to burne at will.
If robberie thus, a true man may commit,
Both I and mine, vnto her merits flie:
If I presume, it springes for want of wit,
Excuse mee than, sad sighes or else I die.

If she do know, her shape in heart I beare,
Engraude in breast, her grace and figure is:
Yea day and night, I thinke and dreame each where,

On nothing elſe, but on that heauenly bliſſe,
Iſ ſo transformde, my mind and body liues,
But not conſumde, nor finde no cauſe to cry.
And waite on her, that helpe and comfort giues.
Than come poore ſighes, your maiſter ſhall not die.

Iſ ſhe behold, that here I wiſh no breath,
But liue all hers, in thought in word and dæde:
Whoſe fauour loſt, I craue but preſent death,
Whoſe grace attaind, lean ſoule full fat ſhall fæde.
Iſ any cauſe, doe kæpe her from my ſight,
I know no world, my ſelfe I ſhall deny,
But if her torch, doe lend my candle light,
Heart ſigh no more, the body doth not die.

But if by death, or ſome diſgrace of mine,
Through enuies ſting, or falſe report of foes,
My view be bard, from that ſwæte face diuine,
Beléeue for troth, to death her ſeruant goes,
And rather ſure, than I ſhould ill conceiue:
Sighes mount to ſkies, you know the cauſe and why.
Now here below, my luſty life I leaue,
Attend me there, for wounded heart muſt die.

Iſ ſhé beléeue, without her preſence héere,
That any thing, may now content my minde:
Or thinke in world, is ſparke of gladſome chéere,
Where ſhé is not, nor I her preſence finde:
But all the ioyes, that man imagine may,
As handmaides wayt, on her héere vnder sky,
Then ſighes mount vp, to heauens hold your way,
And ſtay me there, for I of force muſt die.

Iſ I may feare, that fragill beauty light,
Or ſemblance faire, is to be doubted ſore:

Or my vaine youth, may turne with fancies might,
Or sighes full false, fains griefe or torment more:
Than heart doth feele, then angry stars aboue,
Doe band your selues, gainst me in heauens hie.
And rigor worke, to conquer constant loue.
Mount vp poore sighes, here is no helpe I die.

And so sad sighes, the witnes of my thought,
If loue finde not, true guerdon for good will:
Ere that to graue, my body shalbe brought,
Mount vp to clowds, and there abide me still,
But if good hope, and hap some succour send,
And honor doth, my vertuous minde supply,
With treble blisse, for which I long attend,
Returne good sighes, I meane not now to die.

Translated out of French, for one that is bounde much to Fortune.

FINIS.

This is to be red fiue waies.

What a fauour worne, a bird of gold in Britaine land,
In loyall heart is borne, yet doth on head like Phenix stand.
To set my Phenix forth, whose vertues may thē al surmount,
An orient pearle more worth, in value price & good accounnt,
Thē gold or precious stone. what tong or verse dare her distain.
A pereleſſe paragon, in whom such gladsome gifts remaine.
Whose seemly shape is wrought, as out of war wer made ỹ mold
By fine deuise of thought, like shrined Saint in beaten gold,
Dame nature did disdaine, and thought great scorn in any sort,
To make the like againe, that should deserue such rare report.

There

Ther nēds no Poets pen, nor painters pensel come in place,
Nor flatring frase of mē, whose filed spech gines ech thing grace
To praise this worthy dame, a Nimph which Dian holds full
That in such perfect frame, as mirror bright & chrystal clēr (dēr
Is set out to our view, thrēfold as faire as shining Sunne,
For beauty grace and hue, a worke that hath great glory won,
A Goddes dropt from sky, for causes more then men may know
To please both minde & eie for those that dwels on earth below
And shew what heauenly grace, and noble secret power diuine.
Is sēne in Princely face, that kind hath formd & framd so fine.

Loe this is all I write, of sacred Phenix ten times blest,
To shew mine own delite, as fancies humor thinketh best.

FINIS.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPfull, my Ladie Brocket, wife to *Sir Iohn Brocket* knight, one of the Lieutenants of Hartford Shire.

A Promise made to the good Ladie you Sister, who died in the Towre (good Madā) cōmands me to shape somwhat of good will & labour of pen, to present your La. withall, & for that I can not long liue in this world & must needs take leaue ther of sooner than I looke for. I haue found out an old farewell that maie breed some new consideration, and

such a running and rouing rime it is (I hope without offence) as rather shall procure laughter than lowring, it is enterlarded with conceits, and mixed with familiar termes, shortlie knit vp, and without all curious circumstances. as briefe to the Reader, as vntedious to the writer, hauing passed the censure of the world thirtie yeares agoe, and is now put in print againe for a passing of the time, and a farewell to the world. So hoping your La. receiues it in good part, the matter beginneth I trust to your content and good likeing.

FINIS.

A FARE VVELL VVHEN I VVENT to studie, written to the VVorld.

FArewell thou world, that me betrayde so long,
Too dearly bought, I find thy follies all:
Who shall thee serue, is sure to suffer wronge:
Who scornes thy baps, may shun thy sodaine fall
Who fawnes on thee, shall drinke thy bitter gall:
Who flies thy toyes, thy painted face shall finde,
Who sooner slides, than those which at thy call.
Liues like thy slaues, in bodie, soule, and minde.
First from a child, with fancies was I fedd,
All at thy handes, till I to manhoode grue:
Than in the darke, loe blindfeld was I led
So that my God, my selfe, nor man I knew,

Wild

Wild wit, young blood, olde vice, new bred in bones,
Made mee forget, my dutie all at once.
Faire thinges, foule thoughts, fond workes & flattring eafe,
Had muffled mee, and hoodwinckt fo my wits
That in the ftormes, I dradе no Sillas feas,
Nor in the calmes I fcarde no frowarde fits
Which were to come: thinges prefent pleafde me beft
Thole gone I made no mirror to the reft.
Bed foft, full mouth, gay backe and foolifh fame,
Was all I fought, like Lord to liue at luft
At my nowne fhape, and fhadowe had I game,
A looking glaffe, a plaifféer trim at truft
To prie vppon, my life thus did I frame
Cleane out of tune, I fée it now full well
So that my life, was careleffe cury bell,
Yet founde I haue, a heape of other harmes
Thereby: what then, I cannot them amende,
When deade they feeme, than fpring they vp by fwarmes.
Such mifchiefe ript, will haue a rotten ende
Though at the full, the tide of them is now,
The Ebbe may come, when God a time fhall fend.
Leaue that to him, and I fhall tell you how.
I learnde to know, the kind and courfe of man,
His nature new, his fafhion halfe diſguiſde,
And how for fhame, at length loe I beganne
To follow that, which I afore defpifde.
Full welcome ought, that learning bee to mee
Which taught me wit, when wildnes weande the loeme
Of wanton wayes, and blindneffe ganne to fee
The path hee mift, the waie that led me home
Unto the Port, where I would harboured bee.
And rather dwell, with quiet fetled minde,
Then roue abroade, to feeke vncertaine lucke,
Or fubiect bee, to filthy worldly mucke.
I would not fure, be bound to fuch a clogge,

That would mee rob, of reason and good skill
And in the ende, but fish and catch a frogge,
As some haue done, and some doe vse it still.
Which snatch the bone, before the hungrie doggs
Who will not parte, from that hee hath in holde,
Although in deede, his mayster would it haue:
Unto this ende, this tale now I haue tolde,
To shew him wise, that knoweth what to craue.
And askes of those, that freely giues for nought,
But hee most wise, that hath no greedie thought.
And can content, him with those little scraps,
That fals by lot, vnto him for his share,
And findes no fault, at others worldy haps,
But hath a head, as free from inward care.
As babe new borne, yea such a one may smile,
And laugh his fill, where some cries woe the pye:
Hee shall see much, that hath a simple eye:
That man shall see, the stronge the weake beguile,
The poore by ritch, and mightie swallowed vp,
The harmelesse drinke, out of the poisoned cup.
The needy lacke, that greedy raueners gripe,
The theeues let goe, that robbes in veluet wœdes:
And sits on bench, when truth feeles many a stripe.
How feare is dubd, a knight for simple dedes,
How manhood begges, and none are helpt that nèds
How crepe in holes, that did no hurt at all,
Are valiaunt cald, such are the peoples brute:
The quiet man, these thinges beholde he shall,
And see them passe, and learne thereby some fruite.
As I haue done, though farre from quiet minde,
In any case, my selfe God wot I finde.
Haue that to toyle, and burthens for to beare,
I framed am, and lettes the world alone:
Amid my foes, that fawnes and speaks full feare.
I liue alonge, and will not bee aknowne.

Ther

There hate I haue, I muſt diſſemble there,
As doth thoſe mates, which play at fortunes ball:
Do not ſome halt, that well may goe vpright:
Who can denie, but wee diſſemble all
In ſome one point, and wiſdome wee it call
Thinges are not found, as they doe ſeeme to ſight.
Some laugh in heart, yet ſhewe a weeping eye,
You haue hard ſay, the blinde eates manie a flie.
How ſhould the ſad, with wantons mirth agree,
The whole with ſicke, the wiſe with fooliſh dwell:
The proud with meeke, the meane with mightie bee
If all theſe ſortes, could not diſſemble well.
And euen ſo, it fareth nowe by mee
I wincke at thinges, that I would not be holde.
And ſee thoſe fall, that profits mee no whit,
I heare like wiſe, that I can wiſh vntold:
I ſhoote with them, that neuer marke may hit:
But mee beleeue, yet winne the game I would.
Among that ſort, that giuet ayme to ſit.
I like not ſure: I rather wiſh to bet
Then looke vppon, and lay on here a fled.
Bet doubts a part, it is good ſport to get.
But he that winnes, muſt hazard nedes abide,
(I leaue you there) I would ſo make my game,
It were halfe won, before the match were tride,
And make him thinke, that hits the marke is wide.
And ſay himſelfe, he roueth out of frame,
I pray you nowe, who would not doe the ſame,
To gaine thereby, or elſe at leaſt to ſaue,
Then graunt me this, diſſemble ſure ye muſt,
As I may doe, or in time paſt I haue.
And made ſome blinde, that better ſaw then I.
And ſaw full oft, that I would not perceiue,
When that thereon, did life or daunger lie:
And yet I looke, and learcd by your leaue.

What

What might befall, and sought to shun the shocke.
And as I fled, ill fortune followed fast,
When shée should strike, I scaped many a knocke,
By douking downe, I knew so well her cast,
With cap and knée, her fauour soone I wan.
So in a while, shée tooke me as her man.
But when I thought, most hold of her to take,
Away shée went, the whirle winde in her taile.
Yet with her friends, faire weather did I make.
Whose helpe was good, when world began to faile.
And if you aske, how I acquainted was,
With such sure props, that holdes vp house and all,
And how that I, could bring such things to passe.
To kæpe me vp, when diuerse sought my fall.
(His fall not great, it cannot be I trow,
Whose climing vp, was neuer much you know)
This by the way, I speake yet aunswere loe,
To you I make, that this demaunds of me,
To court I came, where I could heare and sée,
As others did, and with the strong I stood,
As world did wag, I wound my barke about.
And leand me there, where I could finde most good,
In dæde this was, the way to beare it out,
And there I found, of euery sort inow:
Would I be braue, I knew where mates were had,
Would I be stoute, I saw who will not bow,
Hie lookes was he, that still I saw goe throw,
That ship made way, that all the sailes could beare.
Small spite sate low, with finger in his eare,
Great curchy crept, full hie among the best.
He made them laugh, that lookt as he would sweare,
He carried coales, that could abide no gest.
Plaine life the lout, was little set by there,
Fine taunting tongues, brought many a foole in fear
Make loue the mæke, was ready at a call.

Faine

Faine would be ſeene, was fiſking euery where,
Set foorth to ſale, was markt beyond them all.
Vaine glorie ſmilde, and lookt for much adoe,
New-fanglenelle, ſhakt off old friendſhip paſt,
Fine fall at foote, could whine and bite you toe,
Proud blind conceit, would not bee placed laſt.
Small wit would laugh, at wiſer than him ſelfe,
Diſdaine that dwarft, lookt like a pœniſh elfe.
Straunge nature frownd, when homely folkes ſate downe,
Full purſe found friendes, that came to late to towne.
Set by himſelfe, would not ſalute but ſewe:
Small worth made boaſt, ſtill mouth was all the ſhewe.
Tell all that blab, was calde a royſter than,
Falſe ſemblaunce thriude, that could two faces beare.
Happie was hee, that was a turnecoates man,
They ſped not worſt, that counterfayted weare,
Do as world did, draue off the longeſt time:
He had the landes, that was Dicke ſhifters eare,
He caught the birdes, that beſt could ſet the lime,
Yet broken ſhinnes, ſome gate that vſde to clyme.
Spite ſpurnde at thoſe, that better ſped than hee,
All buſie heades, could not on ſhoulders bide:
They met full oft, that ſeldome could agree,
Who fell ſo ſoone, as wit ouermatch with pride?
Who roſe but ſuch, as ruffled foorth their yeares,
Yet change of ſutes, brought many in the byers.
White plummes coſt pence, apparell pickt the purſe
All worne in Court, was not in Citie payde,
Sharpe ſet, ſaid oft, backe cloutes made belly worſe.
Bare cloake be ware, whoſe credite was decayed,
Catch nought poore knaue, could Court and Courtiers curſe,
Spend all ſate ſtill, and looked like a maide,
Hope well made ſpoyle, and waighted for a day,
Vnthrift would ſweare, and dice it all away.
Loſſe blade would ſnuffe, and ſhake a ſwiniſh heade,

Dare do lookt bigge, as butcher in his shop:
Haue-grote smeld out, where hunger may be sped,
Proude would not speake, that sate not at the top.
When larch was out, some knew not where to dine,
Who kæpes the barre, was asked euery houre,
Some speake full faire, to get a cup of wine,
God saue yæ sir, will please you take a flower.
A swæte red Rose, hæ had that kept good chære:
And many a cap, and courthy to the grounde,
An officer still, was made of all the yeare,
Old stagers knew, where such a friend was founde.
Young frie might fast, for any thing they gate,
New commers walkt, abroad for taking colde:
Full paunch did marth, as hee had bæne a state,
Who lokes like me, thought he that chippings solde
When Christmas robes, were brusht e that day worne,
Well was that man, might bid that saint good morne.
Beare rule stood stiffe, and kept his betters out,
Boldface thrust in, throw thickest prease and throng,
Hoffe haue at all, full hie could hold the snout,
Speake as hæ thought, was not in fauour long,
Find fault the foole, would flyer in each mans face,
Rich rulde the rost, lacke friends felt all the wrong.
Bare life knew not, to whom to shew his case,
Wast all the wield, might sing a heauy song.
Hoyst vp in hast, forget from whence hee came
Hie office scorne, to looke backe how hee clymde,
Hogge Norton braue, disdaine to know their dame,
Pride feard no fall, till fote full fast was lymde,
Snatch scratched all, and gine his fellows none,
Nede lickt the plates, and gnawed bare the bone,
Mouneh present crept, in corners all alone.
Haueke was made, where meat was little sæne:
Unworthy of bread, farde well God saue the Queene.
Spoyle would not spare, his charges was but small,

Bake

Make feast fild in, the King did paie for all.
Sæke helpe, spake faire, yet sloly sped his sute,
Giue bribes was heard, his money tould his tale,
Lacke nought had more, but want could find no fruite
Næde blew his nailes, and looked verie stale.
Skill for a shifte, was glad to teach for pence,
Old hangers on, would not be beaten thence.
Wit did inuent, but wealth bare all the brute:
Boldnesse did speake, when bashnes was full mute.
Cunning wrought much, but craft beyond him crept,
Poets made rimes, but roysters praises rept,
Wisedome would waite, on many a woodcock oft,
Old broomes were good, but new all cleane they swept,
Loue ease sate long, and lookt to lie full softe.
Eate much would boast, he serud our suffrant long,
Fat browes Knightes, I tell you tooke great payne,
Some went full gaie, that was not worth a thong.
Some threw at all, and nicked euery mayne.
Hæ talkt of warres, that had small wit in peace,
Scarse knew himselfe, would common wealthes debate:
He spake great thinges, that swelted in his greace.
Witlesse wel dinde, would be a Lordes checke mate,
Loe croucht vnto, a sore Discourse would make,
Make roume my friends (quoth he) that kept the gate
Craft had a care, to all hee did or spake,
Unwelcome guestes, stept in and art no leaue,
Some pleasde the prince, yet had the peoples hate.
Some serude them both, and did them both deceiue.
He neare sate still, that courried fauor well:
Some playde the foxe, that like a goose could looke,
Some askd what newes, and yet could wonders tell,
Small mind of God, would often beare a booke,
He went to masse, that would the Challice sell,
Some loude the Church, for the swæte relickes there
Some made of saincts, brought vp another where:

Some neyther saint, nor Deuill feare at all,
Some like this world, more than the world to come:
Some in their ruffe, would iet about the hall,
Some spent such nights, they dread no day of dome,
Some watch their time, and yet their time they lost,
Some banquets made, and weare banckrout at last:
Some learnde to bee, fine Courtiers to their cost.
Some had small helpe, and yet spent all full fast.
Some sought to spend, vppon anothers charge,
Some carelesse liude, and walkt abroad at large,
Some craude apace, and caught some crummes by craft,
Some could not aske, they thought desarts should craue,
Some made faire sale, of blades louse in the hast.
Some neuer wanne, nor could deuise to saue.
Some wayted hard, but gate small fruite therefore,
Some had ill happe, and yet no vertue lackt:
Some saude odde endes, and made of little more,
Some had their bagges, as full as could bee thwakt.
Some made colde mirth, yet fauoured for such vice,
Who Fortune liket, was euer most in price.
All this in Court, I saw of them good store
Full twentie yeares, as trial good I haue,
Not of Court now, as Court hath beene of yore.
I write, I speake, and treat so God mee saue.
To show wherefore, from thence I mee withdrew,
What harme it did, vnto my betters farre.
What good likewise, bee gate that Court well knew,
How some did make, and some therein did marre.
But to bee playne, where I such chaunges founde,
I list not dwell, let them that will bee bounde
To that short rayne, I choose the quiet soyle
The Country large, to haue free scope to walke,
To bee in Court, I count it but a toyle.
Where harte much thinkes, and tongue dare little talke.
Where some must site, and looke vppon the walles:

And

And beat their hæles, against forwardes all day,
And subiects are, to others becks and cals,
That life is weake, wherein their is no stay,
A pæce of bread, is better had with eas.
Then bankets swæte, vppon such bitter bordes
Some say there is, no fishing to the Seas,
Yet many Troutes, are caught on little fordes,
That shallow stæme, with other pretty fishe.
That at the length, will make an honest dishe.
On little brookes, men angle safe and dry.
In leather bootes, and dread no drowning there,
On these rough Seas, the least winde in the sky.
Tipes vp the Barke, or brings a man in feare,
Some haue no hearts, with roaring waues to strive.
Full græne to sight, and vgly to the eie.
Which on the rockes, the silly vessels driue.
And knocks their Kæles, and makes poore Pilots cry
Hale in the saile, let goe the bowling mate.
Now in good faith, such soddaine shocks I hate,
Yet some will thinke, I am not setled so,
But I will sæke, to try the Sea againe,
Why is the Earth, so narrow would I know,
I cannot finde, where I may well remaine.
The world is wide, and men must burthens beare,
That ordaind are, vnto no better chance.
That growes not here, takes rote an other where,
Some shooteth ill, yet happeth by a glaunce.
To hit their game, men ought to doe their best.
And sæke their lucke, and let God worke the rest.
So for my part, I shall likewise procæde,
And though I bid, the Court and world farewell,
I meane to vse, them both as I haue næde.
But for to say, in Court I wish to do well,
I minde it not, as God me helpe and spæde,
And for the world, his yoke still draw I must.

But sure I serue, him all against my lust,
For in the same, is neither hope nor trust,
Wherefore my leaue, I take as powre I haue,
From him and his, though course of life saith no.
A worldling here, I must be to my graue.
For this is but, a May game mirt with woe,
A borrowde roulme, where we our Pageants playe.
A skaffold plaine, whereon we reuels make.
A crooked path, a parlous false high way,
A toilesome soile, where we much trauell take,
Good Reader now, doe neither sting nor hisse,
At any thing, that in this verse is plaest,
Where fault is found, for fauour mend the misse.
This roning rime, was slubberd vp in hast,
And nought thereby, the simple writer ment,
But neither Court, nor world could him content.

FINIS.

A Tragicall Discourse of a dolorous Gentlewoman, dedicated to all those Ladyes that holdes good name precious.

YOu wiues that wish, to liue with worlds renowne,
And wisely way, the worth of precious fame:
Come heare the voice, that giues a woefull sowne.
Come heare her tale, that dare not shew her name.
Come Countrey youth, come noble Courtly Dame.
And marke my words, whose workes in wondring daies,
With double blotte, redounds to my dispraise.

From tender yeares, till twenty two were past,

I nouriſht was, at pompe at pleaſures paps,
But who can tell, how long our ioy ſhall laſt:
For greateſt calmes, comes oft to thunder claps,
And ſweeteſt hopes, doe change to ſowreſt haps,
O tickle time, that wanders ſwift as winde,
With haire before, and bare and bald behind.

No gripe nor hand, can take ſure hold of thée,
Thou flitſt ſo faſt, and leaues the world at worſt,
Looke what time brings, time takes away you ſée.
Good time is bleſt, bad time we hold accurſt.
Time hurts them oft, that time did helpe at forſt,
Looke what we haue, when youth is moſt in prime,
That ſhall we want, in age by courſe of time.

My freſh delights, doe fall and fade like flowrs,
The bloſſomes gay, from beauties buds are gone,
Our ſtate of life, doth alter euery howre,
As pleaſures paſſe, come ſorrowes pacing on,
The world it ſelfe, is like a rowling ſtone,
And on ſuch wheeles, our tombling haps doe runne,
They ſlide as ſwift, as ſhadow in the Sunne.

Whiles careleſſe witte, doth carry youth about,
(To ſports and plaies, that doth from paſtime riſe)
The merry minde, is voide of feare and doubt,
And all the powres, are glad to pleaſe the eyes,
But when wilde head, or wanton wareth wiſe,
The waighty thoughts, that déepe foreſight retaines,
Brings troubled ſléepes, and breaks the quiet brains.

In childiſhe daies, I made no count of chaunce,
When friends tooke care, to match me to their will,
So hoping long, good hap would me aduaunce,
I kept me frée, from wedlockes bondage ſtill.

But

But parents wise, that had good worldly skill,
With open checks, rebukt the causes chiefe,
The more they stirde, the greater grew my griefe.

As when a sore, is rubde and handled hard,
The lesse it heales, because yee touch it neere:
O Fathers graue, if that you tooke regard,
How that with checks, you vse your children deere,
(Or in your moodes, you would some reason heere.
They should be ioynde, where they great ioy should
And you of them, enioy the thing you craue. (haue.

But wilfull men, (that wealth may wrest awry)
Will force poore babes, to marry or to mourne:
What father wil, the childe may not deny.
Ye hurts his shins, against the pricke shall spurne,
When match is made, it is past time to turne.
When silly Lambe, is to the slaughter led,
The Butchar brags, the simple Sheepe is dead.

And yet in deede, t'were better children smart,
(And match in time, as cause and matter moues).
Then childrens choise, should breake the fathers hart
Or breede debate, as wilfull marriage proues,
Short is the ioy, of them that longest loues,
When want comes on, and woe begins to wring:
For lacke is thrall, and slaue to euery thing.

Loue is not now, as loue hath beene of old,
(A gamesome babe, to dandle on the knee)
Loue cares for nought, but land and bags of gold,
That keepes both man, and horse in stable free,
They haue no witt, that other louers be,
Wealth maister is, and porter of the gate:
That lets in loue, when want shall come to late.

Well

Well as it was, my friends could doe no good,
My fortune bore, the sway and ruled all,
And I full long, on will and frædome stood:
Till flesh and bloud, must nèds to fancy fall.
And then though hap, and worldly wealth was small
I lighted where, I likte and loued well;
And where I vowde, for terme of life to dwell.

My choise was likte, for many gifts of grace,
He had, though wealth, sometime was not at will:
And for his sake, in many a noble place,
I welcome was, and purchast fauour still.
My candle blasoe, like torch on top of hill:
And for content, of minde where loue doth rest.
Mine owne poore choise, might passe among the best.

Long liude we thus, at home and eke abroad,
When kindred cleane, in dèede forsooke vs both.
What burthen fell, I helpt to beare the load:
And glad in world, to taste how Fortune goth,
The minde I had, to God and sacred othe,
Made me refuse, no trauaile for his sake,
Whome of frèe will, I chose to be my make.

The Seas we sailde, the land we rode about,
The Court we saw, the towne we dwelt long in:
The fields we walkt, the gardens gay throughout,
We went vnto, where many a feast hath bin,
We could not sincke, for hap held vp the chin.
He prosperd well, and looke what God had sent,
With louing wife, at home the same he spent.

He tooke great paines, to come by that he had,
And trauaile sore, through many a forraine soile:
To bring that home, that makes the houshold glad.

And kéepe the wife, and houſhold folke from foile,
And I tooke care, that nothing went to ſpoile,
And looke in deede, what things that I did lacke,
Was ſeene in face, or found vppon my backe.

The world might ſée, I went in garments good,
Though ſmall I brought, to him as I confeſſe:
I ſpent him much, and at great charge I ſtood.
Which brings ſtrong harts, ſomtime to great diſtres.
But neuer that, might make his loue the leſſe.
For looke how he his liking firſt beganne,
In fine for troth, he proues the ſelfe ſame manne.

I could not ſléepe, but where in bed he lay,
I could not eate, but where he ſate at boorde:
I could not laugh, when liking was away,
I ſilent ſat, gaue he but halfe a woorde.
Ill newes of him, ſtrake me with mortall ſwoord,
His minde and mine, did draw ſo in one yoke,
The ſelfe ſame fittes, he felt where of I ſpoke.

Full ſeuen yeares, this conſtant courſe we kept,
Though often times, there happened houſhold iarrs,
And tratling tales, that in betweene vs crept.
Made many wounds, where yet remains the ſcarrs.
Yet alwaies peace, tooke vp our brawling warrs,
And we did ſéeke, to ſaue each others ſore:
And paſſe old griefes, and thinke thereon no more.

Sweéte is that peace, that patcheth vp great harmes,
Sharpe is the warre, that teares a houſe in twaine.
Woe worth thoſe words, that brings in braules by ſwarms.
Darke be thoſe cloudes, that alwaies threatens raine.
Curſt be the cauſe, that breédeth woe and paine,
And damnde in Hell, thoſe ſubtill ſpirites ſhalbe:

That

That councell gaue, to part my choiſe from me.

Well as our chaunce, together was to ioyne,
And dwell long while, as here in briefe you hard:
So happe came on, (through hope of wealth or coine)
And drew my choiſe, where he might be preſarde,
To warres, and I, that had a great regard:
To him that time, when I his minde did know:
Gaue my conſent, that he to warres ſhould goe.

With ſighes and ſobs, and bitter teares among,
We parted tho, with promiſe ſurely paſt:
That one ſhould heare, from other ere twere long,
And ſadly ſo, we ſeuered at the laſt,
His goods, his gold, his friends both firme and faſt.
He left me then, to comfort me withall,
But nere a childe, as Fortune ſo did fall.

He paſt the ſeas, and ſent me tokens ſtill,
And money ſuch, as might ſupply my neede:
And for to ſhew, his faith and great good will,
Long Letters large, he made that I might reede.
Of promiſe paſt, and to come home in deede,
But to what end, ſhould ſerue this buſineſſe great,
My minde was turnde, warme loue had loſt his heat.

A new fine man, both young and apt for chaunge,
I choſe, and cleane, forgat my former ioy:
And in a while, I was become ſo ſtraunge.
As Hagard Hauke, that takes in head a toy,
And flees from Lure, and warreth nice and coy.
My wedlocke now, not hearing of theſe newes,
Made no haſt home, till I was ore the ſhewes.

Yet knacks I wrought, to bleare my huſbands eies,

I made a bruite, he blowne that I was dead:
When that he heard, he did his life despise:
And so forsooke, sleepe, rest, and taste of bread,
He rent his haire, he sadly shooke his head,
He walkt the woods, and shunned all repaire,
As one would be, deuoured with folwes of thaire.

He daily bledde, when little foode he tooke,
He would not come, where women were in place,
And he so leane, and like a Ghost did looke.
That Death it selfe, was seene amid his face,
A noble Earle, as he beheld this case:
Brake with the man, that thus tormented was,
And so in sports, the troubled time did passe.

But ague fits, and sickenesse followed on,
That in poore plite, came home my husband thoe,
Not leane in purse, but bare and neere the bone.
The bodye then, was worne with warre and woe,
And yet full sound, as al the world might knowe,
His limmes I saw, but I so nice did ware:
There was no flame, of fire might come to flare.

For I could weepe, and quench by cunning art,
The hottest loue, that euer husband bore:
And so two yeares, I plaied a Fores part,
Which ere I die, I may repent full sore,
My husbands bedde, I shund, and furthermore,
I fainde I had, a sickenesse let it goe,
I neuer minde, that folly forth to shoe.

A finer tricke, to compasse that I sought,
I plaide through sleight, and casting figures trim:
To my good man, a bastard girle I brought,
And from my friend, presented her to him:

He

Yée saw thereby, she had runne ore the brime,
Yet kept it close, and sayd nothing at all:
Till out by chaunce, might further matter fall.

And alwayes would, my husbande tell mée plaine,
I did him wronge, to keepe mee from his bedde:
But I could vse, him in a pleasaunt vaine.
And make him soone, forgett that hee had sedde.
My doore was lockt, howe ere I layde my head,
My maydes and I, kept solempne cheare alone:
Howeuer playne, poore husbande made his mone.

Two yeares this wise, I shoeffled Cardes full cleane,
Till husband spied, a Letter of my hande:
Whereby hee found, what follie I did meane,
But I was bent, against my déede to stande.
So faest him down, and swore when all was scande
It was not mine, but as hee soundly slept:
To his beds side, my mayde and I wee stept.

And heaude him vp, and so from bolster than,
Wee tooke his purse, wherein the Letter laye:
When that wée had, wee left the sillie man,
As liffe as hee, that slæpes in Cocke of haye,
Well, when he lookt, in purse the other daye,
And found my fraude, and fall; ood as it was:
Out of the doore, in furie did hee passe.

Yet came againe, that night and so fell sicke,
(The cause whereof, some after you shall here:)
Full long hee lay, and toucht so nære the quicke,
That he was like, to buy that sickneese dere.
But when on foote, hee stept and all was cleare,
He bad farewell, false wife, God send thée grace:
Thy wicked wayes, makes husband giue thee place.

I saw how world, would wonder at this act,
And straight new tales, on husband ganne I rayle:
With forged lies, and rayling reasons rackt,
That still should sound, vnto his most dispayse.
I sayde one while, hee vsed wanton wayes,
With euery mayde, that hee might touch or see:
And then he was, to sicke a soule for mee.

Then poore hee was, I sayde to cloke my pride,
When this serude not, I swore the man was madd,
And in his rage, would beate mee backe and side,
So euery daie, a new deuice I had.
To make the world, beleeue hee was too bad,
And at the length, when all I had was sold:
My mayde and I: goe trie the world we wold.

So shutting doore, and trulling vp my packe,
I flang from home, not bidding friendes farewell:
But I had not, no sooner turnde my backe,
But husband heard, how all this matter fell.
And yet alone, awhile hee let mée dwell,
Till that hee saw, I was so farre past shame:
I carde not what, became of honest name.

Indeed the house, where I my residence made,
With lustie Lads, was haunted euery houre,
And I had those, that well could tosse the blade,
To take my part, if husband ganne to lowre.
His friendes were weake, and I with strongest power,
Beganne to bragge, and threaten him full sore:
And had preparde, a bloodie band therefore.

I sought to bring, my brethren to this braule,
But they were wise, and would no quarrell take:
And putting off, the harmes that might befall,

Then

They wisely wrought, a friendly peace to make.
But euer I, good counsell did forsake,
And thought to make, my husband hide his heade:
By practise still, till he poore man were dead.

Yet in a moode, when least I lokt therefore,
He came and tolde, me all was much amisse:
Whereat I cried, alas and lowde I rore,
For neighbours helpe, who quickely hearing this,
Came thrusting in, as ofte the manner is,
How now good folke, quoth he with bended brow:
Twéne man and wife, dare you bee sticklars now.

So in good fayth, quoth they and so retiere,
But still I lokt, for other succour there:
And for that thing, that husband then desired,
I tooke no care, I ment a further feare.
To bring him in, yet maide in giuing eare,
To honest wordes, fell downe on knées at last:
And pardon craude, for priuie knauerie past.

For poisning her maister,

My husband then, forgaue her and tooke leaue,
In hope my mind, would gentle ware thereby:
But I that ment, my husband to deceaue,
In better place, beganne a greater crie.
Where women were, that markt my weeping eye,
And thought indeed, I had béene handled ill:
So stayde me there, perforce among them still.

My husband swore, I should receiue no harme,
And home againe, I should be safely brought:
But I had taught, the women such a charme,
They would not then, depart from me for nought.
That could be sayde, thus bee like ware was wrought,
And tempred so, that home without his wife:

The

Ye went awaie, the more my shamelesse life.

When shamefast lookes, bylooke my modest face,
I wart so bold, I blusht no more than blocke:
Then clapt on Robes, of gaie vaine-glories grace,
With colours faire, to paint a foule blacke flocke.
Yet calde I was, a Yenne for each good Cocke,
A morsell sweete, a whetstone fine forsoth:
To set on edge, on euery daintie tothe.

I carde not how, my husband murthred were,
By Magicks force, or any Diuilish arte:
I shonde his sight, and presence euery where,
As one that lodgde, disdaine in hatefull harte.
And still I playde, full many a filthie parte,
To rid him hence, and take awaie his life:
Who God preserude, to plague a paltring wife.

And for to hide, those brainesicke prankes of mine,
I had a knacke to breake the marriage bande:
And so a dragme, or draught of poyson fine,
I did deuise, to hap in husbands hand.
And as that cuppe, on tables ende did stand,
With feruent thirst, he came and so it raught,
And in that heat, dranke of the mortall draught.

When guiltie heart, should make my face to blushe,
I braude it out, in silkes and Veluets gaye:
And carde not what, would sayde of mee a rushe,
For I tooke time, ere time would weare awaye.
(At graceleslle games, and many a shameleslle playe)
And sowing seedes, that Nettle flowers brought foorth:
I reapt but weedes, or thistles nothing worth.

I rusled long, when husbande barely went,

And

And falſe him out in ſtréets or ciuill towne,
My frends did force the man to ſtand content,
It was no bote, to ſtriue or ſweare me downe.
For I had made the world on him to frowne,
And raiſde a bruite, that he was bedlem mad:
Thus loe, of him the conqueſt ſtill I had.

My haunt was ſuch emong the nobleſt ſorte,
That I was calde a ſober Sibill ſage:
And worthy wits would build on my reporte,
For I knew how to flatter euery age.
And alwaies wrought to make my huſband rage
Wherby his life in hazard hard might fall:
And I the while run cleane away with ball.

I loued not one, but laſſed after all,
The puddell foule, was fitteſt for a gigge:
The fountaine faire did drinke like bitter gall,
In filthy mud I wallowd like a pigge.
About the ſtréets was gadding gentle rigge.
With clothes tuckt vp to ſet bad ware to ſale:
For youth good ſtuffe, and for olde age a ſtale.

A louing looke could make a Gudgeon bite,
A fine dugard could fetch in ſcoles of fiſh:
A cunning knacke could ſtir vp colde delight,
A glittring girle could féede a wantons wiſh.
And who doth not deſire a dainty diſh,
Whoſe ſugred taſte brédes ſecret eger moode:
That faine would féed, & findes moſt fearfull food.

I could in ſtrét beſtur and ſtretch my limmes,
As though ſome ſpite were vnder out ward ſhow
Who angleth not for fiſh that ſmoothly ſwimes?
At pleaſant mark who doth not bend the bowe?

Small shafts are shot at many a carraine Crowe,
Then if faire birds do hap to come in way:
Blame not the Hanke that makes of foule a pray.

Not beauty here, I claime by this my talke,
For browne and blacke I was God blesse the marke:
Who cals me faire doth scarce know Chese from chalke,
For I was formd when winter nights was darke.
And Natures wrokes toke light at little sparke,
For kinde in scorne had made a moulde of Jette:
That shone like cole, wherin my face was set.

Three yéres I straied like waffe that wareth wilde,
Two more at least I lay from husbands bed:
And all this while I dide him like a childe,
For at no time I neither wrote ne sed.
Ne sent to him, such toyes I had in head.
That stomacke stiffe thought not to stoupe a whit:
For stubborne Colte in teth had got the bit.

Yt let me run ouer hedge, ouer hill and dale.
And would not plucke the raines of bridle back:
I could tell why, but therby hangs a tale,
Would make me blush and shew of grace great lacke.
I had my will, whiles all thing went to wracke,
What nœds more words, I ran so rude a race:
I neuer thought againe to turne my face.

What sleight scapes frée from subtill searching head,
What wit wrokes not to serue lewde womens wyles:
What practise flies the foile of stained bed,
What is not wonne with words or worldly guiles.
What will not yéld and faune where Fortune smiles,
What time is lost to gaine that women craue:
And all procéeds from waiward will we haue.

If that we loue, the fury lasts not long,
If once we hate, our malice hath no end:
If that we minde to offer husband wrong,
We want no wit the quarrell to defend.
Our stubborne hart had rather break then bend,
And custome hath among vs made such lawes:
That all our sexe will take our part and cause.

And where the cloud and streame of strife doth runne,
In comes the tide of dayly troubles great:
Yea where a stormc or braule is once begun,
All bitter blasts repairs and breathes out heat.
the eyes will stare, the face will frowne and sweat,
The tung must clap, the head wil shake and nod:
And hart within hath cleane forgotten God.

Frends must be wrought with blades to band it out,
Foes must be whipt and scourged in their kinde:
Worlde shalbe tost and turned round about,
Still to maintain the mischefs of the minde.
Tale bearers then shall lye within the winde,
To bring badnewes and set the house a fier:
That flamde before with sparkes of spites desire.

My practise strange can all these plagues vnfolde,
That better were lapt vp in silence heere:
To late to call againe that tung hath tolde,
The wise should sell their words and worship deere.
But since in worlde my selfe I cannot cleare,
I wil goe through this heauy tale of mine:
That worlde may well at wicked waies repine.

Long after this he heard that I lay sicke,
And then from Court he comes with right great spéd:
No comfort me that was both sound and quick,

To play the Fox or knaue againe for néed.
But though that time I would not be agrǽde,
I toke his wine and sent him so away:
Wity scorne enough in signe of parting day.

For since that time he neuer saw my face,
Nor had no minde to come where was my haunt:
And since that scorme I had so little grace,
In euery soile I make my bosse and vaunte.
I conquerd him and so I dw you graunt,
For thrǽ yéares more I haue dwn what I please:
And liue at large in lust and lordly ease.

And these fiue yéares I haue dwn what I can,
By tung and art and figures that I cast:
And euery way to shame my plaine gwd man,
which shame I feare will sure be mine at last.
I am so learnd I can play lose and fast,
My skill is such in Planets hye and low:
I rule the Skies and heauens where I goe.

Gwd Fortunes sure some say that I can tell,
And many things by figures I vnfolde:
I say no more but wish that all were well,
For he that doth this wicked world beholde.
whose Godhead séeth into this mastie moulde.
Knowes well how oft I tread my shwe awry:
And in what plight my sinfull soule doth lye.

And if this God regarde with angry chére,
The vice on earth that vainely we commit:
And straitly loke vnto my dwings hére,
And like a Iudge in trembling conscience sit.
I am condemd, there serues me force nor wit,
But is my Lamp, the oyle hath lost his light:

And

And my fairs day is turnd to foule blacke night.

The searching heads that sifts my manners throw,
Will shrinke aside when I draw neare their view:
The wiuely dames that seeth my blotted brow,
In my behalfe will blush and change their hue.
The gentle harts that others harmes doth rue,
Will much lament my life so lewdly runne:
And cleane vntwist the thread good name hath spun.

The basest dame (whose faults are borne in brest)
Will scorne to heare my folly blazde abroad:
The frumping flocke at me will make a iest,
The spitefull swarme will poute and swell like tode.
My guilty minde that beares moste heauy lode,
Will sinke downe right when worlde shall talke of grace:
And shame her selfe will stubber all my face.

The two braue boies I had from husbands bed,
That Stoner got, staines now my honest name:
And witnes beares to world when I am dead,
Of secret sins that purchast open shame.
I kept that close long like a cunning dame,
Till husband had found out my paultring life:
Then he at Bathe forswoke his cogging wife.

The foule reports that dayly I giue him,
Rebounds like ball to mine owne bosome straight:
Yet I with craft fac'te out the matter trim,
But still I beare the blot for all my sleight.
My backe so crackes vnder this heauy weight,
That all the ioynts and bones I beare about:
Vnfoldes my faults and filthy manners out.

The sober sorte that sets by noble brute,

Will shake their heads as they my boldenesse spie:
The clapping tungs will never sure be mute,
Shrewd people all, will shewe alowryng eye.
But still I feare, the Lorde that sits on hye,
Will loke more strange, on me so late disgracke:
Then all the worlde that here benrath are placke.

The Church wherin both faith and hand I gaue,
Shall witnes beare of breach of promise due:
The spousall bed and mariage day so braue,
Shall make me calde forsworne and most vntrue.
the holye booke, the olde law and the new,
Against my soule shall such sharpe sentence giue:
In other worlde where spryte desires to liue.

Let matrons chaste, and modest wiues eche one,
That falshood hates, and loues their troth to keepe:
In fury come, and fling at me a stone,
And let no wight my death bewaile nor weep.
Let daies vnrest and dreadfull dreames in sleepe,
Pursue me still and bring me to my graue:
Since God and man I so offended haue.

The steps I tread shall tell me my offence,
the fields I walke shall bring my fault to minde,
The harmes I did in worlde shall haste me hence,
The wealth I wish shall waste and weare with winde.
The fame I seeke shall sling me far behinde,
And all good things that vertuous wiues enioy:
At my most need shal turne to mine annoy.

The wise that weighes my wiles in ballance right,
Shall see my wit want weight and be but base:
The foole himselfe shall finde my iudgement light,
In making choise to chop and change my race.

The

The poore shall point at me in euery place,
The rich, and those that sway and rule doth beare:
With curbe of Law shall bring lewde life in feare.

The frends I had shall frowne and shun my sight,
The foes I haue shall follow me with shame:
The neighbour loue that pleasde me day and night,
Shall now drawe backe and loke on losse of name.
The merrie mate and homely countrey dame,
And all the towne and soyle where I was borne:
In Parish Church shall laugh my life to scorne.

The bande once broke that God himselfe hath blest,
Brings worldly woe, and curses in by swarmes:
The mariage marde that God made for mans rest,
Turnes vpside downe, from happie helpe to harmes.
The Bridall bed defiled with lothsome charmes,
Breedes wicked smoke, and smothring slanders base:
On whose foule fume a worlde of people gaze.

The knot of loue vnknit by hateful cause,
Calles greefes to count, and cries to clouds for aide:
The lewde contempt and breach of sacred lawes,
Makes euery howre offendour sore afraid.
The fickle faith that is with scourges paide,
Bids falshod flie the plague that is preparde:
For those who lokes to life with small regarde.

No rouffling troupe that swash and swill vp wine,
Can ward the blowes that wrath of God sends downe:
No cunning knacks nor knacking fetches fine,
Can conquer froth and thrust him out of towne.
No treasons traine can take way true renowne,
No cloud can cloke the craft that all men findes:
No salue but grace can heale infected mindes.

My hollow heart hath lost the hope I had,
What drops in now, doth doubt and daunger bring:
In husbands eares, I spake that made me glad,
With newfound friends, I talke that makes me wring.
The first good will, from vertuous loue did spring,
The last delite, and all that since fell out:
Began on lust, and néeds must end in doubt

Now open stréets, by Dule slight must I walke,
And secret nookes, and shifts must shadow sleight:
Except I care not what the world doth talke,
And mind to frame a crooked matter streight.
And then though pride, holdes head a wonders height,
Shame plucktes downe heart, and makes mee blush at last:
But well away, that signe of grace is past.

Though in the téeth, I haue the bridle got,
And that I run beyond my riders reach:
I dare not sing, in quære to bie a note,
For feare of checke, and tuter do me teach.
I play boe pépe, least people me appeach,
I séeme a Saint, when diuelish things I meane:
Yet much adoo, I haue to carrie cleane.

O wretched change, that brings repentance oft,
O bitter sweet, whose taste deceiues vs all:
O poysoned lust, that puffes vp pride aloft,
O graceless game, full fare'st with sugred gall.
O tripping trust, that swiftly giues a fall,
O spitefull sport, that spends thy youth in shame:
And brings thine age, in horrour and defame.

O greedy will, that gaines but griefe of minde,
O gnawing worme that frets the conscience still:
O wicked Art, that strikes the senses blind,

O

O lende desire, more hote than Ethna hill,
O beastly blisse, begun on bold consait:
And doth bewitch, them all that bites the bayte.

O paultring playe, and pæuish pastime vaine,
O sliding ioy, that sinckes where suretie swims:
O perlous toye, and pleasure mixt with paine,
O Peacocke proude, that still fond feathers trims.
O lustie blood, nay wanton lothsome limes,
That stoupes to filth, and costly carrein gaye:
That giues bad gold, and steals good name awaye.

My merry mates, and minsing minions fine,
Speakes faire a while, to winne their lende desire:
But wicely world, can let me starue and pine,
And for reward, can giue a flout or skire.
So lead mee on, and leaue me in the mire,
And blab all out, that hath been closely wrought:
O prankes of youth, O painted thing of nought.

O puddell foule, that sæmes at first full faire,
O cause of care, and source of sorrow sowre:
O deadly hope, and ground of deepe dispaire,
O pleasant weede, and stincking rotten flowre,
O rauening wolues, that doth poore wiues deuoure,
O smiling thæues, that robbs the chastest harte:
O trayterous tongues, that can play Iudas parte.

You layd your traynes, as Foulers laies his nette,
You bosome Snakes, your sting hath me vndone:
By loning you, at length what shall I gette,
When you me lothe, where shall the cast off run.
Wo worth that wight, that woing first begun,
Curst be the craft, that causeth clamours ryes:
And vengeaunce fall, vppon your staring eyes.

A plague consume, your songes and subtell sutes,
A wildfire catch, your combrous knauish brayne:
A murrein take, your soule vntimely fruites,
A canker eate, your handes and azure vaines.
The Haggs of Hell, reward you for your paines,
Both pen and ynke, and all that helpt desire:
(And you your selues) I wish in flaming fire.

Fie on your scroules, and Pistells full of lies,
An Oten straw, for all your stately sticils:
Your frisled haire, and noughtie new-fond guise,
Your Lordly lookes, your simpring shameles smiles
Your wanton talke, and priuie wincking willes,
I here bequeath, to Sathan and his crue:
Good fellows fitte, for such false ladds as you.

You are the frothe, and scumme of worldes delite,
The dalling whelpes, that can with feathers playe:
Of mischiefs all, the marke, the butte, and white.
The iolly Frie, that followes flood each waie.
The gallant flocke, the stately starres of day,
The busie Bees, that can no honey make:
But spoylers of, each fruit and flowre ye take.

The waiting dogges, that bite before they barke,
The couching currs, that snatch at euery flie:
The figboies fine, that iuggles in the darke,
The cunning crue, that at receit can lie.
The soking sponge, that drawes faire fountains dry,
The grædy houndes, that follows curie game:
The blott and staine, of each good womans name.

A robe or ring, or trifling token bare,
You giue for that, you neuer can restore,
Then are you gone, you haue your wished fare,

In

In straunger streames, you loue to stire your Ore.
If honest wiues, but knew your prankes before,
They would as soone, sée of your suttle heds:
As by your drifts, gor staine their husbands bedds.

In marriage house, is friendly fastnesse found,
Though fare be meane, content fills vp the dish:
In bordell bowre, swéete banquets are vnsound,
Though dainties there, wee haue at will and wishe,
At home we take, in worth cold flesh or fish,
For warme good will, doth season so the chéere,
That with small coste, we banquet all the yéere.

Abroad wee sit, as though we were affearde,
And scarce dare feede, or talke for taunts and nipps:
At home we rule, in spight of husbands bearde,
And play the Cooke, and so may licke our lipps.
Abroad for nought, our tongue is tane in tripps,
And then great hart, can neyther drinke nor eate:
Thus deere is bought, abroad our borrowde meate.

Looke what is sayd, at home in cloth is lappt,
There speach is frée, and honey sports wee vse:
O well awaie, that this misfortune hapt,
And that I did, my husband so abuse.
That I haue brought, my selfe into a muse,
Lost home thereby, lost God and good mens praise:
And uow must run, a gadding all my daies.

A plague most fit, for them that vse to change,
A scourge wherein, the wrath of God is seene:
A staffe of strife, for pilgrime nothing strange,
A bléeding wounde, that makes my sorrow gréene.
A sore rebuke, for wits that ouer wéene,
A heauy crosse, and sent me for the nones;

To breake my will, and yet to bruse no bones.

But since my will, did weaue this wofull webbe,
That neets must make, a weede for wantons weare
And that my flood, is like to fall to ebbe,
By want of will, that ought low saile to beare.
To punish Soule, that else some other where,
Might suffer smart, I vow in hand to take,
A better life, and so false world forsake.

Away proud pompe, and costly garments nice,
Come mourning gowne, & clothe the careful wight:
Awaie vaine shewes, and open signes of vice,
Come vertue now, and giue my Lampe more light.
Come Summers day, adue darke winters night,
I loue to liue, and looke about mee farre:
When wound is heald, time may amend the scarre.

Away young Frie, that giues leawd Counsell nowe,
Awaie old trotts, that sets young flesh to sale:
Awaie foule sluttes, whose filth doth blott my browe,
Away trimme tongues, that nere told honest tale,
Awaie bold beastes, whose brabble bred my bale,
Away rude Waspes, you stong me through the brest.
Go hide your heades, and let me liue in rest.

Awaie wild giggs, that bounceth like a tepp,
Awaie tame louts, that fawne like whelps for nought:
Awaie light heades, that loues to chaunge and chopp,
Awaie fine witts, that many mischiefs wrought,
Awaie slee Snakes, that my destruction sought,
Away false shrewes, that neuer none may trust:
But such leawd girls, as are beguilde by lust.

Awaie faire speach, that me bewitch to long,

Aways

Away fowle workes, that fild my face with blurs,
Come home poore sence, that led my fancy wrong:
And packe from me, you priuy biting curs,
That sticketh still, together like wilde burs,
And where ye touch, ye bring away the wull.
So from fine cloth, pure honest name yée pull.

Tis time to loke, how good report was lost,
And prop vp house, that now is nére to fall:
A wretched bruite, flies through the aire in post.
A whirling winde, may come and trip downe all,
And though I list, not come at husbands call:
I may not fly, from God and follow man,
That still deuours, like Wolfe what shéepe he can.

The swéetest wine, at length will ware full sowre,
It proues sharpe sauce, that once had sugred taste:
Fond fancies freaks, will fade as fast as flowre,
And wantons loue, with sports will weare and waste.
When hard in armes, new commers are embraste.
Farewell old friend, goe play you where you wull:
The Hauke hath praide, the Haggards gorgs is full.

Loue staies not long, it is but one yeares birde,
A foolishe fitte, that makes wilde wits goe madde:
A gallant Coult, that runneth for a girde,
A lime rod fine, to catch a lusty ladde:
A youthfull prancke, that makes age looke full sadde,
A merry mate, so long as money lasts,
Good for a night, then of her bels shée casts.

Loue tarries not, it is a posting game,
That hath such hast, it goes we know not where,
Now faire and fatte, then crooked leane and lame,
Now plaies boe pépe, now fisking here and there.

Now balde as Coote, now trim with frelled beare,
Now gay and glad, now shrewd and scarce wel pleasd
Now sound as Chicke, now sicke and soone diseasd.

With dalling much, loue will be eally tierd,
When loue is cloyed, the roile at gresse must ronne:
When hoose is whole; the hackney may be hierd,
When corne is solde, the market cleane is done.
It ends with hate, that was with loue begonne,
It may be loathd, that long on liking lay:
Lust lacks no wings, when loue wil flie away.

Loue must haue change, to season swéete delite,
Loues minde wil range, like Spaniel in the field:
Loue lokes like Doue, when she wil proue a Kite,
Loue séekes to rule, shée hath no minde to yéelde,
Loue will haue scope, loue is restrained séelde.
If loue lacks ought, she showes a lowring eye,
And then for nought, the babe wil pule and cry.

Loue must be kolld, and kissed round about,
Loue must goe gay, and painted like a poste,
Loue must be péecst, and patcht with many a clout,
Loue is a spyte, a shadow or a Ghost:
A nédeleste charge, that seldome quits the cost,
A practise bought, with many a thred bare purse,
A wretched bliste, that I and mine may curse.

It is the skum, and onely drosse of youth,
That brings booth soule, and body in decay:
A kinde of talke, wherein there is no truth.
A Courting trade, that doth much craft bewray,
A wily Fore, a wanton full of play:
A Saint to show, a Deuil God he knose,
That me betrayde, and made me fréedome lose.

The

The Horſe runs farre, that neuer turns againe,
The beaten childe, is learnd to feare the rod:
The double minde, may fall to meaning plaine:
They may amend, that feeles the feare of God.
The clouds may cleere, that long hath threatned rain
The time ill ſpent, if reaſon will redeeme:
Cals home wild wits, from toies that are extreme.

Youth takes his courſe, and followes fancies freakes
Age all reformes, and ſore repents time paſt:
The bow long bent, ye know in proceſſe weakes,
Hard things at firſt, may gentle ware at laſt.
Who often fawls, is taught to ſtand full faſt.
And few there are, but ſlides or fawls down right,
In youth or age, our iudgements are ſo light.

When wit is bought, (and folly throughly waied,)
An ounce of skill, is worth a pound of drolle:
Till body ſmart, the minde is neuer ſtaied,
Gaine is not likt, till we haue taſted loſſe.
Some ſay eth one, is borne to beare his croſſe,
By heauy faults, now burthens breaſt ſo ſore:
That heere or hence, I muſt be ſcourgd therefore.

Sweete are thoſe ſtripes, that breaks ne bone nor lim
(And yet ſets ſound, the ſoule and body both:)
Sowre are thoſe ioyes, and worldly braurie trim,
That downe to hell, with damned people goth.
Sweete are ſharpe words that tels leud life the troth
Sowre is ſweete ſauce, that cloyes the ſtomacke ſtill
Sweete are thoſe nips, that doth reſtraine the wil.

The pampred horſe, that ſtill in ſtable ſtands,
Will ware a iade, if ſpurre ne wand he taſte,
The wild-hed Colt, is tamde by riders hands.

And

Ane ſo throughbitte, is made well traind and paſt,
Al hedſtrong things, are not reformde in haſt:
But when regard, lookes back where blindnes went
The perill paſt, bids pompe and pride repent.

Great is the ſcope, that grædy wil deſires,
Smal gaine or grace, doth grow by gadding out,
With heauy lode, the weary legs retiers:
And heartfull fraught, of worldly dread and dout.
And ſure the ground, from whence al vice doth ſprout
Is gadding geres, that loues abroad to gaſe:
Who ſhame ſends home, in great ſad muſe and maſe.

And when in dores, dame dalliance cloſe is drawn,
And notes what blot, ſhe did eſcape without:
Shæ thinkes in ſtræte, ſhe put her name to pawns,
Or went abroad, to play the bare banckrout,
Where wanton eyes, did naught but ſtare about,
Where all a ſlant, at full like ſhippe with ſaile.
Fine minions march, as braue as Peacocks taile.

The crooked backe, muſt bolſtred be by arte,
The tawny skinne, muſt ſhine by ſome trim knack,
The twinkling lookes, for ſport muſt play their part
The perwickes fine, muſt curle wher haire doth lack
The ſwelling grace, that fils the empty ſacke:
And ietting pace, with lims ſtretcht out ful ſtreight,
To patch out pride, are matters of great weight.

Then fie on al, ſuch traſhe and trompry vile,
That ſets forth ſhades, in Sunny day to ſhine:
My youth is paſt, I cannot world beguile,
Men wil not looke, for babes in hollowd eyen.
A witherd grape, hangs now on rotten vien.
From blaſted branche, the berry round is gone,

A dosky glasse, is little lookte vppon.

Wherefore I vowe, to weare a sorry vaile,
To shrowd the face, that few or none will like:
And get some shell, to holde in head like Snaile,
For former faults, in conscience so doth strike.
That I doe feare, I shall my selfe mislike:
If shadowes doe, not cloke defects I haue,
Or death dispatch, and send me to my graue.

Now note my tale, you dames of gentle blood,
Now waile with me, al such as playes my part:
Now let my harmes, doe harmeless people good
Now bid al wiues, defie this deuilish arte,
For my conceite, is such a deadly darte,
That where I goe, or walke in any place,
Me thinkes my faults, are writen in my face.

This discarded Gentlewoman went awalking twentye yeares, and yet cannot finde the waie home to her husband.

FINIS.

To the right Worshipfull my Ladie Wawllar, wife to the Souldioer-like Knight Sir VVater Wawllar.

I Had almost (good Madam) forgotte what I promised, of my self, touching a Book to be Printed, yet at the knitting vp of a tedius tale I remẽbred how to keepe promise and a friend, & bethought me of som matter pertaining to that cause, waying that light and

ſlender diſcourſes became not me to offer, nor your Ladiſhippe to heare. So happening on a dolefull and tragicall Treatiſe I preferd it to your reading, knowing that ſome humor of ſorrow or ſorrowfull penned matter would be anſwerable to your graue conſiſtderation, in which diſcourſe following, are numbers of heauie cauſes treated on, and touched ſo narrowlie (with a cleare conceite of the writer) that no one point or other pertaining to a ruefull rehearſall of troubles, is forgotten. And though the tale ſeemeth long, the varietie and life of words it bringeth, ſhall I doubt not ſhorten the time that is ſpent in reading, for that euerie paſſion of mind, trouble of bodie, and diſquietneſſe of the Soule, is amplie and plainelie explained and vnfolded by that which followeth, tranſlated out of another language & taught to ſpeake Engliſh to thoſe that vnderſtandeth the heauie haps of ſuch, as haue fallen into misfortune, ſo knitting vp my Booke with this diſcourſe, I expreſſe the matter I haue ſpoken of.

A DOLLFVLL DISCOVRSE OFA great Lorde and a Ladie. Tranſlated out of French into Engliſh.

DRaw nére good mindes that ſadly markes,
the ſway of worldly broyles.
And beare what I at large can ſay,
of troubles tumbling toyles.

which

Which did befall, in forraine Land,
tweene two of Noble race:
To whose mishap, and hatefull fate,
a world it selfe giues place.
Not long agoe, the case so stood,
a Lord of great estate,
(In native Soyle, by destnies lot,)
a Ladies fauour gate.
With whom he ioynde, a hazard great,
his liking led him so:
That neyther feare of frowning Gods,
nor dread of earthly foe
Could make him staine his plighted troth,
such constant mind he bare:
For which this noble Fawkon may,
with turtle true compare.
But well away alas for woe,
his griefe thereby beganne:
In Prince displeasure throw this prank,
fell to this Noble man.
And Cesar frowing on the fact,
there was no other bote:
But flie the Realme, or prostrate fall.
Full flat at Cesars fote.
O states by this come learne to stoupe,
no stoutnesse can preuayle:
When from the Heauens stormes do blow,
and striketh downe your sayle.
From thunder cracks both man and beast,
yea Sunne and Mone doth flie:
The Earth and all that liues below,
doth feare the ratling skie.
When Gods are moued, in lowring clouds,
like dusky Mantles blacke:
The troubled ayre to mortall men,

doth threaten, ruine, and wracke.
I turnde my talke from ſuch Diſcourſe,
and treat of that turmoyle:
Which long this Knight and Ladie felt,
at home in Countrey ſoyle.
And ſomewhat of the cares abroade,
that hee perforce did taſte:
I meane to write ſo that as troth,
my verſes bee embraſte:
For troth and time that tries out Gold,
hath tempred ſo my talke:
That penne nor muſe no pleaſures takes,
on doubtfull ground to walke,
Now when theſe ſtates with linkes of loue
were tyde together faſt,
And many a ſad and heauy thought,
betweene them both had paſt,
Of Princes grace and fauour great,
(to which regard they tooke:
As chiefeſt thing and onely cauſe)
Whereon they ought to looke.
They wayde in ballance of their breaſtes,
what fitteſt ſerude their turnes:
And like as wood takes flame of fire,
and ſo to Sinders burnes.
So through the heape of this mishapp,
they felt ſuch ſorrow thoe,
As though hard deſtnie ſwore they ſhould,
conſume themſelues with woe.
The Ladie loſt her freedome ſtraight.
the Gods had ſo decreed,
Her knight by ſodaine flight abroad,
made vertue of a neede.
And liuing there with lingring hope,
in forraine Countrey ſtraunge,

Wherein

Where absence might through present toyes,
in some men worke a chaunge,
Hée stoode as firme as marble stone,
and kept both troeth and touch.
To her who found few friendes at home,
and heartes disease was much,
Yea though this knight with offers great,
and treasure tempted was:
(As they full well can witnesse beare
which saw this matter pas)
Yet small account of Fortune new,
hee made for still in breast.
Was shrinde the Saint that stonis walles,
and prison had possest.
No feere nor friend, nor fellow-mate,
this Troylus mind might moue:
This Falcon scorned to pray abroad,
at home hee left his loue.
Full many a sigh and heauie looke,
hee sent along the Seas:
And wisht himselfe, in fetters fast,
to doe his Ladie ease.
What griefe of mind, and torment strange
shée suffred all that while:
Is knowen to those, that bondage féeles,
whose friendes are in exile.
Could mischiefe fall on both the sides,
more harder then it did?
The one from ioy and worldly pomp,
in prison closely hid.
The other forst, by fatall chaunce,
to seeke his fortune out:
And shonning daunger found dispaire,
in wandring Worlde about.
But waying well a Subiectes State,

and what was duties boundes:
Hee yeelded ſtraight to open harmes
for feare of ſecret woundes,
And ventring life, yea Landes and goodes,
to keepe his name from blot:
(And to requite with hazardes hard,
the loue that hee had got.)
From Spaine with ſpeede he did returne,
and ſetting foote on Lande:
Hee put his cauſe in Juſtice dome,
and Noble Princes hande.
Though in the yoke with free conſent,
the humble heart did fall,
The heauens ſtoode ſo out of tune,
hee gate no grace at all:
And clapped vp full faſt in hold,
a Priſoners parte hee playes:
Where griping griefes & grœuous grones,
conſumde his gladſome dayes.
Whiles hee aloofe full long remaynde,
and out of daunger crepte:
The dolfull Dame, in great diſpayre,
his abſence ſore bewept.
Yet great regard to promiſe paſt,
ſhee had as world well wiſt:
And therefore often wrong her handes,
when that her Knight ſhee miſt.
But now began the boiſtrous blaſtes,
to blow in bloudy breſt:
And now the gulfe of ſighes and ſobs,
burſt out with great vnreſt.
For lo, one houſe held both theſe wights
yet both a ſunder were:
And both in like diſpleaſure ſtoode,
yea ech of both did feare.

D

Of Princes wrath and worlds disgrace,
a heavy tale to tell:
A plague past hope of heavens blisse,
a torment and a hell.
That is without redemption sure,
but what should more be saide:
Thus under locke and barred doores,
these Jewels safely laide.
They must abide the happy hours,
that God appoints in skies:
And drinke up water sweete or sowre,
or what shal happe to rise.
The prison then did plead their case,
the walls both deafe and dumme:
Did show by signes of freedome gone,
what sorrowes were to come.
The shreeking Owle in silent night,
at window clapt his winges:
To threaten death or badde successe,
of sundry doubtful thinges.
No ioyfull sound was heard with eare,
no newes of happy yeares:
No pleasure to the pinched heart,
in prison strong appeares.
Admit the Lute with touch of hand,
a heavy dumpe doth shoe,
A cooling comfort Musicke brings,
to wretches wrapt in woe.
No mirth with mourning moue may matche,
for mischiefe measure lacks:
And care consumes the minde of man,
as fire melts Virgin Ware.
In filly Sell, and severall place,
these two estates did sit:
Whose comming out, did far surmount,

the

the compasse of our wit.
As long they spent their tickle time,
in teene and terrour great:
So oft God wot of matters harde,
in head did hammers beat.
Now hoping that the clouds would calm
and storms would stand at stay:
Then looking when the Planets turnd,
their course another way.
But shaken ships in Seas doe sincke,
when surges rise aloft:
And vnder waues (for want of aide)
weake vessels welter oft.
So that no hope of succour seemes,
to come when tempests rage.
Except the gods draw back the plagues,
and winde and weather swage.
The present panges and parlous thoughts,
that pearceth troubled minds:
Is knowne to none but such I say,
that lacke of freedome findes.
A prisner beares a simple port,
most glad to please and ply:
As subiect to the keepers becke,
and iellouse Gailors eye.
Now tracing out a weary walke,
now whilst and quiet stands:
Now down on knees, now to the clouds
lookes vp with stretched hands.
Now listning after happy newes,
now nipt with sorrowes old:
Now sore abasht and brought in muse,
now merry stout and bold.
Now ripe and ready for to speake,
now dombe and dare not stirre:

Now

Now fearfull of each sodaine sound,
and clap of euery doze.
Now bent to beare and suffer wzong,
now full repolde on right:
Now faine to fawne on fœble folke,
now setting all thinges light.
These passions still awakes their spzyets,
that carefull captiues are:
Such smart they tast, such bzead they bite,
that feedes on loaues of care.
Yea some are serude with change of meats,
yet touch they neare a dishe:
But sits like Tantalus in Hell,
and wants that most they wishe.
These twaine I troe were not so vsde,
but yet when best they sped:
On beanie mozsels mixte with mone,
their hungrie stomackes fed.
No day steode free from Foztunes foyle,
no houre but nouriht feare:
No season serude to salue the sozes,
of soking sozrowes there.
No dzinke could coole the furie hote,
of thzaldomes thirstie thzote:
No pleasant verie noz dittie framde,
to dolozs dolfull note.
No booke noz stozy might reuiue,
their dzolwping dead delite:
Foz thzough the thoughts of thirled hartes,
are pleasures banisht quite.
To slowth, to slæpe, and mirthlesse moodes,
their dompish daies enclinde:
As from the clue of wozldly cares,
should thzede of life vntwinde,
Dispiesd the night, abhozd the daye.

and hated houre of birth:
Thought scorne of foode, and cleane forsoke
the pleasures of the earth.
Would faine haue lost both speache breath
and looke when hearts would burst:
Beleude they were in mothers wombe,
or else in cradell curst,
Though drouse dreed, did death desire,
and griefe sought quicke dispatch:
There was no parting from the place,
till day discharge the watch.
Wee cannot pay our borrowed breath,
before th appoynted houre:
The end of strife, nor staie of state,
stands not in peoples power.
The God that guides the heauens high,
in secret doth beholde:
The fine and fleeting feeble course,
of earth and mastic molde.
The heart may heaue, the breast may blow,
the bodie sigh and swelt:
The face by open sinnes may show,
of priuy passions felt.
But all the stormes haue little force,
to rid mans wretched dayes:
As by these parties playne I proue,
through torments sundrie wates.
Well those from whom the Gods restraine
the scope, and vse of will:
Must bend the backe, and bow the ioyntes,
to beare the burthen still.
And yet no toyle nor griefe so great,
but findes at length some ease:
There follows after swelling flowdes,
a quiet calmie seas.

By meane of ſute and labours long,
and gracious Prince indeede:
A ſweeter ſoyle theſe Priſoners ſound,
that better blood did breed.
But kept apart as Fortune thapt,
and ſo in ſilent ſhade:
(As place and time did licence graunt)
a freſh complaint they made,
Of crooked chaunce and ſtraunge extremes,
that ſondred faythfull hartes:
Whoſe ſugred loue was euer mixt,
with bale and bitter ſmartes.
And neuer after like to meete,
nor ſet no eye nor bewe:
The one vppon the other Lord,
a matter much to rew.
Long in the broyle of this conflict,
and battle of the mind:
They paſt their time with bare beleefe,
of better happ behind.
And wearing out with wailings long,
their weary liues God wot:
And finding hauen chooked vp,
where paſſage ſhould be got.
At ankor vnder watch, and ward,
in tolled Barke they laye:
From whence there was no quiet meanes,
nor hope to ſcape awaie.
The Lady now for laſt farewell,
betooke her ſelfe to teares:
And of diſpaire in pearſed breſt,
a double portion beares.
Her hollow chéekes and daſeled eyes,
declarde her death was néere:
And bad her kéepers to prepare,

both ſhrowding ſheete and Beere.
For nature did denie her life,
her hart was taynted ſo:
That cankred thought ſhould come ful ſone
and make an ende of woe.
Her colour changde her cheerfull lookes,
and countenaunce wanted ſpreete.
To ſallow aſhes turnde the hue,
of beauties bloſſomes ſweete.
And drery dulneſſe had beſpred,
the wearith bodie throw:
Ech vitall vaine did flat refuſe,
to doe their dutie now.
The blood forſooke the wonted courſe,
and backward ganne retire:
And left the limmes as cold and ſwarſe,
as coles that waſtes with fire.
The moyſture taken from the tree,
the leaues droppe downe apace:
When ſap dries vp and fayles the rote,
the braunches loſe their grace.
Some bowes you ſee doe flouriſh fayre,
and groes a goodly height,
And ſome by froſt, and cold ayre nipt,
and ſo are blaſted ſtreight.
As euery fruite and flowre in fielde,
do yelde to ſodaine claps.
So all that breathes with liuing ſoule,
are ſubiect to miſhaps.
How ſhould this dame deſire to liue,
that hourely woze awaye:
Who would not ſhed ſome teares to ſee,
this tender twig decay.
What ſtonie hart could ſuffer more,
and beare with euen hand:

The

The wearie wight of worldly woes,
and whilke or whipping wand?
And when she saw her houre approche,
and death his dutie craue:
And shee amid her chickest prime,
must goe to grædie graue.
Shée tooke of World a noble leaue,
and calling for a friend:
(Who liueth yet and can report,
how she did make an end)
Shee sayd with loude and comely voyce,
O world I thee forsake:
I haue bæne here a Pilgrime long,
and now my leaue I take.
Of all thy pompe and pleasures vaine,
that makes my sences blinde:
Whose glorie doth beginne with payne,
and ends with griefe of minde.
In dungeon dæpe of dayntie thoughtes,
thou holdest euerie wight:
And fædes their foolish fancie still,
with toyes and trifles light.
Thy prisoner was I borne to bæ,
and Adams children all:
(Like Captiues here condemnde to die)
must suffer for his fall.
But now the chaines and lothsome lincks,
that lay on shoulders weake:
(And all the bandes and clogges of care)
in shiuers small shall breake.
And I from cage shall mount the skyes,
more swift then bird with wing:
And flickar like a simple doue,
where shining Angels sing.
I bring a badge and liuery both

that my good mayſter CHRIST:
Did leaue for ſuch as beares his croſſe,
through fogges of worldy miſt.
Yea ſhaking off this ſinfull Soyle,
mée thinke in clowdes I ſée:
Among the perfit choſen Lambes,
a place prepard for mée.
Héere is no home, nor harbring houſe,
but Cabbens built on ſand:
That euery pirrie puffeth downe,
or ſtill on proppes doe ſtand.
Our Fathers ſpreets poſſeſſe in peace,
the Countrey that wee craue:
Wée are but ſtraungers, farre from home,
that nothing certaine haue.
Theſe were her wordes and many moe.
which followes as ſhée ſpoke:
I did (quoth ſhée) by brittle life,
O Lord thy wrath prouoke,
For which I now repent mee ſore,
and truſting to receaue,
Free pardon for my former faultes.
eare ſoule ſhall bodie leaue.
My faint and feeble veſſell fraile,
ſo feares thy iuſtice great:
That it appeales from curſe of Lawe,
vnto thy mercy ſeate.
I am but wormes meat well I wot,
all fleſh is nought but graſſe:
To earth and aſhes out of hand,
muſt all my pleaſures paſſe.
I want the force, thou haſt the might,
to ſtriue with Death and Hell:
Thou art the Rocke, the corner Stone,
the fountaine, and the Well.

From

From whom the ſpringes of life muſt run,
and vnto whom againe:
The thirſtie ſoules, and hungrie hearts,
for helpe doe trudge amaine.
Who hath beene waſhed in thy blood,
is whiter than the ſnow:
O let the ſtreames and floud of grace,
with fauour on mee floive.
In booke of life, let write good Lord,
my name among the reſt:
That ordaynde were, care world was made
to ſleepe in Abrams breſt.
Blot out the blemiſh of my brow,
that at the latter daye:
May ſtrike the conſcience with diſpaire,
and cloaked crimes bewraie.
Giue boldneſſe to the baſhfull ſpirite,
that feares from hence to flitte:
Make hope, and fayth now ſtreme to ſee,
great God in glorie ſitte.
With cloſed hand, than breſt ſhee knockt,
ſo gaue a ſigh, and ſtayd:
And then conceiue ſome inward ioy,
with cheerfull face ſhee ſayd,
No mourne no more, O trembling ſoule,
that knowes not where to ſtaye:
Come from the kaytiffe carraine corpes,
and cabben made of claye.
And looke vppon the Lambe of God,
whoſe death thy ranſome payde:
That bleſſed babe the virgins Sonne,
that borne was of a maide.
Come ſilly bird out of the Den,
where naught but darkneſſe is:
And looke on euerlaſting light,

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Did leaue for ſuch as beares his croſſe,
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That bleſſed babe the virgins Sonne,
that borne was of a maide.
Come ſilly bird out of the Den,
where naught but darkneſſe is:
And looke on euerlaſting light,

and louing Lord of bliſſe.
The luſts of fleſh and worldly pompe,
I hope are quencht in mee:
Through fayth alone from ſinne and bond,
I haue eſcaped free.
And with that word in ſigne of ioy,
a Pſalme full loud ſhee ſang,
The ſolempne noyſe and ſound thereof,
throughout the chamber rang.
And ending that to prayer ſtraight,
of her owne mind ſhee fell:
The ſtanders by whoſe teares burſt out,
at this her laſt farewell
Beganne to giue her comfort than,
of life and welfare both,
Yea liue I ſhall and doe right well,
(quoth ſhee) I know for troth.
But that is in another world,
the hope of this is gone:
And reaſon is it ſhould bee ſo,
for heere there liueth none,
But ſees the vainelle of our ſtate,
and taſtes ſuch torments ſtill:
That ſundrie times, they wiſh themſelues,
from hence with right good will.
Heere is but toyle, and ſweate of browes,
and endleſſe labour found:
And nothing reapt but wretched wracke,
and broken ſleepes vnſound.
Where I ſhall goe I ceaſe from payne,
and ſo ſuch ioy poſſeſſe:
As hart ſcarſe thinkes, nor head conceiues,
nor tongne may well expreſſe.
Then hold your peace, knit vp your talke,
and trouble not the ſpreete,

That

That drawes from hence and hopes it is,
for better place more méete.
A Ladie thoe that vertue likte,
and there some credit had:
Replyde and sayd O noble dame,
indeed you are too sad.
These panges shal passe, these fits shall fade
and all these passions die,
As they haue done when you fall oft,
in such like sort did lye.
O Madame speake no more of that,
my time drawes on(quoth shée)
I shall not die, but make exchaunge,
of breath and life I sée,
The glasse is run, the Clocke will strike,
death doth approche apace:
My course is done, the Judge drawes néere.
to sit vppon my case.
No longer héere I may abide,
the packing day is come:
Death bids me now vnarme my selfe,
and heare the mortall Dom.
That cals me hence, as naked sure,
as to the world I cam:
The course of Nature shewes me too,
that Earth and Dust I am.
The Harrolde of long home is sent,
to summon mée in hast:
Then stay me not, for: in that poynt,
both teares and wordes yée wast.
Yet eare I part, good friendes(quoth shée)
behold what hope I haue:
And note what fayth, and badge of Christ,
I carrie to my graue.
And marke, how I confesse with mouth,

that Christ hath shed his blood:
For me, and those that carst in state,
of deepe damnation stood.
And by his passion I am saued,
and not by my desarts:
But by the helpe of him that knowes,
the thoughts of secret hearts.
Now staying heare, shee lookt about,
and to a Knight shee spake:
And him desired with humble wordes,
that he the paines would take.
To show the Prince what past her mouth,
O tell him sir quoth shee:
This is the sute, and last request,
that must be made by mee.
Unto his highnesse whose estate,
our blessed Lord maintaine:
And pray him to forgiue me now,
for I confesse it playne.
I made a fault and sore offence,
when I against his will:
Estrangde my selfe from his good grace,
for any hope or skill.
But from my breath vnto this day,
my heart and thought was cleere:
From breach of subiects dutie sure,
and I protest it heere.
I neuer ment nor purposed yet,
in word, in deed, nor thought:
No harme (nor lodgde one ill conseit,
nor sparke of euill sought)
To him as God may witnesse beare,
to that which now I speake:
Saue now alas by ouersight,
of feeble fancies weake.

I feele and finde the price thereof,
and suffer for the same:
An open checke and priuie plagus,
and pinching publik blame.
I hope his highnesse hath forgot,
the fault I did commit:
And as he is a noble Prince,
in Regall throne to sit.
And iudge his subiects causes all,
so hope I of his grace:
He will receiue my children poore.
and helpe their heauy case.
O God forbid for Mothers fault,
the Children should abye:
No graine of grudge, nor ground of guile,
in guiltlesse babes doe lye.
I doe bequeath them now quoth shée,
vnto the Princes handes:
In hope the fauour that they finde,
shall ease the fathers handes.
My nature shows a mourning chéere,
to part from them God knowes:
For children finde small comfort heere,
when hence the mother goes.
If God mone not the Princes minde,
to pittie their estate:
Now as the Ladie did at large,
about her Babes debate.
Vppon her déere bought ie well then,
shée cast her onely thought:
Yea for whose sake and great good will.
shee was in trouble brought.
And pausing on this matter through,
a heauie sigh she gaue:
O good sir Knight sayd shee to one.

a thing of you I craue.
Commend me to my worthy friend,
and bid him comfort take:
And hope in God and Princes grace,
though I doe world forſake,
Ye may doe well and freedome get:
but mée hee ſhall not méete:
Till from the caue of pampred fleſh,
departes his groning ſpirite.
Whiles life I had, I honoured him,
and ſafely kept my vow:
As life did bind mee his in all,
ſo death doth loſe mée now.
From him and all my worldly ioyes,
but though my friend I leaue.
On high where dwells a greater freind,
(if hope not mée deceaue.)
I truſt to ſée his babes and him,
and though much griefe it is:
To leaue them heere in bitter bale,
yet note I goe to bliſſe,
Where is no mind of combrous cares,
nor cauſe of ſorrow knowne:
O tell him that aboue I hope,
theſe ſtormes ſhall be ore blowne,
And as a ſcroule is lapped vp,
yea ſo ſhall all thinges héere:
(When ſoule ſhall be immortall made)
vnto our view appeere.
No ſooner of the ſoule ſhée ſpoke,
but ſodaine chaunge begaune:
A right figure of death. In lookes and limmes of deadly ſhowe,
with colour pale and wan.
The eyes did ſtare, the bodie ſtretch,
the ſtrength and force did faile:

The

The teeth they chattered in the Cheekes,
the handes did quake and quayle.
The mouth did fome, the head did shake,
the flesh it quiuered fast:
The feet wart cold, the face did sweate,
full swift the pulses past.
The heart did heaue and beat in breast,
the breath like earth did sent:
At eares, and nose the stiffled Ghost,
and vitall life sought vent.
Though gasping breath brought passiõs on
and gript her heart full hard:
Yet shewd she through those sharpe assaults
to frend a great regard.
And calling for a boxe of Rinnges,
among them chose shee one:
In which was set by cunning Art,
a rich and precious stone.
Hold carrie this quoth shee good Sir,
to my deere noble Knight:
He can remember what that stone,
presents vnto his sight.
The other token that I send,
it is a waightie ring:
Best likt and dearest bought God wot,
of any earthly thing.
And when you shall giue him this gift,
desire him well to minde:
The little Impes the pretty soules,
the babes I leaue behinde.
And bid him bring them vp in feare,
of God and Prince I saie:
Loe! that is all I doe require,
of him my dying daie.
I haue no gold to send my Babes,

A patterne of Death.

but bleſſing I them giue:
Which God confirme with grace good ſtore
as long as they ſhall liue.
O yet there is another ring,
which loe my lone muſt ſée:
Where is my picture: death I meane,
and tell my friend from mee,
That I as colde and ſenceleſſe too,
ſhall be in little ſpace:
As is that ſhaddow dum and deafe,
and ſpiteleſſe ſhape of face.
This done ſhée turnde her head aſide,
and bad them all farewell:
Twere good quoth ſhee in ſigne of death,
I heard the paſſing bell.
For ſuch as liue may pray the while,
and know when bell doth toule:
Into the bowells of the earth,
the bodie parts from ſoule.
Yet meete they ſhall when trumpet ſounds
and that the dead ariſe:
And both together ſhall aſcende,
I hope to ſtarrie ſkies.
With this beganne the battell fierce,
betwéene her life and death:
Like Ghoſt ſhée lay, whiles heart did grone
and mouth gepte wide for breath.
Then ſayd ſhee Lord into thy handes,
I doe commend my ſpirit:
And ſo her ſelfe cloſde vp her eyes,
and hid her head in ſhéet.
And went awaie like infant young,
cleane voyde of ſtorme or rage:
Or like a bodie falls a ſléepe,
that cannot ſpeake for age.

Thus

Thus breathlesse lay this Lady now,
like weightie lumpe of clay:
(That earst had life and feeling force)
and past like floure away.
But when the newes of this was brought,
vnto her Playfeers eares:
With roaring voyce, and blubbred eyes,
there gushed out such teares,
That witnest well with outward signes,
what woe hes felt within:
And truely tolde when shée did ende,
his dolour did beginne.
Bereft of sleepe, and robbe of rest,
hée romed vp and downe:
And cast of wérdes of worldly pompe,
and clapt on mourning Gowne.
No ease nor pleasures could possesse,
nor séele the taste of meate:
Resolude to pine and starue himselfe,
his griefes they were so great.
No councell could him comfort long,
and still alone he druc:
To mourne, to moane, to howle, and cry,
and make complaint anue.
And worne away with wofull sighes,
when sorrow helped not:
At length the life must be sustaynde,
with some reliefe yet wot.
But how he takes this mischiefe yet,
and how the matter goeth:
It passeth farre my reach, and wit,
to iudge I tell you troth.
His Ladie gone, as you haue heard,
when dayes and yeares were spent:
In thraldome long, yet after that,

Was

was better fortune ſent.
For into Princes grace againe,
hee came by bleſſed chaunce,
And ſo he liues in open World,
where vertue may aduaunce:
Both him and many thouſandes more,
that Noble liues doe leade,
And wiſely walke with vpright mindes,
and ſteps of honour treade.
Loe here you Dames of high renowne,
a Ladies death ſet out:
Whoſe life for faith, full few ſhall finde,
that ſeekes wide world about.
To God and Prince repentaunt ſure,
to world a mirrour bright:
Wherefore with tongue, and true report,
reſounde her prayſe a right.

FINIS.